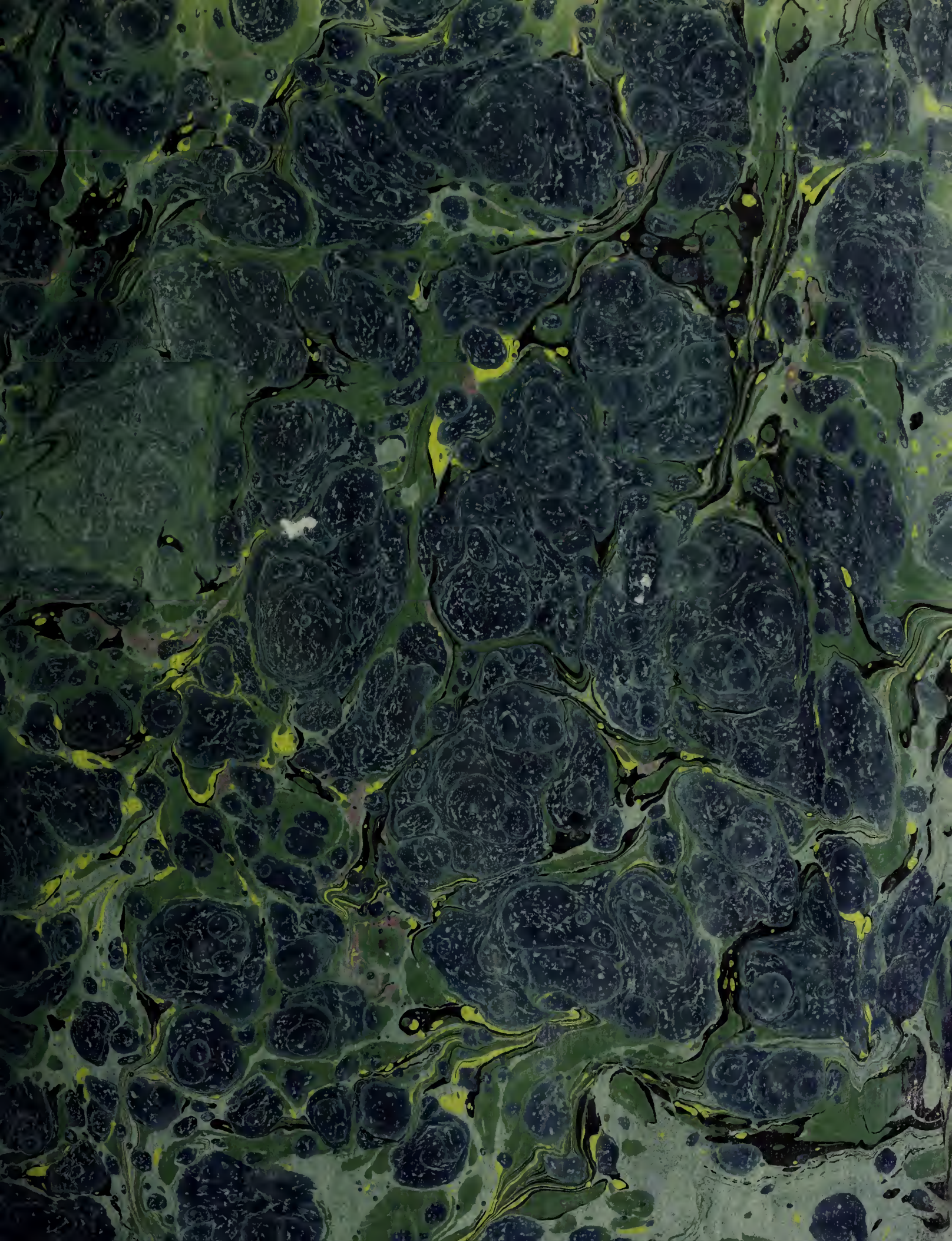
Francis White Popham



THE

WORKS

OF

HORATIO WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

VOL. V.

THE

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OF

HORATIO WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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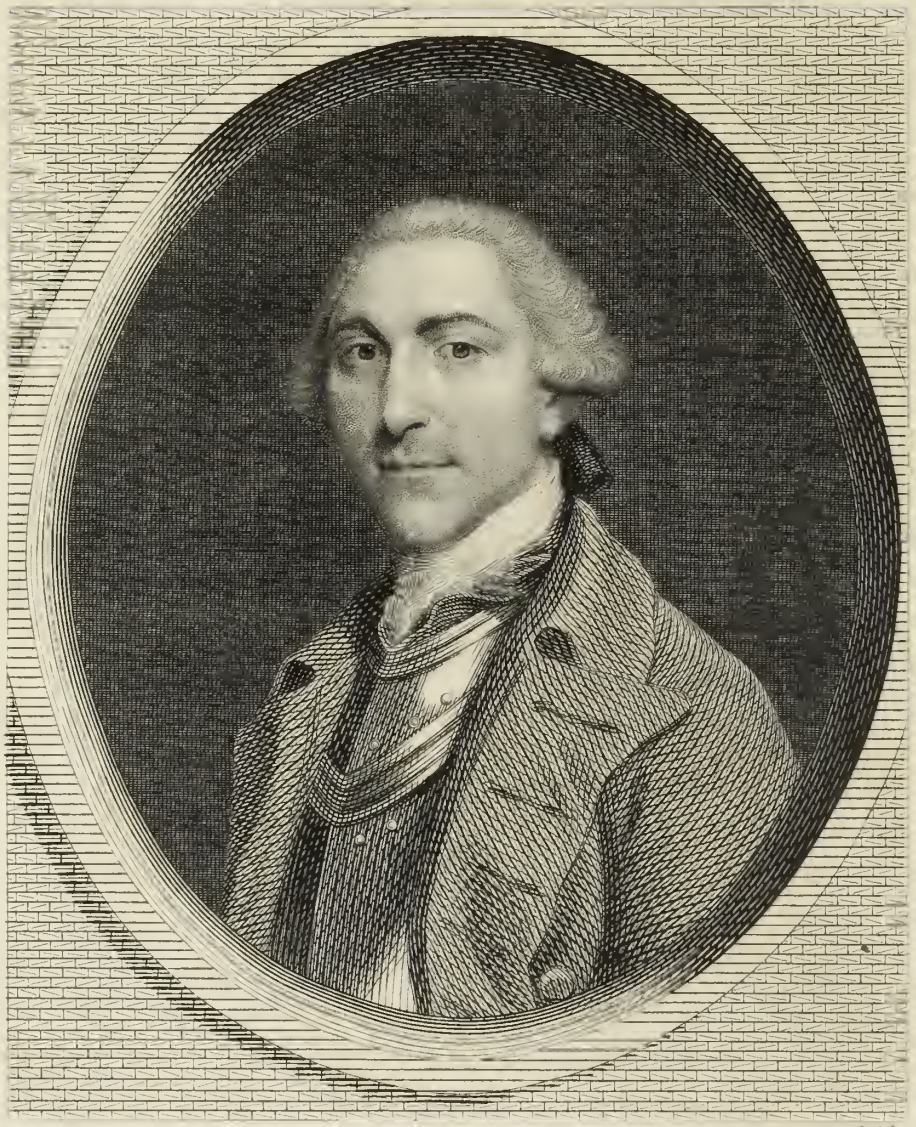
LETTERS



Heath Sculp.t

Field . Marshal Conway.

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY,

From the Year 1740 to the Year 1795.

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From the Year 1740 to the Year 1795.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY [1].

Florence, March 6, 1740 N. S.

HARRY, my dear, one would tell you what a monſter you are, if one were not ſure your conſcience tells you ſo every time you think of me. At Genoa, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-nine, I received the laſt letter from you; by your not writing to me ſince, I imagine you propoſe to make this leap year. I ſhould have ſent many a ſcold after you in this long interval, had I known where to have ſcolded; but you told me you ſhould leave Geneva immediately. I have diſpatched ſundry enquiries into England after you, all fruitleſs. At laſt drops in a chance letter to lady Sophy Farmor from a girl at Paris, that

[1] Second ſon of Francis, firſt lord Conway, by Charlotte Shorter his third wife.

He was afterwards ſecretary in Ireland during the viceroyalty of William fourth duke of Devonſhire; groom of the bed-chamber to George II. and to George III.; ſecretary of ſtate in the year 1765; lieutenant general of the ordnance in 1770; commander in chief in 1782; and a field-marſhal in 1793.

This correſpondence commences when Mr. Walpole was 23 years old, and Mr. Conway two years younger. They had gone abroad together with Mr. Gray in the year 1739, had ſpent three months together at Rheims, and afterwards ſeparated at Geneva.

tells her for news, Mr. Henry Conway is here. Is he indeed? and why was I to know it only by this ſcrambling way? Well, I hate you for this neglect, but I find I love you well enough to tell you ſo. But, dear now, don't let one fall into a train of excuſes and reproaches; if the god of indolence is a mightier deity with you than the god of caring for one, tell me, and I won't dun you; but will drop your correſpondence as ſilently as if I owed you money.

If my private conſiſtency was of no weight with you; yet is a man nothing who is within three days journey of a conclave? nay, for what you knew I might have been in Rome. Harry, art thou ſo indifferent, as to have a couſin at the election of a pope without courting him for news? I'll tell you, were I any where elſe, and even Dick H—— were at Rome, I think verily I ſhould have wrote to him. Popes, cardinals, adorations, coronations, St. Peters! oh, what coſtly ſounds! and don't you write to one yet? I ſhall ſet out in about a fortnight, and pray then think me of conſequence.

I have crept on upon time from day to day here; fond of Florence to a degree: 'tis infinitely the moſt agreeable of all the places I have ſeen ſince London; that you know one loves, right or wrong, as one does one's nurſe. Our little Arno is not boated and ſwelling like the Thames, but 'tis vaſtly pretty, and, I don't know how, being Italian, has ſomething viſionary and poetical in its ſtream. Then one's unwilling to leave the gallery, and—but—in ſhort, one's unwilling to get into a poſt-chaiſe. I am as ſurfeited with mountains and inns, as if I had eat them. I have many to paſs before I ſee England again, and no Tory to entertain me on the road! Well, this thought makes me dull, and that makes me finiſh.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Direct to me, (for to be ſure you will not be ſo outrageous as to leave me quite off) recommandé à monſ. Mann, miniſtre de ſa majeſté Britannique à Florence.

LETTER II.

Rome, April 23, 1740 N. S.

AS I have wrote you two ſuch long letters lately, my dear Hal, I did not hurry myſelf to anſwer your laſt; but choſe to write to poor Selwyn upon his illneſs. I pity you exceſſively upon finding him in ſuch a ſituation: what a ſhock it muſt have been to you! He deſerves ſo much love from all that know him, and you owe him ſo much friendſhip, that I can ſcarce conceive a greater ſhock. I am very glad you did not write to me till he was out of danger; for this great diſtance would have added to my pain, as I muſt have waited ſo long for another letter. I charge you, don't let him relapſe into balls; he does not love them, and, if you pleaſe, your example may keep him out of them. You are extremely pretty people to be dancing and trading with French poulterers and paſtry-cooks, when a hard froſt is ſtarving half the nation, and the Spaniſh war ought to be employing the other half. We are much more public-ſpirited here; we live upon the public news, and triumph abundantly upon the taking Porto-Bello. If you are not entirely debauched with your balls, you muſt be pleaſed with an anſwer of lord Hartington's to the governor of Rome. He aſked him what they had determined about the veſſel that the Spaniards took under the cannon of Civita Vecchia, whether they had reſtored it to the Engliſh? The governor ſaid, they had done juſtice. My lord replied, "If you had not, we ſhould have done it ourſelves." Pray reverence our ſpirit, lieutenant Hal.

Sir, Moſcovita is not a pretty woman, and ſhe does ſing ill; that's all.

My dear Harry, I muſt now tell you a little about myſelf, and anſwer your queſtions. How I like the inanimate part of Rome you will ſoon perceive at my arrival in England; I am far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, &c. and all the ſmall commodities to the purchaſe of which I can attain; I would buy the Coliſeum if I could: judge. My mornings are ſpent in the moſt agreeable manner; my evenings ill enough. Roman converſations are dreadful things! ſuch untoward mawkins as the princeſſes[1]! and the princes are worſe. Then the whole city is littered with French and German abbés, who make up a diſmal contraſt with the inhabitants.

[1] John Selwyn, elder brother of George Auguſtus Selwyn. He died about 1750.

The

The conclave is far from enlivening us; its ſecrets don't tranſpire. I could give you names of this cardinal and that, that are talked of, but each is contradicted the next hour. I was there t'other day to viſit one of them, and one of the moſt agreeable, Alexander Albani. I had the opportunity of two cardinals making their entry: upon that occaſion the gate is unlocked, and their eminencies come to talk to their acquaintance over the threſhold. I have received great civilities from him I named to you, and I wiſh he were out, that I might receive greater: a friend of his does the honours of Rome for him; but you know that it is unpleaſant to viſit by proxy. Card. Delci, the object of the Corſini faction, is dying; the hot weather will probably diſpatch half a dozen more. Not that it is hot yet; I am now writing to you by my fire-ſide.

Harry, you ſaw lord Deſkfoord at Geneva; don't you like him? He is a mighty ſenſible man. There are few young people have ſo good underſtandings. He is mighty grave, and ſo are you; but you can both be pleaſant when you have a mind. Indeed one can make you pleaſant, but his ſolemn *Scotchery* is a little formidable: before you I can play the fool from morning to night, courageouſly. Good night. I have other letters to write, and muſt finiſh this.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

DEAR HAL,

Florence, March 25, 1741 N.S.

YOU muſt judge by what you feel yourſelf of what I feel for Selwyn's recovery, with the addition of what I have ſuffered from poſt to poſt. But as I find the whole town have had the ſame ſentiments about him, (though I am ſure few ſo ſtrong as myſelf) I will not repeat what you have heard ſo much. I ſhall write to him to-night, though he knows without my telling him how very much I love him. To you, my dear Harry, I am infinitely obliged for the three ſucceſſive letters you wrote me about him, which gave me double pleaſure, as they ſhewed your attention for me at a time that you knew I muſt be ſo unhappy; and your friendſhip for him.

Your account of ſir Robert's victory [1] was ſo extremely well told, that I made Gray tranſlate it into French, and have ſhowed it to all that could taſte it, or were inquiſitive on the occaſion. I have received a print by this poſt that diverts me extremely; *the Motion.* Tell me, dear now, who made the deſign, and who took the likeneſſes; they are admirable: the lines are as good as one ſees on ſuch occaſions. I wrote laſt poſt to ſir Robert, to wiſh him joy; I hope he received my letter.

I was to have ſet out laſt Tueſday, but on Sunday came the news of the queen of Hungary being brought to bed of a ſon; on which occaſion here will be great triumphs, operas and maſquerades, which detain me for a ſhort time.

I won't make you any excuſe for ſending you the following lines; you have prejudice enough for me to read with patience any of my idleneſſes [2].

My dear Harry, you enrage me with talking of another journey to Ireland; it will ſhock me if I don't find you at my return: pray take care and be in England.

I wait with ſome patience to ſee Dr. Middleton's Tully, as I read the greateſt part of it in manuſcript; though indeed that is rather a reaſon for my being impatient to read the reſt. If Tully can receive any additional honour, Dr. Middleton is moſt capable of conferring it.

I receive with great pleaſure any remembrances of my lord and your ſiſters; I long to ſee all of you. Patapan [3] is ſo handſome that he has been named the ſilver fleece; and there is a new order of knighthood to be erected to his honour, in oppoſition to the golden. Precedents are ſearching, and plans drawing up for that purpoſe. I hear that the natives pretend to be companions, upon the authority of their dog-ſkin waiſtcoats; but a council that has been held on purpoſe has declared their pretenſions impertinent. Patapan has lately taken wife unto him, as ugly as he is genteel, but of a very great family, being the direct heireſs of Canis Scaliger, lord of

[1] On the event of Mr. Sandys's motion in the houſe of commons to remove ſir Robert Walpole from the king's preſence and councils for ever.

[2] Here follows the inſcription for the neglected column in the place of St. Mark, at Florence, afterwards printed in the Fugitive Pieces.

[3] A dog of Mr. Walpole's.

Verona:

Verona: which principality we deſign to ſeize à la Pruſſienne; that is, as ſoon as ever we ſhall have perſuaded the republic of Venice, that we are the beſt friends they have in the world. Adieu, dear child!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I left my ſubſcriptions for Middleton's Tully with Mr. Selwyn; I won't trouble him, but I wiſh you would take care and get the books, if Mr. S. has kept the liſt.

LETTER IV.

Re di Cofano, vulg. Radicofani, July 5, 1740 N. S.

YOU will wonder, my dear Hal, to find me on the road from Rome: why, intend I did to ſtay for a new popedom, but the old eminences are croſs and obſtinate, and will not chooſe one, the holy ghoſt does not know when. There is a horrid thing called the mal' aria, that comes to Rome every ſummer and kills one, and I did not care for being killed ſo far from chriſtian burial. We have been jolted to death; my ſervants let us come without ſprings to the chaiſe, and we are wore threadbare: to add to our diſaſters, I have ſprained my ankle, and have brought it along, laid upon a little box of bawbles that I have bought for preſents in England. Perhaps I may pick you out ſome little trifle there, but don't depend upon it; you are a diſagreeable creature, and may be I ſhall not care for you. Though I am ſo tired in this devil of a place, yet I have taken it into my head, that it is like Hamilton's Bawn, and I muſt write to you. 'Tis the top of a black barren mountain, a vile little town at the foot of an old citadel: yet this, know you, was the reſidence of one of the three kings that went to Chriſt's birth-day; his name was Alabaſter, Abaraſſer, or ſome ſuch thing; the other two were kings, one of the Eaſt, the other of Cologn. 'Tis this of Cofano, who was repreſented in an ancient painting, found in the Palatine Mount, now in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Mead; he was crowned by Auguſtus. Well, but about writing—what do you think I write with? Nay,

Nay, with a pen; there was never a one to be found in the whole circumference *but one*, and that was in the poſſeſſion of the governor, and had been uſed time out of mind to write the parole with: I was forced to ſend to borrow it. It was ſent me under the conduct of a ſerjeant and two Swiſs, with deſire to return it when I ſhould have done with it. 'Tis a curioſity, and worthy to be laid up with the relics which we have juſt been ſeeing in a ſmall hovel of Capucins on the ſide of the hill, and which were all brought by his majeſty from Jeruſalem. Among other things of great ſanctity there is a ſet of gnaſhing of teeth, the grinders very entire; a bit of the worm that never dies, preſerved in ſpirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very uſeful againſt Eaſter; the criſping and curling, frizzling and frowncing of Mary Magdalen, which ſhe cut off on growing devout. The good man that ſhowed us all theſe commodities was got into ſuch a train of calling them the bleſſed this, and the bleſſed that, that at laſt he ſhowed us a bit of the bleſſed fig-tree that Chriſt curſed.

Florence, July 9.

MY DEAR HARRY,

WE are come hither, and I have received another letter from you with Hoſier's Ghoſt. Your laſt put me in pain for you, when you talked of going to Ireland; but now I find your brother and ſiſter go with you, I am not much concerned. Should I be? You have but to ſay, for my feelings are extremely at your ſervice to diſpoſe as you pleaſe. Let us ſee: you are to come back to ſtand for ſome place; that will be about April. 'Tis a ſort of thing I ſhould do too; and then we ſhould ſee one another, and that would be charming: but it is a ſort of thing I have no mind to do; and then we ſhall not ſee one another, unleſs you would come hither—but that you cannot do: nay, I would not have you, for then I ſhall be gone.—So! there are many *ifs* that juſt ſignify nothing at all. Return I muſt ſooner than I ſhall like. I am happy here to a degree. I'll tell you my ſituation. I am lodged with Mr. Mann[1], the beſt of creatures. I have a terreno all to myſelf, with an open gallery on the Arno, where I am now writing to you. Over againſt me is the famous Gallery; and, on either hand, two fair bridges. Is not this charming and cool? The air is ſo ſerene, and ſo ſecure, that one ſleeps with all the windows and doors thrown open

[1] Afterwards ſir Horace Mann. He was at this time reſident at Florence from George II.

to the river, and only covered with a ſlight gauze to keep away the gnats. Lady Pomfret[1] has a charming converſation once a week. She has taken a vaſt palace and a vaſt garden, which is vaſtly commode, eſpecially to the cicisbeo-part of mankind, who have free indulgence to wander in pairs about the arbours. You know her daughters: lady Sophia[2] is ſtill, nay ſhe muſt be, the beauty ſhe was: lady Charlotte[3] is much improved, and is the cleverest girl in the world; ſpeaks the pureſt Tuſcan like any Florentine. The princeſs Craon[4] has a conſtant pharaoh and ſupper every night, where one is quite at one's eaſe. I am going into the country with her and the prince for a little while, to a villa of the great duke's. The people are good-humoured here and eaſy; and what makes me pleaſed with them, they are pleaſed with me. One loves to find people care for one, when they can have no view in it.

You ſee how glad I am to have reaſons for not returning; I wiſh I had no better.

As to Hoſier's Ghoſt, I think it very eaſy, and conſequently pretty; but, from the eaſe, ſhould never have gueſſed it Glover's. I delight in your, *the patriots cry it up, and the courtiers cry it down, and the hawkers cry it up and down*, and your laconic hiſtory of the K. and ſir R. on going to Hanover, and turning out the D. of A. The epigram too you ſent me on the ſame occaſion is charming.

Unleſs I ſent you back news that you and others ſend me, I can ſend you none. I have left the conclave, which is the only ſtirring thing in this part of the world, except the child that the queen of Naples is to be delivered of in Auguſt. There is no likelihood the conclave will end, unleſs the meſſages take effect which 'tis ſaid the Imperial and French miniſters have ſent to their reſpective courts for leave to quit the Corſini for the Albani faction; otherwiſe there will never be a pope. Corſini has loſt the only one he could

[1] Henrietta Louiſa, wife of Thomas earl of Pomfret.

[2] Afterwards married to John lord Carteret, who became earl of Granville on the death of his mother in the year 1744.

[3] Afterwards married to William Finch, brother to ——— earl of Winchelſea.

[4] The princeſs Craon was the favourite miſtreſs of Leopold the laſt duke of Lorrain, who married her to monſieur de Beauveau, and prevailed on the emperor to make him a prince of the empire. They at this time reſided at Florence, where prince Craon was at the head of the council of regency.

have

have ventured to make pope, and him he deſigned; 'twas Cenci, a relation of the Corſini's miſtreſs. The laſt morning Corſini made him riſe, ſtuffed a diſh of chocolate down his throat, and would carry him to the ſcrutiny. The poor old creature went, came back, and died. I am ſorry to have loſt the ſight of the pope's coronation, but I might have ſtaid for ſeeing it till I had been old enough to be pope myſelf.

Harry, what luck the chancellor has! firſt, indeed, to be in himſelf ſo great a man; but then in accidents: he is made chief juſtice and peer, when Talbot is made chancellor and peer: Talbot dies in a twelvemonth, and leaves him the ſeals at an age when others are ſcarce made ſolicitors:—then marries his ſon into one of the firſt families of Britain, obtains a patent for a marquiſate and eight thouſand pounds a year after the duke of Kent's death: the duke dies in a fortnight, and leaves them all! People talk of fortune's wheel that is always rolling: troth, my lord Hardwicke has overtaken her wheel, and rolled along with it.

I perceive miſs Jenny[1] would not venture to Ireland, nor ſtray ſo far from London; I am glad I ſhall always know where to find her within three-ſcore miles. I muſt ſay a word to my lord[2], which, Harry, be ſure you don't read. ["My dear lord, I don't love troubling you with letters, becauſe I know you don't love the trouble of anſwering them; not that I ſhould inſiſt on that ceremony, but I hate to burthen any one's conſcience. Your brother tells me he is to ſtand member of parliament: without telling me ſo, I am ſure he owes it to you. I am ſure you will not repent ſetting him up; nor will he be ungrateful to a brother who deſerves ſo much, and whoſe leaſt merit is not the knowing how to employ ſo great a fortune."]

There, Harry, I have done. Don't ſuſpect me: I have ſaid no ill of you behind your back. Make my beſt compliments to miſs Conway[3].

I thought I had done, and lo, I had forgot to tell you, that who d'ye think

[1] Miſs Jane Conway, half ſiſter to Henry Seymour Conway. She died unmarried in 1749.

[2] Francis lord Conway, afterwards earl and marquis of Hertford, elder brother to H. Seymour Conway.

[3] Afterwards married to John Harris, eſq. of Hayne in Devonſhire.

is here?—Even Mr. More! our Rheims Mr. More[1]! the fortification, hornwork, ravelin, baſtion Mr. More! *which is very pleaſant ſure.* At the end of the eighth ſide, I think I need make no excuſe for leaving off; but I am going to write to Selwyn, and to the lady of the mountain; from whom I have had a very kind letter. She has at laſt received the Chantilly braſs. Good night: write to me from one end of the world to t'other.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER V.

Florence, September 25, 1740 N.S.

MY DEAR HAL,

I BEGIN to anſwer your letter the moment I have read it, becauſe you bid me; but I grow ſo unfit for a correſpondence with any body in England, that I have almoſt left it off. 'Tis ſo long ſince I was there, and I am ſo utterly a ſtranger to every thing that paſſes there, that I muſt talk vaſtly in the dark to thoſe I write; and having in a manner ſettled myſelf here, where there can be no news, I am void of all matter for filling up a letter. As, by the abſence of the great duke, Florence is become in a manner a country town, you may imagine that we are not without demêlés; but for a country town I believe there never were a ſet of people ſo peaceable, and ſuch ſtrangers to ſcandal. 'Tis the family of love, where every body is paired, and go as conſtantly together as perroquets. Here nobody hangs or drowns themſelves; they are not ready to cut one another's throats about elections or parties; don't think that wit conſiſts in ſaying bold truths, or humour in getting drunk. But I ſhall give you no more of their characters, becauſe I am ſo unfortunate as to think that their encomium conſiſts in being the reverſe of the Engliſh, who in general are either mad, or enough to make other people ſo. After telling you ſo fairly my ſentiments, you may believe, my dear Harry, that I had much rather ſee you here than in England. 'Tis an evil wiſh for you, who

[1] See a letter to Mr. Weſt, dated Rheims, 20th July, 1739.

ſhould

ſhould not be loſt in ſo obſcure a place as this. I will not make you compliments, or elſe here is a charming opportunity for ſaying what I think of you. As I am convinced you love me, and as I am conſcious you have one ſtrong reaſon for it, I will own to you, that for my own peace you ſhould wiſh me to remain here. I am ſo well within and without, that you would ſcarce know me: I am younger than ever, think of nothing but diverting myſelf, and live in a round of pleaſures. We have operas, concerts, and balls, mornings and evenings. I dare not tell you all one's idleneſſes; you would look ſo grave and ſenatorial, at hearing that one riſes at eleven in the morning, goes to the opera at nine at night, to ſupper at one, and to bed at three! But literally here the evenings and nights are ſo charming and ſo warm, one can't avoid 'em.

Did I tell you lady —— —— is here? She laughs at my lady W——, ſcolds my lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dreſs, her avarice, and her impudence muſt amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greaſy black locks, that hang looſe, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and diſcovers a canvaſs petticoat. Her face ſwelled violently on one ſide with the remains of a ———, partly covered with a plaiſter, and partly with white paint, which for cheapneſs ſhe has bought ſo coarſe, that you would not uſe it to waſh a chimney.—In three words I will give you her picture as we drew it in the Sortes Virgilianæ——

Inſanam vatem aſpicies.

I give you my honour, we did not chooſe it; but Gray, Mr. Cooke, ſir Fr. Daſhwood and I, and ſeveral others, drew it fairly amongſt a thouſand for different people, moſt of which did not hit as you may imagine: thoſe that did I will tell you.

For our moſt religious and gracious ———

— Dii, talem terris avertite peſtem.

For one that would be our moſt religious and gracious ———

Purpureus veluti cum flos ſucciſus aratro
Langueſcit moriens, laſſove papavera collo
Demiſere caput, pluviâ cum fortè gravantur.

For

For his ſon.

Regis Romani; primus qui legibus urbem
Fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terrâ
Miſſus in imperium magnum.

For ſir Robert.

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et late fines cuſtode tueri.

I will ſhew you the reſt when I ſee you.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VI.

London, 1741.

MY DEAREST HARRY,

BEFORE I thank you for myſelf, I muſt thank you for that exceſſive good nature you ſhowed in writing to poor G——. I am leſs impatient to ſee you, as I find you are not the leaſt altered, but have the ſame tender friendly temper you always had. I wanted much to ſee if you were ſtill the ſame—but you are.

Don't think of coming before your brother; he is too good to be left for any one living: beſides, if it is poſſible, I will ſee you in the country. Don't reproach me, and think nothing could draw me into the country: impatience to ſee a few friends has drawn me out of Italy; and Italy, Harry, is pleaſanter than London. As I do not love living en famille ſo much as you (but then indeed my family is not like yours), I am hurried about getting myſelf a houſe; for I have ſo long lived ſingle, that I do not much take to being confined with * * * * *

You won't find me much altered, I believe; at leaſt, outwardly. I am not grown a bit ſhorter, or a bit fatter, but am juſt the ſame long lean creature

ture as uſual. Then I talk no French, but to my footman; nor Italian, but to myſelf. What inward alterations may have happened to me, you will diſcover beſt; for you know 'tis ſaid, one never knows that one's ſelf. I will anſwer, that that part of it that belongs to you, has not ſuffered the leaſt change—I took care of that.

For virtù, I have a little to entertain you: it is my ſole pleaſure.—I am neither young enough nor old enough to be in love.

My dear Harry, will you take care and make my compliments to that charming lady Conway [1], who I hear is ſo charming, and to miſs Jenny, who I know is ſo? As for miſs Anne [2], and her love *as far as it is decent*; tell her, decency is out of the queſtion between us, that I love her without any reſtriction. I ſettled it yeſterday with miſs Conway, that you three are brothers and ſiſter to me, and that if you had been ſo, I could not love you better. I have ſo many couſins, and uncles and aunts, and bloods that grow in Norfolk, that if I had portioned out my affections to them, as they ſay I ſhould, what a modicum would have fallen to each!—So, to avoid fractions, I love my family in you three, their repreſentatives [3].

Adieu, my dear Harry! Direct to me at Downing-ſtreet. Good bye!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VII.

Arlington-ſtreet, July 20, 1744.

MY DEAREST HARRY,

I FEEL that I have ſo much to ſay to you, that I foreſee there will be but little method in my letter; but if upon the whole you ſee my meaning, and the depth of my friendſhip for you, I am content.

[1] Iſabella Fitzroy, daughter of Charles duke of Grafton.

[2] Miſs Anne Conway, youngeſt ſiſter of Henry Seymour Conway.

[3] They were firſt couſins by the mother's ſide; Francis the firſt lord Conway having married Charlotte, eldeſt daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook in Kent, ſiſter to Catherine Shorter lady Walpole.

It

It was moſt agreeable to me to receive a letter of confidence from you, at the time I expected a very different one from you; though, by the date of your laſt, I perceive you had not then received ſome letters, which though I did not ſee I muſt call ſimple, as they could only tend to make you uneaſy for ſome months. I ſhould not have thought of communicating a quarrel to you at this diſtance; and I don't conceive the ſort of friendſhip of thoſe that thought it neceſſary. When I heard it had been wrote to you, I thought it right to myſelf to give you my account of it—but, by your brother's deſire, ſuppreſſed my letter, and left it to be explained by him, who wrote to you ſo ſenſibly on it, that I ſhall ſay no more; but that I think myſelf ſo ill uſed, that it will prevent my giving you thoroughly the advice you aſk of me; for how can I be ſure that my reſentment might not make me ſee in a ſtronger light the reaſons for your breaking off an affair [1], which you know before I never approved?

You know my temper is ſo open to any body I love, that I muſt be happy at ſeeing you lay aſide a reſerve with me, which is the only point that ever made me diſſatisfied with you. That ſilence of yours has, perhaps, been one of the chief reaſons that has always prevented my ſaying much to you on a topic which I ſaw was ſo near your heart. Indeed, its being ſo near was another reaſon; for how could I expect you would take my advice, even if you bore it? But, my deareſt Harry, how can I adviſe you now? Is it not gone too far for me to expect you ſhould keep any reſolution about it; eſpecially in abſence, which muſt be deſtroyed the moment you meet again? And if you ever ſhould marry and be happy, won't you reproach me with having tried to hinder it?—I think you as juſt, and honeſt, as I think any man living. But any man living in that circumſtance would think I had been prompted by private reaſons. I ſee as ſtrongly as you can, all the arguments for your breaking off; but indeed the alteration of your fortune adds very little ſtrength to what they had before. You never had fortune enough to make ſuch a ſtep at all prudent: ſhe loved you enough to be content with that; I can't believe this change will alter her ſentiments, for I muſt do her the juſtice to ſay, that 'tis plain ſhe preferred you with nothing to all the world. I could talk on upon this head; but I will only leave you to conſider, with-

[1] This was an early attachment of Mr. Conway's. By his having complied with the wiſhes and advice of his friend on this ſubject, and got the better of his paſſion, he probably felt that he, in ſome meaſure, owed to Mr. Walpole the ſubſequent happineſs of his life in his marriage with another perſon. E.

out adviſing you on either ſide, theſe two things: whether you think it honeſter to break off with her after ſuch engagements as yours (how ſtrong I don't know), after her refuſing very good matches for you, and ſhow her that ſhe muſt think of making her fortune; or whether you will wait with her till ſome amendment in your fortune can put it in your power to marry her.

My deareſt Harry, you muſt ſee why I don't care to ſay more on this head. My wiſhing it could be right for you to break off with her (for, without it is right, I would not have you on any account take ſuch a ſtep) makes it impoſſible for me to adviſe it; and therefore I am ſure you will forgive my declining an act of friendſhip, which your having put in my power gives me the greateſt ſatisfaction. But it does put ſomething elſe in my power, which I am ſure nothing can make me decline, and for which I have long wanted an opportunity. Nothing could prevent my being unhappy at the ſmallneſs of your fortune, but its throwing it into my way to offer you to ſhare mine. As mine is ſo precarious, by depending on ſo bad a conſtitution, I can only offer you the immediate uſe of it. I do that moſt ſincerely. My places ſtill (though my lord W. has cut off three hundred pounds a year to ſave himſelf the trouble of ſigning his name ten times for once) bring me in near two thouſand pounds a year. I have no debts, no connections; indeed no way to diſpoſe of it particularly. By living with my father, I have little real uſe for a quarter of it. I have always flung it away all in the moſt idle manner. But, my dear Harry, idle as I am, and thoughtleſs, I have ſenſe enough to have real pleaſure in denying myſelf bawbles, and in ſaving a very good income to make a man happy for whom I have a juſt eſteem and moſt ſincere friendſhip. I know the difficulties any gentleman and man of ſpirit muſt ſtruggle with, even in having ſuch an offer made him, much more in accepting it. I hope you will allow there are ſome in making it. But hear me: if there is any ſuch thing as friendſhip in the world, theſe are the opportunities of exerting it, and it can't be exerted without 'tis accepted. I muſt talk of myſelf to prove to you that it will be right for you to accept it. I am ſenſible of having more follies and weakneſſes and fewer real good qualities than moſt men. I ſometimes reflect on this, though I own too ſeldom. I always want to begin acting like a man and a ſenſible one, which I think I might be if I would. Can I begin better, than by taking care of my fortune for one I love? You have ſeen (I have ſeen you have) that I am fickle, and fooliſhly fond of twenty new people: but I don't really love

them: I have always loved you conſtantly: I am willing to convince you and the world, what I have always told you, that I loved you better than any body. If I ever felt much for any thing, which I know may be queſtioned, it was certainly for my mother. I look on you as my neareſt relation by her, and think I can never do enough to ſhow my gratitude and affection to her. For theſe reaſons, don't deny me what I have ſet my heart on—the making your fortune eaſy to you. * * * * * *

[The reſt of this letter is wanting.]

LETTER VIII.

Houghton, Oct. 6, 1744.

MY DEAREST HARRY,

MY lord [1] bids me tell you how much he is obliged to you for your letter, and hopes you will accept my anſwer for his. I'll tell you what, we ſhall both be obliged to you if you will incloſe a magnifying glaſs in your next letters; for your two laſt were in ſo diminutive a character, that we were forced to employ all Mrs. Leneve's ſpectacles, beſides an ancient family reading-glaſs with which my grandfather uſed to begin the pſalm, to diſcover what you ſaid to us. Beſides this, I have a piece of news for you: ſir Robert Walpole, when he was made earl of Orford, left the miniſtry, and with it the palace in Downing-ſtreet; as numbers of people found out three years ago, who not having your integrity were quick in perceiving the change of his ſituation. Your letter was full as honeſt as you; for, though directed to Downing-ſtreet, it would not, as other letters would have done, addreſs itſelf to the preſent poſſeſſor. Do but think if it had! The ſmallneſs of the hand would have immediately ſtruck my lord Sandys [2] with the idea of a plot; for what he could not read at firſt ſight, he would certainly have concluded muſt be cypher.

I march next week towards London, and have already begun to ſend my heavy artillery before me, conſiſting of half a dozen books and part of my

[1] Sir Robert Walpole, firſt earl of Orford.

[2] Samuel Sandys, made chancellor of the exchequer on the reſignation of ſir Robert Walpole in February 1741, and afterwards created lord Sandys.

linen;

linen; my light horſe commanded by Patapan follows this day ſe'nnight. A detachment of huſſars ſurpriſed an old bitch fox yeſterday morning, who had loſt a leg in a former engagement; and then having received advice of another litter being advanced as far as Daſingham, lord Walpole commanded captain Riley's horſe with a ſtrong party of fox-hounds to overtake them: but on the approach of our troops the enemy ſtole off, and are now encamped at Sechford common, whither we every hour expect orders to purſue them.

My dear Harry, this is all I have to tell you, and to my great joy, which you muſt forgive me, is full as memorable as any part of the Flanders campaign [1]. I do not deſire to have you engaged in the leaſt more glory than you have been. I ſhould not love the remainder of you the leaſt better for your having loſt an arm or a leg; and have as full perſuaſion of your courage as if you had contributed to the ſlicing off twenty pair from French officers. Thank God, you have ſenſe enough to content yourſelf without being a hero; though I don't quite forget your expedition a huſſar-hunting the beginning of this campaign.—Pray, no more of thoſe jaunts! I don't know any body you would oblige with a preſent of ſuch game: for my part, a fragment of the oldeſt huſſar on earth ſhould never have a place in my muſeum; they are not antique enough: and for a live one, I muſt tell you I like my racoon infinitely better.

Adieu, my dear Harry! I long to ſee you.—You will eaſily believe, the thought I have of being particularly well with you is a vaſt addition to my impatience; though you know it is nothing new to me to be overjoyed at your return.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IX.

Arlington-ſtreet, May 27, 1745.

MY DEAR HARRY,

AS glorioufly as you have ſet out, yet I deſpair of ſeeing you a perfect hero! You have none of the charming violences that are ſo eſſential to that

[1] Mr. Conway was now with the allied army in Flanders.

character. You write as coolly after behaving well in a battle, as you fought in it. Can your friends flatter themſelves with ſeeing you one day or other be the death of thouſands, when you wiſh for peace in three weeks after your firſt engagement [1], and laugh at the ambition of thoſe men who have given you this opportunity of diſtinguiſhing yourſelf? With the perſon of an Orondates, and the courage, you have all the compaſſion, the reaſon, and the reflection, of one that never read a romance. Can one ever hope you will make a figure, when you only fight becauſe it was right you ſhould, and not becauſe you hated the French, or loved deſtroying mankind? This is ſo un-Engliſh, or ſo un-heroic, that I deſpair of you!

Thank Heaven, you have one ſpice of madneſs! Your admiration of your maſter [2] leaves me a glimmering of hope that you will not be always ſo unreaſonably reaſonable. Do you remember the humorous lieutenant, in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, that is in love with the king? Indeed your maſter is not behind hand with you; you ſeem to have agreed to puff one another.

If you are all acting up to the ſtricteſt rules of war and chivalry in Flanders, we are not leſs ſcrupulous on this ſide the water in fulfilling all the duties of the ſame order. The day the young volunteer departed for the army (unluckily indeed it was after the battle), his tender mother Siſygambis, and the beautiful Statira, a lady formerly known in your hiſtory by the name of Artemiſia, from her cutting off her hair on your abſence, were ſo afflicted and ſo inſeparable, that they made a party together to Mr. *Graham's* [3] (you may read *Iapis* if you pleaſe) to be blooded. It was ſettled that this was a more precious way of expreſſing concern than ſhaving the head, which has been known to be attended with falſe locks the next day.

For the other princeſs you wot of, who is not entirely ſo tall as the former, nor ſo evidently deſcended from a line of monarchs—I don't hear her talk of retiring. At preſent ſhe is employed in buying up all the noſegays in Covent Garden, and laurel-leaves at the paſtry-cooks', to weave

[1] The battle of Fontenoy, where Mr. Conway greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf.

[2] William duke of Cumberland, to whom Mr. Conway was aide-du-camp.

[3] A celebrated apothecary in Pall-mall.

chaplets

chaplets for the return of her hero. Who that is, I don't pretend to know or gueſs. All I know is, that in this age retirement is not one of the faſhionable expreſſions of paſſion.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER X.

Arlington-ſtreet, July 1, 1745.

MY DEAR HARRY,

IF it were not for that one ſlight inconvenience, that I ſhould probably be dead now, I ſhould have liked much better to have lived in the laſt war than in this; I mean as to the pleaſantneſs of writing letters. Two or three battles won, two or three towns taken, in a ſummer, were pretty objects to keep up the livelineſs of a correſpondence. But now it hurts one's dignity to be talking of Engliſh and French armies, at the firſt period of our hiſtory in which the tables are turned. After having learnt to ſpell out of the reigns of Edward the third and Harry the fifth, and begun liſping with Agincourt and Creſſy, one uſes one's ſelf but awkwardly to the ſounds of Tournay and Fontenoy. I don't like foreſeeing the time ſo near, when all the young orators in parliament will be haranguing out of Demoſthenes upon the imminent danger we are in from the overgrown power of king Philip. As becoming as all that public ſpirit will be, which to be ſure will now come forth, I can't but think we were at leaſt as happy and as great when all the young Pitts and Lytteltons were pelting oratory at my father for rolling out a twenty years peace, and not envying the trophies which he paſſed by every day in Weſtminſter-hall. But one muſt not repine; rather reflect on the glories which they have drove the nation headlong into. One muſt think all our diſtreſſes and dangers well laid out, when they have purchaſed us Glover's [1] Oration for the merchants, the admiralty for the duke of Bedford, and the reverſion of ſecretary at war for Pitt, which he will certainly have, unleſs the French king ſhould happen to have the nomination; and then I fear, as much obliged as that court is to my lord Cobham and his nephews, they would be ſo partial as to prefer ſome

[1] The author of Leonidas.

illiterate

illiterate nephew of cardinal Tencin's, who never heard of Leonidas or the Hanover troops.

With all theſe reflections, as I love to make myſelf eaſy, eſpecially politically, I comfort myſelf with what St. Evremond (a favourite philoſopher of mine, for he thought what he liked, not liked what he thought) ſaid in defence of cardinal Mazarin, when he was reproached with neglecting the good of the kingdom that he might engroſs the riches of it: "Well, let him get all the riches, and then he will think of the good of the kingdom, for it will all be his own." Let the French but have England, and they won't want to conquer it. We may poſſibly contract the French ſpirit of being ſupremely content with the glory of our monarch, and then—why then it will be the firſt time we ever were contented yet.

We hear of nothing but your retiring [1], and of Dutch treachery: in ſhort, 'tis an ugly ſcene!

I know of no home news but the commencement of the gaming act, for which they are to put up a ſcutcheon at White's for the death of play; and the death of Winnington's wife, which may be an unlucky event for my lady ——. As he has no children, he will certainly marry again; and who will give him their daughter, unleſs he breaks off that affair, which I believe he will now very willingly make a marriage article? We want him to take lady Charlotte Fermor. She was always his beauty, and has ſo many charming qualities, that ſhe would make any body happy. He will make a good huſband; for he is exceſſively good-natured, and was much better to that ſtrange wife than he cared to own.

You wondered at my journey to Houghton; now wonder more, for I am going to Mount Edgecumbe. Now my ſummers are in my own hands, and I am not obliged to paſs great part of them in Norfolk, I find it is not ſo very terrible to diſpoſe of them up and down. In about three weeks I ſhall ſet out, and ſee Wilton and Doddington's in my way. Dear Harry, do but get a victory, and I will let off every cannon at Plymouth; reſerving two, till I hear particularly that you have killed two more Frenchmen with

[1] Mr. Conway was ſtill with the army in Flanders.

your

your own hand [1]. Lady Mary [2] ſends you her compliments; ſhe is going to paſs a week with miſs Townſhend [3] at Muffits; I don't think you will be forgot. Your ſiſter Anne has got a new diſtemper, which ſhe ſays feels like ſomething *jumping* in her. You know my ſtyle on ſuch an occaſion, and may be ſure I have not ſpared this diſtemper. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

Windſor ſtill [4], Oct. 3, 1746.

MY DEAR HARRY,

YOU aſk me if I am really grown a philoſopher. Really I believe not; for I ſhall refer you to my practice rather than to my doctrine, and have really acquired what they only pretended to ſeek, content. So far indeed I was a philoſopher even when I lived in town, for then I was content too; and all the difference I can conceive between thoſe two oppoſite doctors was, that Ariſtippus loved London, and Diogenes Windſor: and if your maſter the duke, whom I ſincerely prefer to Alexander, and who certainly can intercept more ſunſhine, would but ſtand out of my way, which he is extremely in, while he lives in the park here, I ſhould love my little tub of forty pounds a year, more than my palace dans la rue des miniſtres, with all my pictures and bronzes, which you ridiculouſly imagine I have encumbered myſelf with in my ſolitude. Solitude it is, as to the tub itſelf, for no ſoul lives in it with me; though I could eaſily give you room at the butt end of it, and with vaſt pleaſure; but George Montagu, who perhaps is a philoſopher too, though I am ſure not of Pythagoras's ſilent ſect, lives but two barrels off; and Aſhton, a chriſtian philoſopher of our acquaint-

[1] Alluding to Mr. Conway's having been engaged with two French grenadiers at once in the battle of Fontenoy.

[2] Lady Mary Walpole, youngeſt daughter of ſir R. Walpole, afterwards married to Charles Churchill, eſq.

[3] Daughter of Charles viſcount Townſhend, afterwards married to Edward Cornwallis brother to earl Cornwallis, and groom of the bed-chamber to the king.

[4] In the ſummer of the year 1746 Mr. Walpole had hired a ſmall houſe at Windſor.

ance,

ance, lives at the foot of that hill which you mention with a melancholy ſatisfaction that always attends the reflection. Apropos, here is an ode on the very ſubject, which I deſire you will pleaſe to like exceſſively [1]:

* *

You will immediately conclude, out of good breeding, that it is mine, and that it is charming. I ſhall be much obliged to you for the firſt thought, but deſire you will retain only the ſecond, for it is Mr. Gray's, and not

Your humble ſervant's,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Windſor, October 24, 1746.

WELL, Harry, Scotland is the laſt place on earth I ſhould have thought of for turning any body poet: but I begin to forgive it half its treaſons in favour of your verſes, for I ſuppoſe you don't think I am the dupe of the highland ſtory that you tell me: the only uſe I ſhall make of it is to commend the lines to you, as if they really were a Scotſman's. There is a melancholy harmony in them that is charming, and a delicacy in the thoughts that no Scotchman is capable of, though a *Scotchwoman* might inſpire it. I beg both for Cynthia's ſake and my own that you would continue your de Triſtibus, till I have an opportunity of ſeeing your muſe, and ſhe of rewarding her: Reprens ta muſette, berger amoureux! If Cynthia has ever travelled ten miles in fairy land, ſhe muſt be wondrous content with the perſon and qualifications of her knight, who in future ſtory will be read of thus: Elmedorus was tall and perfectly well made, his face oval, and features regularly handſome, but not effeminate; his complexion ſentimentally brown, with not much colour; his teeth fine, and forehead agreeably low, round which his black hair curled naturally and beautifully. His eyes were black too, but had nothing of fierce or inſolent; on the contrary, a certain melancholy ſwimmingneſs that deſcribed hopeleſs

[1] Here follows Mr. Gray's Ode on the diſtant proſpect of Eton college.

love,

love, rather than a natural amorous languiſh. His exploits in war, where he always fought by the ſide of the renowned Paladine William of England, have endeared his memory to all admirers of true chivalry, as the mournful elegies which he poured out among the deſert rocks of Caledonia [1] in honour of the peerleſs lady and his heart's idol, the incomparable Cynthia, will for ever preſerve his name in the flowery annals of poeſy.

What a pity it is I was not born in the golden age of Louis the fourteenth, when it was not only the faſhion to write folios, but to read them too! Or rather, it is a pity the ſame faſhion don't ſubſiſt now, when one need not be at the trouble of invention, nor of turning the whole Roman hiſtory into romance, for want of proper heroes. Your campaign in Scotland rolled out and well be-epitheted would make a pompous work, and make one's fortune; at ſix-pence a number, one ſhould have all the damſels within the liberties for ſubſcribers: whereas now, if one has a mind to be read, one muſt write metaphyſical poems in blank verſe, which though I own to be ſtill eaſier have not half the imagination of romances, and are dull without any agreeable abſurdity. Only think of the gravity of this wiſe age, that have exploded *Cleopatra and Pharamond*, and approve *The Pleaſures of the Imagination*, *The Art of preſerving Health*, and *Leonidas!*—I beg the age's pardon: it has done approving theſe poems, and has forgot them.

Adieu, dear Harry! Thank you ſeriouſly for the poem. I am going to town for the birth-day, and ſhall return hither till the parliament meets; I ſuppoſe there is no doubt of our meeting then.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Now you are at Stirling, if you ſhould meet with Drummond's Hiſtory of the five king Jameses, pray look it over. I have lately read it, and like it much. It is wrote in imitation of Livy, the ſtyle maſculine, and the whole very ſenſible—only he aſcribes the misfortunes of one reign to the then king's loving architecture, and

"In trim gardens taking pleaſure."

[1] Mr. Conway was now in Scotland with the duke of Cumberland, to whom he had been appointed aide-du-camp in the year 1743.

LETTER XIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 16, 1747.

DEAR HARRY,

WE are all ſkyrockets and bonfires to-night for your laſt year's victory [1]; but if you have a mind to perpetuate yourſelves in the calendar, you muſt take care to refreſh your conqueſts. I was yeſterday out of town, and the very ſigns as I paſſed through the villages made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I obſerved how the duke's head had ſucceeded almoſt univerſally to admiral Vernon's, as his had left but few traces of the duke of Ormond's. I pondered theſe things in my heart, and ſaid unto myſelf, Surely all glory is but as a ſign [2]!

You have heard that old Lovat's [3] tragedy is over: it has been ſucceeded by a little farce, containing the humours of the duke of Newcaſtle and his man Stone. The firſt event was a ſquabble between his grace and the ſheriff about holding up the head on the ſcaffold—a cuſtom that has been diſuſed, and which the ſheriff would not comply with, as he received no order in writing. Since that the duke has burſt ten yards of breeches ſtrings [4] about the body, which was to be ſent into Scotland; but it ſeems it is cuſtomary for vaſt numbers to riſe to attend the moſt trivial burial. The duke, who is always at leaſt as much frightened at doing right as at doing wrong, was three days before he got courage enough to order the burying in the Tower. I muſt tell you an exceſſive good ſtory of George Selwyn: Some women were ſcolding him for going to ſee the execution, and aſked him, how he could be ſuch a barbarian to ſee the head cut off? "Nay," ſays he, "if that was ſuch a crime, I am ſure I have made amends, for I went to ſee it ſewed on again." When he was at the undertaker's, as ſoon as they had ſtitched him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my lord chancellor's voice, ſaid, "My lord Lovat, your lordſhip may riſe." My lady T——— has picked up a little ſtable-boy in the Tower,

[1] The battle of Culloden.

[2] Soon after Mr. Walpole publiſhed a paper in The World upon this ſubject.

[3] Simon Frazer lord Lovat, beheaded on Tower-hill the 9th of April 1747.

[4] Alluding to a trick of the duke of Newcaſtle's.

which

which the warders have put upon her for a natural ſon of lord Kilmarnock's, and taken him into her own houſe. You need not tell Mr. T. this from me.

We have had a great and fine day in the houſe on the ſecond reading the bill for taking away the heritable juriſdictions in Scotland. Lyttelton [1] made the fineſt oration imaginable; the ſolicitor general [2], the new advocate [3], and Hume Campbell [4], particularly the laſt, ſpoke exceſſively well for it, and Oſwald [5] againſt it. The majority was 233 againſt 102. Pitt [6] was not there; the ducheſs of Queenſberry had ordered him to have the gout.

I will give you a commiſſion once more to tell lord Bury [7] that he has quite dropped me: if I thought he would take me up again, I would write to him; a meſſage would encourage me. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIV.

Twickenham, June 8, 1747.

YOU perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windſor. It is a little play-thing-houſe that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's [8] ſhop, and is the prettieſt bawble you ever ſaw. It is ſet in enamelled meadows, with philigree hedges:

A ſmall Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call duſty, ſupply me continually with coaches and chaiſes: barges as ſolemn as barons of the exchequer move under

[1] Sir George, afterwards created lord Lyttelton.

[2] William Murray, afterwards earl of Manſfield.

[3] William Grant, lord advocate of Scotland.

[4] Only brother to the earl of Marchmont.

[5] James Oſwald, afterwards a lord of trade, and vice-treaſurer of Ireland.

[6] William Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham.

[7] George Keppel, eldeſt ſon of William earl of Albemarle, whom he ſucceeded in the title in 1755. He was now, together with Mr. Conway, aide-du-camp to the duke of Cumberland.

[8] A famous toy-ſhop.

my window; Richmond-hill and Ham-walks bound my proſpect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the ducheſs of Queenſberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghoſt is juſt now ſkimming under my window by a moſt poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep ſuch a farm as Noah's, when he ſet up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themſelves: up two pair of ſtairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furniſhed with three maps, one ſhelf, a buſt of ſir Iſaac Newton, and a lame teleſcope without any glaſſes. Lord John Sackville *predeceſſed* me here, and inſtituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

You will think I have removed my philoſophy from Windſor with my tea-things hither; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity while a parliament is burſting about my ears. You know it is going to be diſſolved: I am told, you are taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether any body that chooſes you will quarrel with me becauſe he does chooſe you, as that little bug ———— did; one of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do moſt about which I don't care. They ſay the prince has taken up two hundred thouſand pounds, to carry elections which he won't carry:—he had much better have ſaved it to buy the parliament after it is choſen. A new ſet of peers are in embryo, to add more dignity to the ſilence of the houſe of lords.

I make no remarks on your campaign [1], becauſe, as you ſay, you do nothing at all; which, though very proper nutriment for a thinking head, does not do quite ſo well to write upon. If any one of you can but contrive to be ſhot upon your poſt, it is all we deſire, ſhall look upon it as a great curioſity, and will take care to ſet up a monument to the perſon ſo ſlain, as we are doing by vote to captain ———, who was killed at the beginning of the action in the Mediterranean four years ago. In the preſent dearth of glory, he is canonized, though, poor man! he had been tried twice the year before for cowardice.

I could tell you much election-news, none elſe; though not being tho-

[1] Mr. Conway was in Flanders with William duke of Cumberland.

roughly attentive to ſo important a ſubject, as to be ſure one ought to be, I might now and then miſtake, and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning-officer inſtead of the candidate. In general, I believe, it is much as uſual—thoſe ſold in detail that afterwards will be ſold in the repreſentation—the miniſters bribing jacobites to chooſe friends of their own—the name of well-wiſhers to the preſent eſtabliſhment, and patriots, outbidding miniſters that they may make the better market of their own patriotiſm:—in ſhort, all England, under ſome name or other, is juſt now to be bought and ſold; though, whenever we become poſterity and forefathers, we ſhall be in high repute for wiſdom and virtue. My great great grand-children will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle; and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unſpotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot ploughſhares, without hurting the ſole of his foot. How merry my ghoſt will be, and ſhake its ears to hear itſelf quoted as a perſon of conſummate prudence!—Adieu, dear Harry!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XV.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 29, 1748.

DEAR HARRY,

WHATEVER you may think, a campaign at Twickenham furniſhes as little matter for a letter as an abortive one in Flanders. I can't ſay indeed that my generals wear black wigs, but they have long full-bottomed hoods which cover as little entertainment to the full.

There's general my lady Caſtlecomer, and general my lady dowager Ferrers! Why do you think I can extract more out of them than you can out of Hawley or Honeywood? Your old women dreſs, go to the duke's levee, ſee that the ſoldiers cock their hats right, ſleep after dinner, and ſoak with their led captains till bed-time, and tell a thouſand lies of what they never did in their youth. Change hats for head-clothes, the rounds for viſits,

viſits, and led captains for toad-eaters, and the life is the very ſame. In ſhort, theſe are the people I live in the midſt of, though not with; and it is for want of more important hiſtories that I have wrote to you ſo ſeldom; not, I give you my word, from the leaſt negligence. My preſent and ſole occupation is planting, in which I have made great progreſs, and talk very learnedly with the nurſerymen, except that now and then a lettuce run to ſeed overturns all my botany, as I have more than once taken it for a curious Weſt-Indian flowering ſhrub. Then the deliberation with which trees grow, is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in ſo barbarous an age, when we are come to ſo little perfection in gardening. I am perſuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to tranſplant tulip-roots. I have even begun a treatiſe or panegyric on the great diſcoveries made by poſterity in all arts and ſciences; wherein I ſhall particularly deſcant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers—one of the improvements which Mrs. Kerwood wondered Mr. Hedges would not make at his country-houſe, but which was not then quite ſo common as it will be. I ſhall talk of a ſecret for roaſting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, ſo that the whole chace may be brought up to table; and for this ſecret, the duke of Newcaſtle's grandſon, if he can ever get a ſon, is to give a hundred thouſand pounds. Then the delightfulneſs of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame tigers taught to fetch and carry, pocket ſpying-glaſſes to ſee all that is doing in China, with a thouſand other toys, which we now look upon as impracticable, and which pert poſterity would laugh in one's face for ſtaring at, while they are offering rewards for perfecting diſcoveries, of the principles of which we have not the leaſt conception! If ever this book ſhould come forth, I muſt expect to have all the learned in arms againſt me, who meaſure all knowledge backward: ſome of them have diſcovered ſymptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda [1] had ſo much faith in the accompliſhments of his anceſtors, that he believed Adam underſtood all ſciences but politics. But as theſe great champions for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to hitch me into a verſe with Perrault, I am determined to admire the learning of poſterity, eſpecially being convinced that half our

[1] Pineda was a Spaniſh jeſuit, and a profeſſor of theology. He died 1637, after writing voluminous commentaries upon ſeveral books of the holy ſcriptures, beſides an univerſal hiſtory of the church.

preſent

preſent knowledge ſprung from diſcovering the errors of what had formerly been called ſo. I don't think I ſhall ever make any great diſcoveries myſelf, and therefore ſhall be content to propoſe them to my deſcendents, like my lord Bacon, who, as doctor Shaw ſays very prettily in his preface to Boyle, *had the art of inventing arts:* or rather like a marquis of Worceſter, of whom I have ſeen a little book which he calls A century of inventions, where he has ſet down a hundred machines to do impoſſibilities with, and not a ſingle direction how to make the machines themſelves.

If I happen to be leſs punctual in my correſpondence than I intend to be, you muſt conclude I am writing my book, which being deſigned for a panegyric will coſt me a great deal of trouble. The dedication, with your leave, ſhall be addreſſed to your ſon that is coming, or, with my lady A——'s leave, to your ninth ſon, who will be unborn nearer to the time I am writing of; always provided that ſhe does not bring three at once, like my lady B——.

Well! I have here ſet you the example of writing nonſenſe when one has nothing to ſay, and ſhall take it ill if you don't keep up the correſpondence on the ſame foot. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVI.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 6, 1748.

DEAR HARRY,

I AM ſorry our wiſhes claſh ſo much. Beſides that I have no natural inclination for the parliament, it will particularly diſturb me now in the middle of all my planting; for which reaſon I have never inquired when it will meet, and cannot help you to gueſs—but I ſhould think not haſtily—for I believe the peace, at leaſt the evacuations are not in ſo proſperous a way

as

as to be ready to make any figure in the king's ſpeech. But I ſpeak from a diſtance; it may all be very toward: our miniſters enjoy the conſciouſneſs of their wiſdom, as the good do of their virtue, and take no pains to make it ſhine before men. In the mean time we have ſeveral collateral emoluments from the pacification: all our milliners, taylors, tavern-keepers, and young gentlemen are tiding to France for our improvement and luxury; and as I foreſee we ſhall be told on their return that we have lived in a total ſtate of blindneſs for theſe ſix years, and gone abſolutely retrograde to all true taſte in every particular, I have already begun to practiſe walking on my head, and doing every thing the wrong way. Then Charles Frederick has turned all his virtù into fire-works, and, by his influence at the Ordnance, has prepared ſuch a ſpectacle for the proclamation of the peace as is to ſurpaſs all its predeceſſors of bouncing memory. It is to open with a concert of fifteen hundred hands, and conclude with ſo many hundred thouſand crackers all ſet to muſic, that all the men killed in the war are to be wakened with the craſh, as if it was the day of judgment, and fall a dancing, like the troops in the Rehearſal. I wiſh you could ſee him making ſquibs of his papillotes, and bronzed over with a patina of gunpowder, and talking himſelf ſtill hoarſer on the ſuperiority that his firework will have over the Roman naumachia.

I am going to dinner with lady Sophia Thomas at Hampton-court, where I was to meet the Cardigans; but I this minute receive a meſſage that the ducheſs of Montagu [1] is extremely ill, which I am much concerned for on lady Cardigan's [2] account, whom I grow every day more in love with; you may imagine, not her perſon, which is far from improved lately: but ſince I have been here, I have lived much with them; and, as George Montagu [3] ſays, *in all my practice* I never met a better underſtanding, nor more really eſtimable qualities; ſuch a dignity in her way of thinking, ſo little idea of any thing mean or ridiculous, and ſuch proper contempt for both!

[1] She was mother to lady Cardigan, and daughter to the great duke of Marlborough.

[2] Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter of John duke of Montagu and wife of George Brudenell earl of Cardigan, afterwards created duke of Montagu.

[3] Nephew to the earl of Halifax, and elder brother of colonel, afterwards ſir Charles Montagu. K. B.

Adieu!

Adieu! I muſt go dreſs for dinner, and you perceive that I wiſh I had, but have nothing to tell you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVII.

Strawberry-hill, May 5, 1753.

THOUGH my letter bears a country date, I am only a paſſenger here, juſt come to overlook my workmen, and repoſe myſelf upon ſome ſhavings, after the fatigues of the ſeaſon. You know balls and maſquerades always abound as the weather begins to be too hot for them, and this has been quite a ſpring-tide of diverſion. Not that I am ſo abandoned as to have partaken of all; I neither made the Newmarket campaign under the duke[1], nor danced at any ball, nor *looked well* at any maſquerade: I begin to ſubmit to my years, and amuſe myſelf—only juſt as much as I like. Indeed, when parties and politics are at an end, an Engliſhman may be allowed not to be always grave and out of humour. His royal highneſs has won as many hearts at Newmarket as he loſt in Scotland; he played deep, and handſomely; received every body at his table with the greateſt good humour, and permitted the familiarities of the place with eaſe and ſenſe.

There have been balls at the ducheſs of Norfolk's, at Holland-houſe, and lord Granville's, and a ſubſcription maſquerade: the dreſſes were not very fine, not much invention, nor any very abſurd. I find I am telling you extreme trifles; but you deſired me to write, and there literally happens nothing of greater moment. If I can fill out a ſheet even in this way, I will; for at Sligo[2] perhaps I may appear a journaliſt of conſequence.

There is a madame de Mezieres arrived from Paris, who has ſaid a

[1] William duke of Cumberland.

[2] Mr. Conway was then with his regiment quartered at Sligo in Ireland.

thouſand impertinent things to my lady Albemarle, on my lord's not letting her come to Paris[1]. I ſhould not repeat this to you, only to introduce George Selwyn's account of this woman, who, he ſays, is mother to the princeſs of Montauban, grandmother to madame de Brionne, ſiſter to general Oglethorpe, and was laundreſs to the ducheſs of Portſmouth.

Sir Charles Williams, never very happy at panegyric, has made a diſtich on the queen of Hungary, which I ſend you for the curioſity, not the merit of it:

O regina orbis prima & pulcherrima, ridens
Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.

It is infinitely admired at Vienna, but baron Munchauſen has received a tranſlation of it into German in ſix verſes, which are ſtill more applauded.

There is another volume publiſhed of lord Bolinbroke's; it contains his famous letter to ſir William Windham, with an admirable deſcription of the pretender and his court, and a very poor juſtification of his own treachery to that party; a flimſy unfiniſhed ſtate of the nation, written at the end of his life, and the common-place tautology of an old politician, who lives out of the world and writes from newſpapers; and a ſuperficial letter to Mr. Pope, as an introduction to his Eſſays, which are printed, but not yet publiſhed.

What ſhall I ſay to you more? You ſee how I am forced to tack paragraphs together, without any connection or conſequence! Shall I tell you one more idle ſtory, and will you juſt recollect that you once concerned yourſelf enough about the heroine of it, to excuſe my repeating ſuch a piece of tittle-tattle? This heroine is lady ———, the hero is—not entirely of royal blood; at leaſt I have never heard that Lodomie the toothdrawer was in any manner deſcended from the houſe of Bourbon. Don't be alarmed: this plebeian operator is not in the catalogue of your ſucceſſors. How the lady was the aggreſſor is not known; 'tis only conjectured that French politeneſs and French intereſtedneſs could never have gone ſuch

[1] Lord Albemarle was them embaſſador at Paris.

lengths without mighty provocation. The firſt inſtance of the tooth-drawer's ungentle behaviour was on hearing it ſaid that lady —— was to have her four girls drawn by Liotard; which was wondered at, as his price is ſo great—"Oh!" ſaid Lodomie, "*chacune paie pour la ſienne.*" Soon after this inſult, there was ſome diſpute about payments, and tooth-powder, and divers meſſages paſſed. At laſt the lady wrote a card, to ſay ſhe did not underſtand ſuch impertinent anſwers being given to her chairman by an arracheur de dents. The angry little gentleman, with as much intrepidity as if he had drawn out all her teeth, tore the card in five ſlits, and returned it with this aſtoniſhing ſentence, "I return you your impertinent card, and deſire you will pay me what you owe me." All I know more is, that the tooth-drawer ſtill lives; and ſo do many lords and gentlemen, formerly thought the ſlaves of the offended fair one's will and paſſions, and among others, to his great ſhame,

Your ſincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 24, 1753.

IT is well you are married! How would my lady A—— have liked to be aſked in a pariſh-church for three Sundays running? I really believe ſhe would have worn her weeds for ever, rather than have paſſed through ſo impudent a ceremony! What do *you* think?—But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandeſtine marriages, has made ſuch a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and her H——, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill, but had drawn it ſo ill, that the chancellor [1] was forced to draw a new one—

[1] Philip Yorke earl of Hardwicke.

and then grew ſo fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both houſes—though they gave many a gulp before they could ſwallow it. The duke of Bedford attacked it firſt with great ſpirit and maſtery, but had little ſupport, though the duke of Newcaſtle did not vote. The lawyers were all ordered to nurſe it through our houſe; but, except the poor attorney general[1], who is nurſe indeed to all intents and purpoſe, and did amply goſſip over it, not one of them ſaid a word. Nugent[2] ſhone extremely in oppoſition to the bill, and, though every now and then on the precipice of abſurdity, kept clear of it, with great humour and wit and argument, and was unanſwered—Yet we were beat. Laſt Monday it came into the committee: Charles Townſhend acted a very good ſpeech with great cleverneſs, and drew a picture of his own ſtory and his father's tyranny, with at leaſt as much parts as modeſty. Mr. Fox[3] mumbled the chancellor and his lawyers, and pinned the plan of the bill upon a pamphlet he had found of Dr. Gally's, where the doctor, recommending the French ſcheme of matrimony, ſays, *It was found that fathers were too apt to forgive.* The goſpel, I thought, ſaid Mr. Fox, enjoined forgiveneſs; but pious Dr. Gally thinks fathers are too apt to forgive. Mr. Pelham, extremely in his opinion againſt the bill, and in his inclination too, was forced to rivet it, and, without ſpeaking one word for it, taught the houſe how to vote for it; and it was carried againſt the chairman's leaving the chair by 165 to 84.

This is all the news I know, or at leaſt was all when I came out of town; for I left the tinkering of the bill, and came hither laſt Tueſday to my workmen. I flatter myſelf I ſhall get into tolerable order to receive my lady A—— and you at your return from Sligo, from whence I have received your letter, and where I hope you have had my firſt. I ſay nothing of the exile of the parliament of Paris, for I know no more than you will ſee in the public papers; only, as we are going to chooſe a new parliament, we could not do better than chooſe the exiles: we could ſcarce chooſe braver or honeſter men. I ſay as little of mademoiſelle Murphy[4], for I conclude you hear nothing but her health drank in whiſky. Don't all the

[1] Sir Dudley Ryder.

[2] Robert Nugent, afterwards created lord Clare and earl Nugent.

[3] Henry Fox, afterwards created lord Holland.

[4] An Iriſh woman who was for a ſhort time miſtreſs to Louis XV.

naked Iriſh flatter themſelves with preferment, and claim relation with her? Miſs Chudleigh ſays there is ſome ſenſe in belonging to a king who turns off an old miſtreſs when he has got a new one.

Arlington-ſtreet, May 29.

I AM come to town for a day or two, and find that the marriage bill has not only laſted till now in the committee, but has produced, or at leaſt diſcloſed, extreme heats. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pelham have had very high words on every clauſe, and the former has renewed his attacks on the chancellor under the name of Dr. Gally. Yeſterday on the nullity clauſe they ſat till half an hour after three in the morning, having juſt then had a diviſion on adjournment, which was rejected by the miniſtry by above 80 to 70. The ſpeaker [1], who had ſpoken well againſt the clauſe, was ſo miſrepreſented by the attorney general, that there was danger of a ſkimmington between the great wig and the coif, the former having given a flat lye to the latter. Mr. Fox, I am told, outdid himſelf for ſpirit, and ſeverity on the chancellor and the lawyers. I ſay I am told; for I was content with having been beat twice, and did not attend. The heats between the two miniſters were far from cooling by the length of the debate. Adieu! You did little expect in theſe times, and at this ſeaſon, to have heard ſuch a parliamentary hiſtory! The bill is not near finiſhed; Mr. Fox has declared he will diſpute every inch of ground. I hope he won't be baniſhed to Pontoiſe [2]. I ſhall write to you no more, ſo pray return. I hear moſt favourable accounts of my lady A——.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Arthur Onſlow.

[2] The parliament of Paris having eſpouſed the cauſe of religious liberty, and apprehended ſeveral prieſts who by the authority of the archbiſhop of Paris and other prelates had refuſed the ſacraments to thoſe who would not ſubſcribe to the bull Unigenitus, were baniſhed by the king, Louis XV. to Pontoiſe. E.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday July 6, 1754.

YOUR letter certainly ſtopped to drink ſomewhere by the way, I ſuppoſe with the hearty hoſteſs at the Windmill; for, though written on Wedneſday, it arrived here but this morning: it could not have travelled more deliberately in the ſpeaker's body-coach. I am concerned, becauſe, your fiſhmonger not being arrived, I fear you have ſtaid for my anſwer. The fiſh[1] are apprized that they are to *ride* over to Park-place, and are ready booted and ſpurred; and the moment their pad arrives, they ſhall ſet forth. I would accompany them on a pillion, if I were not waiting for lady Mary[2], who has deſired to bring her poor little ſick girl here for a few days to try the air. You know how courteous a knight I am to diſtreſt virgins of five years old, and that my caſtle-gates are always open to them[3]. You will, I am ſure, accept this excuſe for ſome days; and as ſoon as ever my hoſpitality is completed, I will be ready to obey your ſummons, though you ſhould ſend a water-pot for me. I am in no fear of not finding you in perfect verdure; for the ſun, I believe, is gone a great way off to ſome races or other, where his horſes are to run for a king's plate: we have not heard of him in this neighbourhood. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Gold fiſh.
[2] Lady Mary Churchill.
[3] Mr. Conway's only daughter had been left with Mr. Walpole at Strawberry-hill, when he and lady Aileſbury went to Ireland with his regiment.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 23, 1755.

DEAR HARRY,

NEVER make me excuſes for a letter that tells me ſo many agreeable things as your laſt; that you are got well to Dublin [1]; that you are all well, and that you have accommodated all your politics to your ſatisfaction —and I may be allowed to ſay, greatly to your credit. What could you tell me that would pleaſe me ſo much?

When I have indulged a little my joy for your ſucceſs and honour, it is natural to conſider the circumſtances you have told me; and you will eaſily excuſe me if I am not quite as much ſatisfied with the conduct of your late antagoniſts, as I am with yours. You have tranquillized a nation, have repaired your maſter's honour, and ſecured the peace of your adminiſtration;—but what ſhall one ſay to the ſpeaker, Mr. Malone and the others? Don't they confeſs that they have gone the greateſt lengths, and riſqued the ſafety of their country on a mere perſonal pique? If they did not contend for profit, like our patriots (and you don't tell me that they have made any lucrative ſtipulations), yet it is plain that their ambition had been wounded, and that they reſented their power being croſſed. But I, who am whig to the backbone, indeed in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word, feel hurt in a tenderer point, and which you, who are a miniſter, muſt not allow me: I am offended at their agreeing to an addreſs that avows ſuch deference for prerogative, and that is to proteſt ſo deeply againſt having intended to attack it. However rebel this may ſound at your court, my Gothic ſpirit is hurt; I do not love ſuch loyal expreſſions from a parliament. I do not ſo much conſider myſelf writing to Dublin caſtle, as from Strawberry caſtle, where you know how I love to enjoy my liberty. I give myſelf the airs, in my nutſhell, of an old baron, and am tempted almoſt to ſay with an old earl of Norfolk, who was a very free ſpeaker at leaſt, if he was not an excellent poet,

[1] Mr. Conway was now ſecretary of ſtate to the marquis of Hartington, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

When

When I am in my caſtle of Bungey,
Situate upon the river Waveney,
I ne care for the king of Cockney.

I have been roving about Hampſhire, have been at Wincheſter and Southampton and twenty places, and have been but one day in London—conſequently know as little news as if I had been ſhut up in Bungey caſtle. Rumours there are of great bickerings and uneaſineſſes; but I don't believe there will be any bloodſhed of places, except Legge's[1], which nobody ſeems willing to take—I mean as a ſinecure. His majeſty of Cockney is returned exceedingly well, but grown a little out of humour at finding that we are not ſo much pleaſed with all the Ruſſians and Heſſians that he has hired to recover the Ohio. We are an ungrateful people!

Make a great many compliments for me to my lady A——. I own I am in pain about Miſſy[2]. As my lady is a little coquette herſelf, and loves crowds and admiration and a court life, it will be very difficult for her to keep a ſtrict eye upon Miſſy. The Iriſh are very forward and bold:—I ſay no more; but it would hurt you both extremely to have her marry herſelf idly; and I think my lord chancellor has not extended his matrimonial foreſight to Ireland. However, I have much confidence in Mrs. Elizabeth Jones[3]: I am ſure, when they were here, ſhe would never let Miſſy whiſper with a boy that was old enough to ſpeak.

Adieu! As the winter advances, and plots thicken, I will write you letters that ſhall have a little more in them than this. In the mean time I am going to the Bath, not for my health, you know I never am ill, but for my amuſement. I never was there, and at preſent there are ſeveral of my acquaintance. The French academy have choſen my lord Cheſterfield, and he has written them a letter of thanks that is the fineſt compoſition in the world: indeed, I was told ſo by thoſe who have not ſeen it; but they would have told me ſo if they had ſeen it, whether it was the fineſt or the worſt; ſuffices it to be his!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Henry Bilſon Legge, ſecond ſon of William earl of Dartmouth; he was chancellor of the exchequer.

[2] Anne Seymour Conway, only child of Mr. Conway and lady Aileſbury, then an infant.

[3] Miſs Conway's nurſe.

LETTER XXI.

Arlington-ſtreet, Nov. 15, 1755.

I PROMISED you hiſtories, and there are many people that take care I ſhould have it in my power to keep my word. To begin in order, I ſhould tell you, that there were 289 members at the Cockpit meeting, the greateſt number ever known there: but Mr. Pitt, who is too great a general to regard numbers, eſpecially when there was a probability of no great harmony between the commanders, did not however poſtpone giving battle. The engagement was not more deciſive than long: we ſat till within a quarter of five in the morning; an uninterrupted ſerious debate from before two. Lord Hillſborough moved the addreſs, and very injudiciouſly ſuppoſed an oppoſition. Martin, Legge's ſecretary, moved to omit in the addreſs the indirect approbation of the treaties, and the direct aſſurances of protection to Hanover. Theſe queſtions were at length divided; and againſt Pitt's inclination, the laſt, which was the leaſt unpopular, was firſt decided by a majority of 311 againſt 105. Many then went away; and on the next diviſion the numbers were 290 to 89. Theſe are the general outlines. The detail of the ſpeeches, which were very long, and ſome extremely fine, it would be impoſſible to give you in any compaſs. On the ſide of the oppoſition (which I muſt tell you by the way, though it ſet out decently, ſeems extremely reſolved) the ſpeakers (I name them in their order) were: the 3d Colebrook, Martin, Northey, ſir Richard Lyttelton, Doddington, George Grenville, ſir F. Daſhwood, Beckford, ſir G. Lee, Legge, Potter, Dr. Hay, Geo. Townſhend, lord Egmont, Pitt, and admiral Vernon: on the other ſide were, lord Hillſborough, Obrien, young Stanhope, Hamilton, Alſtone, Ellis, lord Barrington, ſir G. Lyttelton, Nugent, Murray, ſir T. Robinſon, my uncle, and Mr. Fox. As ſhort as I can, I will give you an account of them. Sir Richard, Beckford, Potter, G. Townſhend, the admiral of courſe, Martin, and Stanhope were very bad: Doddington was well, but very *acceding:* Dr. Hay by no means anſwers his reputation; it was eaſy, but not ſtriking. Lord Egmont was doubling, abſurd, and obſcure. Sir G. Lee and lord Barrington were much diſliked; I don't think, ſo deſervedly. Poor A—— was mad, and ſpoke ten times to order. Sir George [1], our friend, was dull and timid. Legge was the latter. Nu-

[1] Sir George Lyttelton.

gent roared, and ſir Thomas rumbled. Mr. Fox was extremely fatigued, and did little. Geo. Grenville's was very fine and much beyond himſelf, and very pathetic. The attorney general [1] in the ſame ſtyle, and very artful, was ſtill finer. Then there was a young Mr. Hamilton [2] who ſpoke for the firſt time, and was at once perfection: his ſpeech was ſet, and full of antitheſis, but thoſe antitheſes were full of argument: indeed his ſpeech was the moſt argumentative of the whole day; and he broke through the regularity of his own compoſition, anſwered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greateſt eaſe. His figure is advantageous, his voice ſtrong and clear, his manner ſpirited, and the whole with the eaſe of an eſtabliſhed ſpeaker. You will aſk, what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond what ever was, and that was Pitt! He ſpoke at paſt one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes: there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldneſs, in ſhort, more aſtoniſhing perfections than even you, who are uſed to him, can conceive. He was not abuſive, yet very attacking on all ſides: he ridiculed my lord Hillſborough, cruſhed poor ſir George, terrified the attorney, laſhed my lord Granville, painted my lord of Newcaſtle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the duke [3]. A few of the Scotch were in the minority, and moſt of the princeſs's people, not all: all the duke of Bedford's in the majority. He himſelf ſpoke in the other houſe for the addreſs (though profeſſing incertainty about the treaties [4] themſelves), againſt my lord Temple and lord Halifax, without a diviſion. My lord Talbot was neuter; he and I were of a party: my opinion was ſtrongly with the oppoſition; I could not vote for the treaties; I would not vote againſt Mr. Fox. It is ridiculous perhaps, at the end of ſuch a debate, to give an account of my own ſilence; and as it is of very little conſequence what I did, ſo it is very unlike me to juſtify myſelf. You know how much I hate *profeſſions* of integrity; and my pride is generally too great to care what the generality of people ſay of me: but your heart is good enough to make me wiſh you ſhould think well of mine.

You will want to know what is to be the fate of the miniſtry in oppoſition: but that I can't tell you. I don't believe they have determined what

[1] William Murray, afterwards lord Mansfield.

[2] William Gerard Hamilton. It was this ſpeech which, not being followed, as was naturally expected, by repeated exhibitions of ſimilar eloquence, acquired him the name of *ſingle-ſpeech* Hamilton. E.

[3] The duke of Cumberland.

[4] Treaties of ſubſidy with the landgrave of Heſſe and the empreſs of Ruſſia for the defence of Hanover.

to

to do, more than oppoſe, nor that it is determined what to do with them. Though it is clear that it is very humiliating to leave them in place, you may conceive ſeveral reaſons why it is not eligible to diſmiſs them. *You* know where you are, how eaſy it is to buy an oppoſition who have not places; but tell us what to do with an oppoſition that has places? If you ſay, Turn them out; I anſwer, That is not the way to quiet any oppoſition, or a miniſtry ſo conſtituted as ours at preſent. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXII.

Arlington-ſtreet, January 24, 1756.

OH! ſir, I ſhall take care how I ever aſk favours of you again! It was with great reluctance that I brought myſelf to aſk this: you took no notice of my requeſt; and I flattered myſelf that I was puniſhed for having applied to you ſo much againſt my inclination. Juſt as I grew confirmed in the pride of being mortified, I hear that you have outgone my application, and in the kindeſt manner in the world have given the young man a pair of colours. It would have been unpleaſant enough to be refuſed; but to obtain more than one aſked is the moſt provoking thing in the world! I was prepared to be very grateful if you had done juſt what I deſired; but I declare I have no thanks ready for a work of ſupererogation. If there ever was a ſaint that went to heaven for mere gratitude, which I am perſuaded is a much more uncommon qualification than martyrdom, I muſt draw upon his hoard of merit to acquit myſelf. You will at leaſt get thus much by this charming manner of obliging me: I look upon myſelf as doubly obliged: and when it coſt me ſo much to aſk one favour, and I find myſelf in debt for two, I ſhall ſcarce run in tick for a third.

What adds to my vexation is, that I wrote to you but the night before laſt. Unleſs I could return your kindneſs with equal grace, it would not be very decent to imitate you by beginning to take no notice of it; and therefore you muſt away with this letter upon the back of the former.

We had yeſterday ſome hiſtory in the houſe: Beckford produced an accuſation in form againſt admiral K—— on his way to an impeachment. Governor Verres was a puny culprit in compariſon! Jamaica indeed has not quite ſo many coſtly temples and ivory ſtatues, &c. as Sicily had: but what K—— could not or had not a propenſity to commit in rapine and petty larceny, he has made up in tyranny. The papers are granted, and we are all going to turn jurymen. The reſt of the day was ſpent in a kind of avoirdupoiſe war. Our friend ſir George Lyttelton opened the budget; well enough in general, but was ſtrangely bewildered in the figures; he ſtumbled over millions, and dwelt pompouſly upon farthings. Pitt attacked him pretty warmly on mortgaging the ſinking fund: ſir George kept up his ſpirit, and returned the attack on eloquence. It was entertaining enough, but ended in high compliments; and the diviſion was 231 to 56.

Your friend lady —— ——, not to let the town quite lapſe into politics, has entertained it with a new ſcene. She was t'other night at the play with her court; viz. miſs ——, lord Barnard, monſieur St. Simon, and her favourite footman Richard, whom, under pretence of keeping places, ſhe always keeps in her box the whole time to ſee the play at his eaſe. Mr. Stanley, colonel Vernon, and Mr. Vaughan arrived at the very end of the farce, and could find no room, but a row and half in lady ——'s box. Richard denied them entrance very impertinently. Mr. Stanley took him by the hair of his head, dragged him into the paſſage, and thraſhed him. The heroine was outrageous—the heroes not at all ſo. She ſent Richard to Fielding for a warrant—He would not grant it—and ſo it ended——And ſo muſt I, for here is company. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

My letter would have been *much cleverer*, but George Montague has been chattering by me the whole time, and inſiſts on my making you his compliments.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Feb. 12, 1756.

I WILL not write to my lady A. to-night, nor pretend to anſwer the prettieſt letter in the world, when I am out of ſpirits. I am very unhappy about poor Mr. Mann [1], who I fear is in a deep conſumption: the doctors do not give him over, and the ſymptoms are certainly a little mended this week; but you know how fallacious that diſtemper is, and how unwiſe it would be to truſt to it! As he is at Richmond, I paſs a great deal of my time out of town to be near him, and ſo may have miſſed ſome news; but I will tell you all I know.

The houſe of commons is dwindled into a very dialogue between Pitt and Fox—one even begins to want admiral Vernon again for variety. Sometimes it is a little piquant; in which though Pitt has attacked, Fox has generally had the better. Theſe three or four laſt days we have been ſolely upon the Pennſylvanian regiment, bickering, and but once dividing 165 to 57. We are got but paſt the firſt reading yet. We want the French to put a little vivacity into us. The duke of Newcaſtle has expected them every hour: he was terribly alarmed t'other night; on his table he found a myſterious card with only theſe words, *Charles is very well, and is expected in England every day.* It was plainly ſome ſecret friend that advertiſed him of the pretender's approaching arrival. He called up all the ſervants, ranſacked the whole houſe to know who had been in his dreſſing-room:—at laſt it came out to be an anſwer from the ducheſs of Queenſberry to the ducheſs of Newcaſtle about lord Charles Douglas. Don't it put you in mind of my lord treaſurer Portland in Clarendon, *Remember Cæſar!*

The French have promiſed letters of nobleſſe to whoever fits out even a little privateer. I could not help a melancholy ſmile when my lady A. talked of coming over ſoon. I fear major-general *you* will ſcarce be permitted to return to your plough at Park-place, when we grudge every man that is left at the plough. Between the French and the earthquakes [2], you

[1] Galfridus Mann, twin brother to ſir Horace Mann, the envoy at Florence: he died the end of this year.

[2] The dreadful earthquake which had taken place at Liſbon towards the end of the preceding year.

have

have no notion how good we are grown; nobody makes a ſuit of clothes now but of ſackcloth turned up with aſhes. The faſt was kept ſo devoutly, that Dick Edgecumbe[1], finding a very lean hazard at White's, ſaid with a ſigh, "Lord, how the times are degenerated! Formerly a faſt would have brought every body hither; now it keeps every body away!" A few nights before, two men walking up the Strand, one ſaid to t'other, "Look how red the ſky is! Well, thank God! there is to be no maſquerade!"

My lord A. does not keep a faſt; he is going to marry one of the plump C——s:—they call him the noble lord upon the woolſack.

The ducheſs of Norfolk has opened her new houſe: all the earth was there laſt Tueſday. You would have thought there had been a comet, every body was gaping in the air and treading on one another's toes. In ſhort, you never ſaw ſuch a ſcene of magnificence and taſte. The tapeſtry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glaſſes, the lightneſs and novelty of the ornaments, and the ceilings, are delightful. She gives three Tueſdays, would you could be at one! Somebody aſked my lord Rockingham afterwards at White's, what was there? He ſaid, "Oh! there was all the company afraid of the ducheſs, and the duke afraid of all the company."—It was not a bad picture.

My lady A. flatters me extremely about my World, but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In ſhort, the good-natured town have been pleaſed to lend me a meaning, and call my lord Bute, *ſir Euſtace*[2]. I need not ſay how ill the ſtory tallies to what they apply it; but I do vow to you, that ſo far from once entering into my imagination, my only apprehenſion was, that I ſhould be ſuſpected of flattery for the compliment to the princeſs in the former part. It is the more cruel, becauſe you know it is juſt the thing in the world on which one muſt not defend one's ſelf. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ laſt Eaſter, long before this hiſtory was ever mentioned, and flung by, becauſe I did not like it: I mentioned it one night to my lady Hervey, which was the occaſion of its being printed.

I beg you will tell my lady A. that I am ſorry ſhe could not diſcover any

[1] Richard Edgecumbe ſecond lord Edgecumbe.

[2] Sir Euſtace Drawbridgecourt. See World, N° 160, 5th vol.

wit

wit in Mrs. Huſſey's making a ſeptleva. I know I never was ſo vain of any wit in my life as in winning a thouſand leva and two five hundred levas.

You would laugh if you ſaw in the midſt of what trumpery I am writing. Two porters have juſt brought home my purchaſes from Mrs. Kennon the midwife's ſale. Brobdignag combs, old broken pots, pans, and pipkins, a lanthorn of ſcraped oyſter-ſhells, ſcymitars, Turkiſh pipes, Chineſe baſkets, &c. &c. My ſervants think my head is turned; I hope not: it is all to be called the perſonal eſtate and moveables of my great great grandmother, and to be repoſited at Strawberry. I believe you think my letter as ſtrange a miſcellany as my purchaſes.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot, that I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap.

LETTER XXIV.

Arlington-ſtreet, March 4, 1756.

DEAR HARRY,

I HAVE received ſo kind and ſo long a letter from you, and ſo kind too becauſe ſo long, that I feel I ſhall remain much in your debt, at leaſt for length. I won't allow that I am in your debt for warmth of friendſhip. I have nothing worth telling you: we are hitherto conquered only in threat: for my part, I have ſo little expectation of an invaſion, that I have not buried a ſingle enamel, nor bought a pane of painted glaſs the leſs: of the two panics in faſhion, the French and the earthquake, I have not even made my option yet. The oppoſition get ground as little as either: Mr. Pitt talks by Shrewſbury clock, and is grown almoſt as little heard as that is at Weſtminſter. We have had full eight days on the Pennſylvanian regiment. The young Hamilton has ſpoken and ſhone again; but nothing is luminous compared with Charles Townſhend:—he drops down dead in a fit, has a reſurrection, thunders in the capitol, confounds the treaſury-bench, laughs at his

own party, is laid up the next day, and overwhelms the ducheſs and the good women that go to nurſe him! His brother's militia-bill does not come on till next week: in the mean time he adorns the ſhutters, walls, and napkins of every tavern in Pall-mall with caricatures of the duke[1] and ſir George Lyttelton, the duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Fox. Your friend Legge has diſtinguiſhed himſelf exceedingly on the ſupplies and taxes, and retains all the dignity of chancellor of the exchequer. I think I never heard ſo complete a ſcene of ignorance as yeſterday on the new duties! Except Legge, you would not have thought there was a man in the houſe had learned troy-weight: Murray quibbled—at Hume Campbell the houſe groaned! Pitt and Fox were lamentable; poor ſir George never knew prices from duties, nor drawbacks from premiums! The three taxes propoſed were on plate, on bricks and tiles, on cards and dice. The earthquake has made us ſo good, that the miniſtry might have burned the latter in Smithfield if they had pleaſed. The bricks they were forced to give up, and conſented graciouſly to accept 70,000*l.* on ale-houſes, inſtead of 30,000*l.* on bricks. They had nearly been forced to extend the duty on plate beyond 10*l.* carrying the reſtriction by a majority of only two.

An embargo is laid on the ſhipping, to get ſailors. The young court lords were going to raiſe troops of light-horſe, but my lord Gower (I ſuppoſe by direction of the duke) propoſed to the king, that they ſhould rather employ their perſonal intereſt to recruit the army; which ſcheme takes place, and, as —— ſaid in the houſe, they are all turning recruiting ſerjeants. But notwithſtanding we ſo much expect a ſtorm from France, I am told that in France they think much more of their own internal ſtorms than of us. Madame Pompadour wears devotion, whether forced or artful is not certain: the diſputes between the king and the parliament run very high, and the duke of Orleans and the prince of Conti have ſet themſelves at the head of the latter. Old N. came fuddled to the opera laſt week, and joſtled an ancient lord Irwin, and then called him fool for being in his way: they were going to fight; but my lord Talbot, profeſſing that he did not care if they were both hanged, adviſed them to go back and not expoſe themſelves. You will ſtare perhaps at my calling N. *old:* it is not merely to diſtinguiſh him from his ſon; but he is ſuch a champion and ſuch a lover, that it is impoſſible not to laugh at him as if he was a Methuſelah! He is en affaire

[1] The duke of Cumberland.

reglée

reglée with lady ——: at a ſupper there a few nights ago of two-and-twenty people, they were talking of his going to ——— to direct ſome alterations: Mrs. N. in the ſofteſt infantine voice called out, "My lady ——, don't let him do any thing out of doors; but you will find him delightful within!"

I think I have nothing elſe to tell you but a bon-mot or two; with that ſort of news I think I take care to ſupply you duly. I ſend you conſtantly the beſt that London affords. Dick Edgecumbe has ſaid that his laſt child was born on *All-gameſter's-day*; Twelfth-night.

This chapter ſhall conclude with an epigram; the thought was George Selwyn's, who you know ſerves all the epigram-makers in town with wit. It is on miſs Chudleigh crying in the drawing-room on the death of her mother:

> What filial piety! what mournful grace,
> For a loſt parent, ſits on Chudleigh's face!
> Fair virgin, weep no more, your anguiſh ſmother!
> You in this town can never want a mother.

I have told poor Mr. Mann how kind you are to him: indeed I have been exceedingly frightened and troubled for him, and thought him in immediate danger. He is certainly much mended, though I ſtill fear a conſumption for him: he has not been able to move from Richmond this whole winter: I never fail to viſit him twice or thrice a week. I heartily pity the fatigue and dulneſs of your life; nor can I flatter you with pretending to believe it will end ſoon: I hope you will not be forced to gain as much reputation in the camp as you have in the cabinet!—You ſee I muſt finiſh.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXV.

Strawberry-hill, April 16, 1756.

YOU wrong me very much in thinking I omit writing becauſe I don't hear from you as often as you have a mind I ſhould: you are kinder to me in that reſpect than I have reaſon, conſidering your numerous occupations, to expect: the real and whole truth is, that I have had nothing to tell you; for I could not tire either you or myſelf with all the details relating to this fooliſh road-bill [1], which has engroſſed the whole attention of every body lately. I have entered into it leſs than any body. What will you ſay when you are told that proxies have been ſent for to Scotland? that my lord Harrington has been dragged into the houſe of lords from his coffin, and lord Arran carried thither to take the oaths, who I believe has not appeared there ſince the Revolution? In ſhort, it has become quite a trial for power; and though the dukes of Grafton and Bedford have lent their names and their vehemence, you will gueſs what has been the engine behind the curtain.

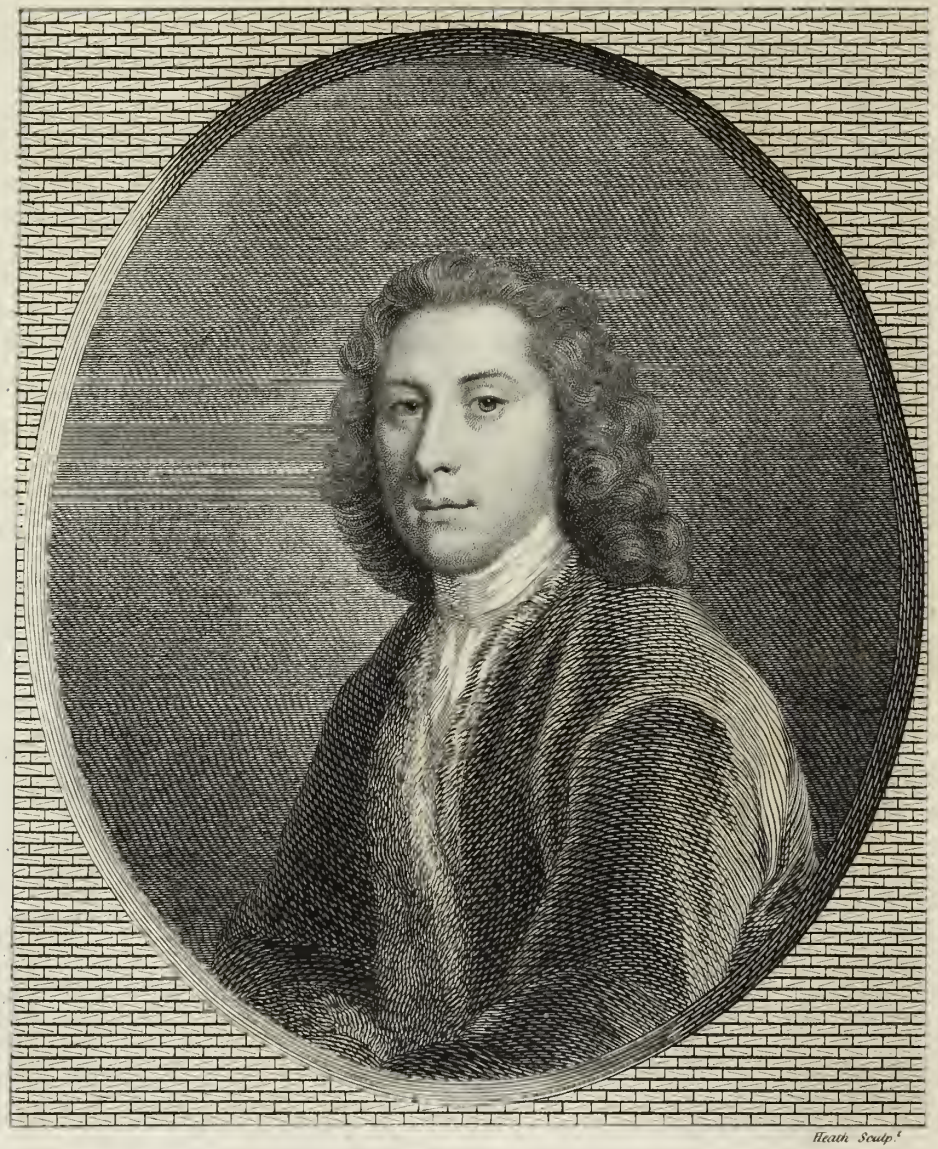
The French are ſo obliging as to wait till we have done with theſe important ſquabbles: the houſe of commons takes care too not to draw off the attention of the nation. The militia-bill has paſſed through that ſolitude, but I hear will be ſtopped in the houſe of lords. I have lived lately in a round of great diſagreeable ſuppers, which you know are always called, for my lady Yarmouth, as if the poor woman loved nothing but cramming: I ſuppoſe it will ſo much become the etiquette, that in the next reign there will be nothing but ſuppers for my lord B——. I am now come hither to keep *my* Newmarket, but the weather is cold and damp: it is uncertain whether the duke makes that campaign, or againſt the French. As the road-bill extinguiſhed the violence about the two operas of next year, and they made the invaſion forgot, and the invaſion the earthquake, I foreſee—and I go almoſt upon as ſure grounds as prophets that take care to let the event precede the prediction—I foreſee that the Hanoverians will ſwallow

[1] The Paddington or New Road, which the duke of Bedford oppoſed as making a duſt behind Bedford-houſe, and from ſome intended buildings being likely to interrupt his proſpect. The duke of Grafton warmly eſpouſed the other ſide of the queſtion.

Heath Sculp.

The Hon.ble Mary Bellenden,
afterwards
Mrs Campbell.

Published as the Act directs May 1st 1798. by G.G. & J. Robinson London.



Heath Sculp.t

Col.l John Campbell afterwards Duke of Argyll?

Published as the Act directs May 1st 1798 by G.G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

up all: they have already a general named, who ranks before any one of ours; and there are to be two Hanoverian aide-de-camps!

You will hear by this poſt of the death of ſir William Lowther, whoſe vaſt ſucceſſion falls to ſir James, and makes him Crœſus: he may hire the dukes of Bedford and Marlborough for led captains. I am ſorry for this young man, though I did not know him; but it is hard to be cut off ſo young and ſo rich: old rich men ſeldom deſerve to live, but he did a thouſand generous acts. You will be diverted with a ſpeech of lord S. one of thoſe ſecond-rate fortunes, who have not above five-and-thirty thouſand pounds a year. He ſays, every body may attain ſome one point if they give all their attention to it; for his part, he knows he has no great capacity, he could not make a figure by his parts; he ſhall content himſelf with being one of the richeſt men in England! I literally ſaw him t'other day buying pictures for two-and-twenty ſhillings, that I would not hang in my garret; while I, who certainly have not made riches my ſole point of view, was throwing away guineas, and piquing myſelf for old tombſtones againſt your father-in-law the general [1]. I hope lady A. will forgive my zeal for Strawberry againſt Coombank! Are you ever to ſee your Strawberry-hill again? Lord Duncannon flatters us that we ſhall ſee you in May. If I did not hope it, I would ſend you the only two new faſhionable pieces; a comic elegy by C. and a wonderful book by a more wonderful author, Greville [2]. It is called Maxims and Characters: ſeveral of the former are pretty: all the latter ſo abſurd, that one in particular, which at the beginning you take for the character of a man, turns out to be the character of a poſt-chaiſe.

You never tell me now any of Miſſy's bons-mots. I hope ſhe has not reſided in Ireland till they are degenerated into bulls! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] General John Campbell, who upon the death of Archibald duke of Argyll ſucceeded to that title.

[2] Fulke Greville, eſq.

LETTER XXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 14, 1757.

YOU are too kind to me, and, if it were poſſible, would make me feel ſtill more for your approaching departure [1]. I can only thank you ten thouſand times; for I muſt not expatiate, both from the nature of the ſubject, and from the uncertainty of this letter reaching you. I was told yeſterday, that you had hanged a French ſpy in the Iſle of Wight; I don't mean you, but your government. Though I wiſh no life taken away, it was ſome ſatisfaction to think that the French were at this hour wanting information.

Mr. F. breakfaſted here t'other day. He confirmed what you tell me of lord F—— C——'s account: it is univerſally ſaid that the duke [2] failed merely by inferiority, the French ſoldiers behaving in general moſt ſcandalouſly. They had fourſcore pieces of cannon, but very ill ſerved. Marſhal D'Eſtrées was recalled before the battle, but did not know it. He is ſaid to have made ſome great miſtakes in the action. I cannot ſpeak to the truth of it, but the French are reported to have demanded two millions ſterling of Hanover.

My whole letter will conſiſt of hearſays; for, even at ſo little diſtance from town, one gets no better news than hawkers and pedlars retail about the country. From ſuch I hear that George Haldane is made governor of Jamaica, and that a Mr. Campbell, whoſe father lives in Sweden, is going thither to make an alliance with that country, and hire 12,000 men. If one of my acquaintance, as an antiquary, were alive, ſir Anthony Shirley [3], I ſup-

[1] On the expedition to Rochfort.

[2] The duke of Cumberland, in the affair at Haſtenbeck.

[3] Sir Thomas, ſir Anthony, and ſir Robert Shirley were three brothers, all great travellers, and all diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary adventures in the reigns of queen Elizabeth and James I.—Much confuſion has enſued in their hiſtory from their adventures being confounded together. Lord Orford, it ſhould ſeem, had intended to clear up theſe miſtakes, as among his papers are many notes on their ſubject, and references to all the books which mention any part of their hiſtory. Sir Anthony Shirley, after ſixteen years travels, went into Perſia, was in high favour with the Sophi, married a relation of his, and was ſent by him embaſſador to James I. in 1611. See Baker's Hiſtory of James I. p. 132, who by miſtake calls him ſir Robert inſtead of ſir Anthony.

poſe

poſe we ſhould ſend him to Perſia again for troops; I fear we ſhall get none nearer!

Adieu, my deareſt Harry! Next to wiſhing your expedition ſtill-born, my moſt conſtant thought is, how to be of any ſervice to poor lady A———, whoſe reaſonable concern makes even that of the ſtrongeſt friendſhip ſeem trifling.

Yours moſt entirely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVII.

Strawberry-hill, October 13, 1757.

IF you have received mine of Tueſday, which I directed to Portſmouth, you will perceive how much I agree with you. I am charmed with your ſenſible modeſty. When I talked to you of defence, it was from concluding that you had all agreed that the attempt[1] was impracticable, nay impoſſible; and from thence I judged that the miniſtry intended to caſt the blame of a wild project upon the officers. That they may be a little willing to do that, I ſtill think—but I have the joy to find that it cannot be thrown on you. As your friend, and fearing, if I talked for you firſt, it would look like doubt of your behaviour, at leaſt that you had bid me defend you at the expence of your friends, I ſaid not a word, truſting that your innocence would break out and make its way. I have the ſatisfaction to find it has already done ſo. It comes from all quarters but your own, which makes it more honourable. My lady Suffolk told me laſt night, that ſhe heard all the *ſeamen* ſaid they wiſhed the general had been as ready as Mr. Conway. But this is not all: I left a poſitive commiſſion in town to have the truth of the general report ſent me without the leaſt diſguiſe; in conſequence of which I am ſolemnly aſſured that your name is never mentioned but with honour;

[1] On Rochfort.

that

that all the violence, and that extreme, is againſt ſir John Mordaunt and Mr. Cornwallis. I am particularly ſorry for the latter, as I firmly believe him as brave as poſſible.

This ſituation of things makes me adviſe, what I know and find I need not adviſe, your ſaying as little as poſſible in your own defence, nay, as much as you can with any decency for the others. I am neither acquainted with, nor care a ſtraw about, ſir John Mordaunt; but as it is known that you differed with him, it will do you the greateſt honour to vindicate him, inſtead of diſculpating yourſelf. My moſt earneſt deſire always is, to have your character continue as amiable and reſpectable as poſſible. There is no doubt but the whole will come out, and therefore your juſtification not coming from yourſelf will ſet it in a ten times better light. I ſhall go to town to-day to meet your brother; and as I know his affection for you will make him warm in clearing you, I ſhall endeavour to reſtrain that ardour, of which you know I have enough on the leaſt glimmering of a neceſſity: but I am ſure you will agree with me, that, on the repreſentation I have here made to you, it is not proper for your friends to appear ſolicitous about you.

The city talk very treaſon, and, connecting the ſuſpenſion at Stade with this diſappointment, cry out, that the general had poſitive orders to do nothing, in order to obtain gentler treatment of Hanover. They intend in a violent manner to demand redreſs, and are too enraged to let any part of this affair remain a myſtery.

I think, by your directions, this will reach you before you leave Bevis-mount: I would gladly meet you at Park-place, if I was not ſure of ſeeing you in town a day or two afterwards at fartheſt; which I will certainly do, if you let me know. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, June 4, 1758.

THE habeas corpus is finiſhed, but only for this year. Lord Temple threatened to renew it the next; on which lord Hardwicke took the party of propoſing to order the judges to prepare a bill for extending the power of granting the writ in vacation to all the judges. This prevented a diviſion; though lord Temple, who proteſted alone t'other day, had a flaming proteſt ready, which was to have been ſigned by near thirty. They ſat laſt night till paſt nine. Lord Mansfield ſpoke admirably for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Except lord Ravenſworth and the duke of Newcaſtle, whoſe meaning the firſt never knows himſelf, and the latter's nobody elſe, all who ſpoke, ſpoke well: they were lord Temple, lord Talbot, lord Bruce, and lord Stanhope, for; lord Morton, lord Hardwicke, and lord Mansfield, againſt the bill.

The duke of Grafton has reſigned. Norborne Berkeley has converted a party of pleaſure into a campaign, and is gone with the expedition[1], without a ſhirt but what he had on, and what is lent him. The night he ſailed he had invited women to ſupper. Beſides him, and thoſe you know, is a Mr. Sylveſter Smith. Every body was aſking, "But who is Sylveſter Smith?" Harry Townſhend replied, "Why, he is the ſon of Delaval, who was the ſon of Lowther, who was the ſon of Armitage, who was the ſon of Downe[2]."

The fleet ſailed on Thurſday morning. I don't know why, but the perſuaſion is that they will land on this ſide Uſhant, and that we ſhall hear ſome events by Tueſday or Wedneſday. Some believe that lord Anſon and Howe have different deſtinations. Rochfort, where there are 20,000 men, is ſaid poſitively not to be the place. The king ſays there are 80,000 men and three marſhals in Normandy and Bretagne. George Selwyn aſked general Campbell, if the miniſtry had yet told the king the object?

Mademoïſelle de l'Enclos[3] is arrived, to my ſupreme felicity—I cannot

[1] Againſt St. Maloes.

[2] All theſe gentlemen had been volunteers on ſucceſſive expeditions to the coaſt of France.

[3] The portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos, now at Strawberry-hill, given to Mr. Walpole by the old counteſs of Sandwich, daughter to the famous lord Rocheſter. She died at Paris in the year 1755.

ſay

ſay very handſome or agreeable; but I had been prepared on the article of her charms. I don't ſay, like Harry VIII. of Anne of Cleves, that ſhe is a Flanders mare, though to be ſure ſhe is rather large: on the contrary, I bear it as well as ever prince did who was married by proxy—and ſhe does not find me *fricaſſé dans de la neige* [1]. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you of another *galanterie* I have had, a portrait of queen Elizabeth left here while I was out of town. The ſervant ſaid it was a preſent, but he had orders not to ſay from whom.

LETTER XXIX.

June 16, 1758, 2 o'clock noon.

WELL, my dear Harry! you are not the only man in England who have not conquered France [2]! Even dukes of Marlborough [3] have been there without doing the buſineſs. I don't doubt but your good heart has even been hoping, in ſpite of your underſtanding, that our heroes have not only taken St. Maloes, but taken a trip croſs the country to burn Rochfort, only to ſhow how eaſy it was. We have waited with aſtoniſhment at not hearing that the French court was removed in a panic to Lyons, and that the meſdames had gone off in their ſhifts with only a proviſion of rouge for a week. Nay, for my part, I expected to be deafened with encomiums on my lord A——'s continence, who, after being allotted madame Pompadour as his ſhare of the ſpoils, had again imitated Scipio, and, in ſpite of

[1] Madame de Sevigné, in her Letters to her daughter, reports that Ninon thus expreſſed herſelf relative to her ſon the marquis de Sevigné, who was one of her lovers.

[2] Alluding to the expedition againſt Rochefort, the year before, on which Mr. Conway was ſecond in command.

[3] The duke of Marlborough commanded the troops on this expedition againſt St. Maloes.

the

the violence of his *temperament*, had reſtored her unſullied to the king of France.—Alack! we have reſtored nothing but a quarter of a mile of coaſt to the right owners. A meſſenger arrived in the middle of the night with an account that we have burned two frigates and an hundred and twenty ſmall fry; that it was found impoſſible to bring up the cannon againſt the town; and that, the French army approaching the coaſt, commodore H——, with the expedition of harlequin as well as the taciturnity, reimbarked our whole force in ſeven hours, volunteers and all, with the loſs only of one man, and they are all gone to ſeek their fortune ſomewhere elſe. Well! in half a dozen more wars we ſhall know ſomething of the coaſt of France. Laſt war we diſcovered a fine bay near port l'Orient: we have now found out that we knew nothing of St. Maloes. As they are popular perſons, I hope the city of London will ſend ſome more gold boxes to theſe diſcoverers. If they ſend a patch box to lord G—— S———, it will hold all his laurels. As our young nobility cannot at preſent travel through France, I ſuppoſe this is a method for finiſhing their ſtudies. George Selwyn ſays he ſuppoſes the French ladies will have ſcaffolds erected on the ſhore to ſee the Engliſh go by.—But I won't detain the meſſenger any longer; I am impatient to make the ducheſs[1] happy, who I hope will ſoon ſee the duke returned from his coaſting voyage.

The C———s will be with you next Wedneſday, and I believe I too; but I can take my own word ſo little, that I will not give it you. I know I muſt be back at Strawberry on Friday night; for lady Hervey and lady Stafford are to be there with me for a few days from tomorrow ſe'nnight. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Lady Mary Bruce ducheſs of Richmond, only child of the counteſs of Aileſbury by her firſt marriage. She was at Park-place with her mother during the duke of Richmond's abſence, who was a volunteer upon this expedition.

LETTER XXX.

Strawberry-hill, July 21, 1758.

YOUR gazette, I know, has been a little idle; but we volunteer gazettes, like other volunteers, are not eaſily tied down to regularity and rules. We think we have ſo much merit, that we think we have a right to ſome demerit too; and thoſe who depend upon us, I mean us gazettes, are often diſappointed. A common foot newſpaper may want our vivacity, but is ten times more uſeful. Beſides, I am not in town, and ten miles out of it is an hundred miles out of it for all the purpoſes of news. You know of courſe that lord George Sackville refuſed to go *a-buccaneering* again, as he called it; that *my friend* lord A. who loves a dram of any thing, from glory to brandy, is *out of order*; that juſt as lord Panmure was going to take the command, he miſſed an eye; and that at laſt they have routed out an old general Blighe from the horſe armoury in Ireland, who is to undertake the codicil to the expedition. Moreover, you know that prince Edward is bound 'prentice to Mr. Howe. All this you have heard; yet, like my couſin the Chronicle, I repeat what has been printed in every newſpaper of the week, and then finiſh with one paragraph of *ſpick and ſpan*. Alack! my poſtſcript is not very fortunate: a convoy of 12,000 men, &c. was going to the king of Pruſſia, was attacked unexpectedly by 5000 Auſtrians, and cut entirely to pieces; proviſions, ammunition, &c. all taken. The king inſtantly raiſed the ſiege, and retreated with ſo much precipitation, that he was forced to nail up 60 pieces of cannon. I conclude the next we hear of him will be a great victory: if he ſets overnight in a defeat, he always riſes next morning in a triumph—at leaſt, we that have nothing to do but expect and admire, ſhall be extremely diſappointed if he does not. Beſides, he is three months debtor to fame.

The only private hiſtory of any freſhneſs is, my lady D——'s chriſtening; the child had *three* godfathers: and I will tell you why: they had thought of the duke of Newcaſtle, my lord and George ——; but of two ——'s and his grace, God could not take the word of any two of them, ſo all three were forced to be bound.

I draw this comfort from the king of Pruſſia's defeat, that it may prevent the folly of another expedition: I don't know how or why, but no reaſon is a very good one againſt a thing that has no reaſon in it. Eleven hundred men are ill from the laſt enterpriſe. Perhaps don William Quixote [1] and admiral Amadis [2] may determine to ſend them to the Danube; for, as no information ever precedes their reſolutions, and no impoſſibilities ever deter them, I don't ſee why the only thing worthy their conſideration ſhould not be, how glorious and advantageous an exploit it would be, if it could be performed. Why did biſhop Wilkins try to fly? Not that he thought it practicable, but becauſe it would be very convenient. As he did not happen to be a particular favourite of the city of London, he was laughed at: they prepoſſeſſed in his favour, and he would have received twenty gold boxes, though twenty people had broken their necks off St. Paul's with trying the experiment.

I have heard a whiſper, that you do not go into Yorkſhire this ſummer. Is it true? It is fixed that I go to Ragley [3] on the 13th of next month; I truſt you do ſo too. Have you had ſuch deluges for three weeks well counted, as we have? If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive tree in the country, I would ſend to know where there is a foot of dry land.

You have heard, I ſuppoſe, if not, be it known to you, that Mr. Keppel, the canon of Windſor, eſpouſes my niece Laura; yes, Laura [4]. I rejoice much ſo I receive your compliments upon it, leſt you ſhould, as it ſometimes happens, forget to make them. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] William Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, then ſecretary of ſtate.

[2] Lord Anſon, then firſt lord of the admiralty.

[3] The ſeat of the earl of Herford.

[4] Eldeſt daughter of ſir Edward Walpole.

July 22.

FOR the pleaſure of my conſcience I had written all the above laſt night, expecting lord Lyttelton, the dean, and other company, to-day. This morning I receive yours; and having already told you all I know, I have only a few paragraphs to anſwer.

I am pleaſed that you are pleaſed about my book [1]: *you* ſhall ſee it very ſoon; though there will ſcarce be a new page: nobody elſe ſhall ſee it till ſpring. In the firſt place, the prints will not be finiſhed: in the next, I intend that two or three other things ſhall appear before it from my preſs, of other authors; for I will not ſurfeit people with my writings, nor have them think that I propoſe to find employment alone for a whole preſs—ſo far from it, I intend to employ it no more about myſelf.

I will certainly try to ſee you during your waiting [2]. Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

Strawberry-hill, September 2, 1758.

IT is well I have got ſomething to pay you for the beſt letter that ever was! A vaſt victory, I own, does not entertain me ſo much as a good letter; but you are bound to like any thing military better than your own wit, and therefore I hope you will think a defeat of the Ruſſians a better bon-mot than any you ſent me. Should you think it clever if the king of Pruſſia has beaten them? How much cleverer, if he has taken three lieutenant generals and an hundred pieces of cannon? How much cleverer ſtill, if he has left fifteen thouſand Muſcovites dead on the ſpot [3]? Does the loſs of *only* three thouſand of his own men, take off from or ſharpen the ſting of this joke? In ſhort, all this is fact, as a courier arrived at Sion-hill

[1] The Anecdotes of Painting.
[2] As groom of the bed-chamber to the king.
[3] The defeat of the Ruſſians at Zornſdorff.

this morning affirms. The city, I ſuppoſe, expect that his majeſty will now be at leiſure to ſtep to Ticonderoga, and repair our miſhap [1]. But I ſhall talk no more politics: if this finds you at Chatſworth, as I ſuppoſe it will, you will be better informed than from me.

Lady —— —— arrived at Ragley between two and three in the morning—how unlucky that I was not there to offer her part of an aired bed! But how could you think of the propoſal you have made me? Am not I already in love with *the youngeſt, handſomeſt and wittieſt widow in England?* As *Herculean a labourer* as I am, as Tom Hervey ſays, I don't chooſe another. I am ſtill in the height of my impatience for the cheſt of old papers from Ragley [2], which, either by the fault of their ſervants or of the waggoner, is not yet arrived. I ſhall go to London again on Monday in queſt of it; and in truth think ſo much of it, that, when I firſt heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now *to recover the Palatinate.* Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXII.

Arlington-ſtreet, January 19, 1759.

I HOPE the treaty of Sluys advances rapidly [3]. Conſidering that your own court is as new to you as monſieur de Bareil and his, you cannot be very well entertained: the joys of a Dutch fiſhing town and the incidents of a cartel will not compoſe a very agreeable hiſtory. In the mean time you do not loſe much: though the parliament is met, no politics are come to town: one may deſcribe the houſe of commons like the price of ſtocks:

[1] The repulſe of general Abercrombie at Ticonderoga.

[2] The Conway papers in the reign of James I.

[3] Mr. Conway was ſent to Sluys to ſettle a cartel for priſoners with the French. Monſieur de Bareil was the perſon appointed by the French court for the ſame buſineſs.

Debates

Debates, nothing done. Votes, under par. Patriots. no price. Oratory, books ſhut. Love and war are as much at a ſtand: neither the ducheſs of Hamilton [1] nor the expeditions are gone off yet. Prince Edward [2] has aſked to go to Quebec, and has been refuſed. If I was ſure they would refuſe me, I would aſk to go thither too. I ſhould not diſlike about as much laurel as I could ſtick in my window at Chriſtmas.

We are next week to have a ſerenata at the Opera-houſe for the king of Pruſſia's birth-day: it is to begin, *Viva Georgio, e Federigo viva!* It will, I own, divert me to ſee my lord Temple whiſpering *for* this alliance, on the ſame bench on which I have ſo often ſeen him whiſper *againſt* all Germany. The new opera pleaſes univerſally, and I hope will yet hold up its head. Since Vanneſchi [3] is cunning enough to make us ſing *the roaſt-beef of old Germany*, I am perſuaded it will revive: politics are the only hot-bed for keeping ſuch a tender plant as Italian muſic alive in England.

You are ſo thoughtleſs about your dreſs, that I cannot help giving you a little warning againſt your return. Remember, every body that comes from abroad is *cenſé* to come from France, and whatever they wear at their firſt re-appearance immediately grows the faſhion. Now if, as is very likely, you ſhould through inadvertence change hats with a maſter of a Dutch ſmack, O—— will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from monſieur de Bareil, and in a week's time we ſhall all be equipped like Dutch ſkippers. You ſee I ſpeak very diſintereſtedly; for, as I never wear a hat myſelf, it is indifferent to me what ſort of hat I don't wear. Adieu! I hope nothing in this letter, if it is opened, will affect *the conferences*, nor haſten our rupture with Holland. Leſt it ſhould, I ſend it to lord Holderneſs's office; concluding, like lady B—— W———, that the government never ſuſpect what they ſend under their own covers.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Elizabeth Gunning, ducheſs dowager of Hamilton.

[2] Afterwards created duke of York.

[3] Abbate Vanneſchi, an Italian, and director of the opera.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, January 28, 1759.

YOU and monſieur de Bareil may give yourſelves what airs you pleaſe of ſettling cartels with expedition: you don't exchange priſoners with half ſo much alacrity as Jack Campbell[1] and the ducheſs of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had ſo little obſerved the negotiation, or ſuſpected any, that, when your brother told me of it yeſterday morning, I would not believe a tittle—I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota*. It is the prettieſt match in the world—ſince yours—and every body likes it but the duke of B—— and lord C———. What an extraordinary fate is attached to thoſe two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houſes of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to ſee my lady Coventry queen of Pruſſia. I would not venture to marry either of them theſe thirty years, for fear of being ſhuffled out of the world *prematurely* to make room for the reſt of their adventures. The firſt time Jack carries the ducheſs into the Highlands, I am perſuaded that ſome of his ſecond-ſighted ſubjects will ſee him in a winding-ſheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as thoſe in Macbeth.

We had a ſcrap of a debate on Friday on the Pruſſian and Heſſian treaties. Old Vyner oppoſed the firſt, in pity to that *poor woman*, as he called her, the empreſs queen. Lord Strange objected to the gratuity of 60,000*l.* to the landgrave, unleſs words were inſerted to expreſs his receiving that ſum in full of all demands. If Hume Campbell had cavilled at this favourite treaty, Mr. Pitt could ſcarce have treated him with more haughtineſs; and, what is far more extraordinary, Hume Campbell could ſcarce have taken it more dutifully. This *long* day was over by half an hour after four.

As you and monſieur de Bareil are on ſuch amicable terms, you will take care to ſoften to him a new conqueſt we have made. Keppel has taken the iſland of Goree. You great miniſters know enough of its importance;

[1] The preſent duke of Argyll.

I need

I need not detail it. Before your letters came we had heard of the death of the princeſs royal: you will find us black and all black. Lady Northumberland and the great ladies put off their aſſemblies: diverſions begin again to-morrow with the mourning.

You perceive, London cannot furniſh half ſo long a letter as the little town of Sluys; at leaſt I have not the art of making one out. In truth, I believe I ſhould not have writ this unleſs lady A——— had bid me; but ſhe does not care how much trouble it gives me, provided it amuſes you for a moment. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the king has granted my lord Mariſchall's pardon, at the requeſt of monſieur de Knyphauſen. I believe the pretender himſelf could get his attainder reverſed if he would apply to the king of Pruſſia.

LETTER XXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 18, 1759.

I INTENDED my viſit to Park-place to ſhow my lady A——— that when I come thither it is not ſolely on your account, and yet I will not quarrel with my journey thither if I ſhould find you there; but ſeriouſly I cannot help begging you to think whether you will go thither or not, juſt now. My firſt thought about you has ever been what was proper for you to do; and though you are the man in the world that think of that the moſt yourſelf, yet you know I have twenty ſcruples, which even you ſometimes laugh at. I will tell them to you, and then you will judge, as you can beſt. Sir Edward Hawke and his fleet is diſperſed, at leaſt driven back to Plymouth: the French, if one may believe that they have broken a regiment for mutinying againſt embarking, were actually embarked at that inſtant. The moſt ſenſible people I know, always thought they would poſtpone

poſtpone their invaſion, if ever they intended it, till our great ſhips could not keep the ſea, or were eaten up by the ſcurvy. Their ports are now free; their ſituation is deſperate: the new account of our taking Quebec leaves them in the moſt deplorable condition; they will be leſs able than ever to raiſe money, we have got ours for next year; and this event would facilitate it, if we had not: they muſt try for a peace, they have nothing to go to market with but Minorca. In ſhort, if they cannot ſtrike ſome deſperate blow in this iſland or Ireland, they are undone: the loſs of 20,000 men to do us ſome miſchief, would be cheap. I ſhould even think madame Pompadour in danger of being torn to pieces, if they did not make ſome attempt. Madame Maintenon, not half ſo unpopular, mentions in one of her letters her unwillingneſs to truſt her niece m^lle^ Aumale on the road, for fear of ſome ſuch accident. You will ſmile perhaps at all this reaſoning and pedantry; but it tends to this—If deſperation ſhould ſend the French ſomewhere, and the wind ſhould force them to your coaſt, which I do not ſuppoſe their object, and you ſhould be out of the way, you know what your enemies would ſay; and, ſtrange as it is, even you have been proved to have enemies. My dear ſir, think of this! Wolfe, as I am convinced, has fallen a ſacrifice to his raſh blame of you. If I underſtand any thing in the world, his letter that came on Sunday ſaid this: "*Quebec is impregnable; it is flinging away the lives of brave men to attempt it. I am in the ſituation of Conway at Rochfort; but having blamed him, I muſt do what I now ſee he was in the right to ſee was wrong, and yet what he would have done; and as I am commander, which he was not, I have the melancholy power of doing what he was prevented doing.*" Poor man! his life has paid the price of his injuſtice; and as his death has purchaſed ſuch benefit to his country, I lament him, as I am ſure you, who have twenty times more courage and good nature than I have, do too. In ſhort, I, who never did any thing right or prudent myſelf (not, I am afraid, for want of knowing what was ſo), am content with *your* being perfect, and with ſuggeſting any thing to you that may tend to keeping you ſo:—and (what is not much to the preſent purpoſe) if ſuch a pen as mine can effect it, the world hereafter ſhall know that you was ſo. In ſhort, I have pulled down my lord Falkland, and I deſire you will take care that I may ſpeak truth when I erect you in his place; for remember, I love truth even better than I love you. I always confeſs my own faults, and I will not palliate yours.—But, laughing apart, if you think there is no weight in what I ſay, I ſhall gladly meet you at Park-place,

whither I ſhall go on Monday, and ſtay as long as I can, unleſs I hear from you to the contrary. If you ſhould think I have hinted any thing to you of conſequence, would not it be handſome, if, after receiving leave, you ſhould write to my lord Ligonier, that though you had been at home but one week in the whole ſummer, yet as there might be occaſion for your preſence in the camp [1], you ſhould decline the permiſſion he had given you?—See what it is to have a wiſe relation, who preaches a thouſand fine things to you which he would be the laſt man in the world to practiſe himſelf. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXV.

Strawberry-hill, June 28, 1760.

THE devil is in people for fidgeting about! They can neither be quiet in their own houſes, nor let others be at peace in theirs! Have not they enough of one another in winter, but they muſt cuddle in ſummer too? For your part, you are a very prieſt: the moment one repents, you are for turning it to account. I wiſh you was in camp—never will I pity you again. How did you complain when you was in Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, and I don't know where, that you could never enjoy Park-place? Now you have a whole ſummer to yourſelf, and you are as *junkettaceous* as my lady Northumberland. Pray, what horſe-race do you go to next? For my part, I can't afford to lead ſuch a life: I have Conway-papers to ſort; I have lives of the painters to write; I have my prints to paſte, my houſe to build, and every thing in the world to tell poſterity.—How am I to find time for all this? I am paſt forty, and may not have above as many more years to live; and here I am to go here and to go there——Well, I will meet you at Chaffont on Thurſday; but I poſitively will ſtay but one night. I have ſettled with your brother that we will be at Oxford on the 13th of July, as lord Beauchamp is only looſe from the 12th to the 20th. I will be at

[1] Mr. Conway was encamped in Kent near Canterbury.

Park-place on the 12th, and we will go together the next day. If this is too early for you, we may put it off to the 15th: determine by Thurſday, and one of us will write to lord Hertford.

Well! Quebec is come to life again. Laſt night I went to ſee the Holderneſſes, who by the way are in raptures with Park—in Sion-lane: as Cibber ſays of the Revolution, I met the Raiſing of the Siege; that is, I met my lady in a triumphal car, drawn by a Manks horſe thirteen little fingers high, with lady Emily,—

— et ſibi Counteſs
Ne placeat, ma'amſelle curru portatur eodem—

Mr. M—— was walking in ovation by himſelf after the car; and they were going to ſee the bonfire at the alehouſe at the corner. The whole proceſſion returned with me; and from the counteſs's dreſſing-room we ſaw a battery fired before the houſe, the mob crying, "God bleſs the good news!" —Theſe are all the particulars I know of the ſiege: my lord would have ſhewed me the journal, but we amuſed ourſelves much better in going to eat peaches from the new Dutch ſtoves.

The rain is come indeed, and my graſs is as green as graſs; but all my hay has been cut and ſoaking this week, and I am too much in the faſhion not to have given up gardening for farming; as next I ſuppoſe we ſhall farming, and turn graziers and hogdrivers.

I never heard of ſuch a ſemele as my lady Stormont brought to bed in flames. I hope miſs Bacchus Murray will not carry the reſemblance through, and love drinking like a Pole. My lady Lyttelton is at Mr. Garrick's, and they were to have breakfaſted here this morning; but ſomehow or other they have changed their mind. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 7, 1760.

I CAN give you but an unpleaſant account of myſelf, I mean unpleaſant for me; every body elſe I ſuppoſe it will make laugh. Come, laugh at once! I am laid up with the gout, am an abſolute cripple, am carried up to bed by two men, and could walk to China as ſoon as croſs the room. In ſhort, here is my hiſtory: I have been out of order this fortnight, without knowing what was the matter with me; pains in my head, ſickneſſes at my ſtomach, diſpiritedneſs, and a return of the nightly fever I had in the winter. I concluded a northern journey would take all this off—but behold! on Monday morning I was ſeized as I thought with the cramp in my left foot; however, I walked about all day: towards evening it diſcovered itſelf by its true name, and that night I ſuffered a great deal. However, on Tueſday I was again able to go about the houſe; but ſince Tueſday I have not been able to ſtir, and am wrapped in flannels and ſwathed like ſir Paul Pliant on his wedding-night. I expect to hear that there is a bet at Arthur's, which runs faſteſt, Jack Harris [1] or I. Nobody would believe me ſix years ago when I ſaid I had the gout. They would do leanneſs and temperance honours to which they have not the leaſt claim.

I don't yet give up my expedition; as my foot is much ſwelled, I truſt this alderman diſtemper is going: I ſhall ſet out the inſtant I am able; but I much queſtion whether it will be ſoon enough for me to get to Ragley by the time the clock ſtrikes Loo. I find I grow too old to make the circuit with the charming ducheſs [2].

I did not tell you about German ſkirmiſhes, for I knew nothing of them: when two vaſt armies only ſcratch one another's faces, it gives me no attention. My gazette never contains above one or two caſualties of foreign politics:—overlaid, one king; dead of convulſions, an electorate; burnt to death, Dreſden.

[1] John Harris of Hayne in Devonſhire, married to Mr. Conway's eldeſt ſiſter.
[2] Anne Liddell ducheſs of Grafton.

I wiſh

I wiſh you joy of all your purchaſes; why, you ſound as rich as if you had had the gout theſe ten years. I beg their pardon; but juſt at preſent, I am very glad not to be near the vivacity of either Miſſy or Peter [1]. I agree with you much about the Minor: there are certainly parts and wit in it. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, September 19, 1760.

THANK you for your notice, though I ſhould certainly have contrived to ſee you without it. Your brother promiſed he would come and dine here one day with you and lord Beauchamp. I go to Naveſtock on Monday, for two or three days; but that will not exhauſt your waiting [2]. I ſhall be in town on Sunday; but as that is a court-day, I will not, ſo don't propoſe it—dine with you at Kenſington; but I will be with my lady Hertford about ſix, where your brother and you will find me if you pleaſe. I cannot come to Kenſington in the evening, for I have but one pair of horſes in the world, and they will have to carry me to town in the morning.

I wonder the king expects a battle; when prince Ferdinand can do as well without fighting, why ſhould he fight? Can't he make the hereditary prince gallop into a mob of Frenchmen, and get a ſcratch on the noſe; and Johnſon ſtraddle croſs a river and come back with ſix heads of huſſars in his fob, and then can't he thank all the world, and aſſure them he ſhall never forget the victory they have not gained? Theſe thanks are ſent over: the gazette ſwears that this no ſucceſs was chiefly owing to general Moſtyn; and the chronicle proteſts, that it was achieved by my lord Granby's loſing his hat, which he never wears; and then his lordſhip ſends over for three hundred thouſand pints of porter to drink his own health; and

[1] A favourite greyhound.

[2] Mr. Conway was a groom of the bed-chamber to the king, and then in waiting at Kenſington.

then

then Mr. Pitt determines to carry on the war for another year; and then the duke of Newcaſtle hopes that we ſhall be beat, that he may lay the blame on Mr. Pitt, and that then he ſhall be miniſter for 30 years longer; and then we ſhall be the greateſt nation in the univerſe. Amen!—My dear Harry, you ſee how eaſy it is to be a hero. If you had but taken Impudence and Oatlands in your way to Rochfort, it would not have ſignified whether you had taken Rochfort or not. Adieu! I don't know who lady A.'s Mr. Alexander is.—If ſhe curls like a vine with any Mr. Alexander but you, I hope my lady Coventry will recover and be your Roxana.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

YOU are good for nothing; you have no engagement, you have no principles; and all this I am not afraid to tell you, as you have left your ſword behind you. If you take it ill, I have given my nephew, who brings your ſword, a letter of attorney to fight you for me; I ſhall certainly not ſee you: my lady Waldegrave goes to town on Friday, but I remain here [1]. You loſe lady Anne Conolly [2] and her forty daughters, who all dine here to-day upon a few loaves and three ſmall fiſhes. I ſhould have been glad if you would have breakfaſted here on Friday on your way; but as I lie in bed rather longer than the lark, I fear our hours would not ſuit one another. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] At Strawberry-hill. [2] Siſter of William earl of Strafford.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

Monday, five o'clock, Feb. 1761.

I AM a little peeviſh with you—I told you on Thurſday night that I had a mind to go to Strawberry on Friday without ſtaying for the qualification-bill. You ſaid it did not ſignify—No! What if *you* intended to ſpeak on it? Am I indifferent to hearing you? More—Am I indifferent about acting with you? Would not I follow you in any thing in the world?—This is ſaying no profligate thing. Is there any thing I might not follow you in? You even did not tell me yeſterday that you had ſpoken. Yet I will tell you all I have heard; though if there was a point in the world in which I could not wiſh you to ſucceed where you wiſh yourſelf, perhaps it would be in having you employed. I cannot be cool about your danger; yet I cannot know any thing that concerns you, and keep it from you. Charles Townſhend called here juſt after I came to town to-day. Among other diſcourſe he told me of your ſpeaking on Friday, and that your ſpeech was reckoned hoſtile to the duke of Newcaſtle. Then talking of regiments going abroad, he ſaid, * * * *.

With regard to your reſerve to me, I can eaſily believe that your natural modeſty made you unwilling to talk of yourſelf to me. I don't ſuſpect you of any reſerve to me: I only mention it now for an occaſion of telling you that I don't like to have any body think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no conſequence: but at leaſt it would give me ſome, to act invariably with you; and that I ſhall moſt certainly be ever ready to do. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 10, 1761.

IF Prince Ferdinand had ſtudied how to pleaſe me, I don't know any method he could have lighted upon ſo likely to gain my heart, as being beaten out of the field before you joined him. I delight in a hero that is driven ſo far that nobody can follow him. He is as well at Paderborn, as where I have long wiſhed the king of Pruſſia, the other world. You may frown if you pleaſe at my imprudence, you who are gone with all the diſpoſition in the world to be well with your commander; the peace is in a manner made, and the anger of generals will not be worth ſixpence theſe ten years. We peaceable folks are now to govern the world, and you warriors muſt in your turn tremble at our ſubjects the mob, as we have done before your huſſars and court-martials.

I am glad you had ſo pleaſant a paſſage [1]. My lord Lyttelton would ſay, that lady M—— C——, like Venus, ſmiled over the waves, et mare præſtabat eunti. In truth, when ſhe could tame me, ſhe muſt have had little trouble with the ocean. Tell me how many burgomaſters ſhe has ſubdued, or how many would have fallen in love with her if they had not fallen aſleep? Come, has ſhe ſaved two-pence by her charms? Have they abated a farthing of their impoſitions for her being handſomer than any thing in the ſeven provinces? Does ſhe know how political her journey is thought? Nay, my lady A———, you are not out of the ſcrape; you are both reckoned des marechales de Guebriant [2], going to fetch, and *conſequently* govern the young queen. There are more jealouſies about your voyage, than the duke of Newcaſtle would feel if Dr. Shaw had preſcribed a little ipecacuanha to my lord Bute.

I am ſorry I muſt adjourn my mirth, to give lady A—— a pang; poor

[1] From Harwich to Helvoetſluys.

[2] The marechale de Guebriant was ſent to the king of Poland with the character of embaſſadreſs by Louis XIII. to accompany the princeſs Marie de Gonzague, who had been married by proxy to the king of Poland at Paris.

ſir Harry Ballenden[1] is dead; he made a great dinner at Almac's for the houſe of Drummond, drank very hard, caught a violent fever, and died in a very few days. Perhaps you will have heard this before; I ſhall wiſh ſo; I do not like, even innocently, to be the cauſe of ſorrow.

I do not at all lament lord Granby's leaving the army, and your immediate ſucceſſion. There are perſons in the world who would gladly eaſe you of this burthen. As you are only to take the viceroyalty of a coop, and that for a few weeks, I ſhall but ſmile if you are terribly diſtreſſed. Don't let lady A—— proceed to Brunſwic: you might have had a wife who would not have thought it ſo terrible to fall into the hands [*arms*] of huſſars; but as I don't take *that* to be your counteſs's turn, leave her with the Dutch, who are not ſo boiſterous as coſſacs or chancellors of the exchequer.

My love, my duty, my jealouſy, to lady M——, if ſhe is not ſailed before you receive this—if ſhe is, I ſhall deliver them myſelf. Good night; I write immediately on the receipt of your letter, but you ſee I have nothing yet new to tell you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLI.

Arlington-ſtreet, July 14, 1761.

MY deareſt Harry, how could you write me ſuch a cold letter as I have juſt received from you, and beginning *Dear ſir!* Can you be angry with me, for can I be in fault to you? Blameable in ten thouſand other reſpects, may not I almoſt ſay I am perfect with regard to you? Since I was fifteen have not I loved you unalterably? Since I was capable of knowing your merit, has not my admiration been veneration? For what could ſo much affection and eſteem change? Has not your honour, your intereſt, your ſafety been ever my firſt objects? Oh, Harry! if you knew what I have felt and am feeling about you, would you charge me with neglect? If I have

[1] Uncle to the counteſs of Aileſbury.

ſeen a perſon ſince you went, to whom my firſt queſtion has not been, "What do you hear of the peace?" you would have reaſon to blame me. You ſay I write very ſeldom: I will tell you what, I ſhould almoſt be ſorry to have you ſee the anxiety I have expreſſed about you in letters to every body elſe. No; I muſt except lady A——, and there is not another on earth who loves you ſo well and is ſo attentive to whatever relates to you.

With regard to writing this is exactly the caſe: I had nothing to tell you; nothing has happened; and where you are, I was cautious of writing. Having neither hopes nor fears, I always write the thoughts of the moment, and even laugh to divert the perſon I am writing to, without any ill will on the ſubjects I mention. But in your ſituation that frankneſs might be prejudicial to you: and to write grave unmeaning letters, I truſted you was too ſecure of me either to like them or deſire them. I knew no news, nor could I: I have lived quite alone at Strawberry; am connected with no court, miniſters, or party; conſequently heard nothing, and events there have been none. I have not even for this month heard my lady T——'s extempore gazette. All the morning I play with my workmen or animals, go regularly every evening to the meadows with Mrs. Clive, or ſit with my lady Suffolk [1], and at night ſcribble my painters—What a journal to ſend you! I write more trifling letters than any man living; am aſhamed of them, and yet they are expected of me. You, my lady A——, your brother, ſir Horace Mann, George Montagu, lord Strafford—all expect I ſhould write—Of what? I live leſs and leſs in the world, care for it leſs and leſs, and yet am thus obliged to inquire what it is doing. Do make theſe allowances for me, and remember half your letters go to my lady A——. I writ to her of the king's marriage, concluding ſhe would ſend it to you: tireſome as it would be, I will copy my own letters, if you expect it; for I will do any thing rather than diſoblige you. I will ſend you a diary of the duke of York's balls and Ranelaghs, inform you of how many children my lady B—— is with child, and how many races my nephew goes to. No; I will not, you do not want *ſuch* proofs of my friendſhip.

The papers tell us you are retiring, and I was glad. You ſeem to expect an action—Can this give me ſpirits? Can I write to you joyfully, and fear? Or is it fit prince Ferdinand ſhould know you have a friend that is as great

[1] Henrietta Hobart, counteſs of Suffolk, then living at Marble-hill.

Heath Sculp.t

The hon.ble Mrs Howard
afterwards
Countess of Suffolk

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a coward about you as your wife? The only reaſon for my ſilence, that can *not* be true, is, that I forget you. When I am prudent or cautious, it is no ſymptom of my being indifferent. Indifference does not happen in friendſhips, as it does in paſſions; and if I was young enough or feeble enough to ceaſe to love you, I would not for my own ſake let it be known. Your virtues are my greateſt pride; I have done myſelf ſo much honour by them, that I will not let it be known you have been peeviſh with me unreaſonably. Pray God we may have peace, that I may ſcold you for it!

The king's marriage was kept the profoundeſt ſecret till laſt Wedneſday, when the privy council was extraordinarily ſummoned, and it was notified to them. Since that, the new queen's mother is dead, and will delay it a few days; but lord Harcourt is to ſail on the 27th, and the coronation will certainly be on the 22d of September. All that I know fixed, is, lord Harcourt maſter of the horſe, the duke of Mancheſter chamberlain, and Mr. Stone treaſurer. Liſts there are in abundance; I don't know the authentic: thoſe moſt talked of, are, lady Bute groom of the ſtole, the ducheſſes of Hamilton and Ancaſter, lady Northumberland, Bolinbroke, Weymouth, Scarborough, Abergavenny, Effingham, for ladies; you may chooſe any ſix of them you pleaſe; the four firſt are moſt probable. Miſſes, Henry Beauclerc, M. Howe, Meadows, Wrotteſley, Biſhop, &c. &c. &c. Chooſe your maids too. Bedchamber women, Mrs. Bloodworth, Robert Brudenel, Charlotte Dives, lady Erſkine: in ſhort, I repeat a mere newspaper.

We expect the final anſwer of France this week. Buſſy[1] was in great pain on the fireworks for Quebec, leſt he ſhould be obliged to illuminate his houſe: you ſee I ranſack my memory for ſomething to tell you.

Adieu! I have more reaſon to be angry than you had; but I am not ſo haſty: you are of a *violent*, *impetuous*, *jealous* temper—I, *cool*, *ſedate*, *reaſonable*. I believe I muſt ſubſcribe my name, or you will not know me by this deſcription.

Yours unalterably,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The abbè de Buſſy ſent here with overtures of peace. Mr. Stanley was at the ſame time ſent to Paris.

LETTER XLII.

Strawberry-hill, July 23, 1761.

WELL, *mon biau couſin!* you may be as croſs as you pleaſe now: when you beat two marſhals of France and cut their armies to pieces [1], I don't mind your pouting; but in good truth, it was a little vexatious to have you quarrelling with me, when I was in greater pain about you than I can expreſs. I will ſay no more; make a peace, under the walls of Paris if you pleaſe, and I will forgive you all—but no more battles: conſider, as Dr. Hay ſaid, it is cowardly to beat the French now.

Don't look upon yourſelves as the only conquerors in the world. Pondicherri is ours, as well as the field of Kirk Denckirk. The park guns never have time to cool; we ruin ourſelves in gun-powder and ſky-rockets. If you have a mind to do the gallanteſt thing in the world after the greateſt, you muſt eſcort the princeſs of Mecklenburg [2] through France. You ſee what a bully I am; the moment the French run away, I am ſending you on expeditions. I forgot to tell you that the king has got the iſle of Dominique and the chicken-pox, two trifles that don't count in the midſt of all theſe feſtivities. No more does your letter of the 8th, which I received yeſterday: it is the one that is to come after the 16th, that I ſhall receive graciouſly.

Friday 24th.

NOT ſatisfied with the rays of glory that reached Twickenham, I came to town to baſk in your ſucceſs; but am moſt diſagreeably diſappointed to find you muſt beat the French once more, who ſeem to love to treat the Engliſh mob with ſubjects for bonfires. I had got over ſuch an alarm, that I fooliſhly ran into the other extreme, and concluded there was not a French battalion left entire upon the face of Germany. Do write to me; don't be out of humour, but tell me every motion you make: I aſſure you I have deſerved you ſhould. Would you were out of the queſtion, if it

[1] The victory obtained by prince Ferdinand of Brunſwic over the marechal de Broglio and the prince de Soubize at Kirk Denckirk.

[2] Her preſent majeſty.

were

were only that I might feel a little humanity! There is not a blackſmith or linkboy in London that exults more than I do, upon any good news, ſince you went abroad. What have I to do to hate people I never ſaw, and to rejoice in their calamities! Heaven ſend us peace, and you home! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIII.

Strawberry-hill.

THIS is the 5th of Auguſt, and I juſt receive your letter of the 17th of laſt month by Fitzroy[1]. I heard he had loſt his pocket-book with all his diſpatches, but had found it again. He was a long time finding the letter for me.

You do nothing but reproach me; I declare I will bear it no longer, though you ſhould beat forty more marſhals of France. I have already writ you two letters that would fully juſtify me if you receive them; if you do not, it is not I that am in fault for not writing, but the poſt-offices for reading my letters, content if they would forward them when they have done with them. They ſeem to think, like you, that I know more news than any body. What is to be known in the dead of ſummer, when all the world is diſperſed? Would you know who won the ſweep-ſtakes at Huntingdon? What parties are at Woburn? What officers upon guard in Betty's fruit-ſhop? Whether the peereſſes are to wear long or ſhort treſſes at the coronation? How many jewels lady ——— borrows of actreſſes? All this is your light ſummer wear for converſation; and if my memory were as much ſtuffed with it as my ears, I might have ſent you volumes laſt week. My nieces, lady W———, and mrs. K———, were here five days, and diſcuſſed the claim or diſappointment of every miſs in the kingdom for maid of honour. Unfortunately this new generation is not at all my affair,

[1] George Fitzroy, afterwards created lord Southampton.

I cannot

I cannot attend to what concerns them—Not that their trifles are leſs important than thoſe of one's own time, but my mould has taken all its impreſſions, and can receive no more. I muſt grow old upon the ſtock I have. I, that was ſo impatient at all their chat, the moment they were gone, flew to my lady Suffolk, and heard her talk with great ſatisfaction of the late queen's coronation-petticoat. The preceding age always appears reſpectable to us (I mean as one advances in years), one's own age intereſting, the coming age neither one nor t'other.

You may judge by this account that I have writ *all* my letters, or ought to have written them; and yet, for occaſion to blame me, you draw a very pretty picture of my ſituation: all which tends to prove that I ought to write to you every day, whether I have any thing to ſay or not. I am writing, I am building—both *works that will outlaſt the memory of battles and heroes!* Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead; if they had not the ſubſtantial uſe of amuſing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed. I will give you one inſtance that will ſum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately, that Dr. ———, a very learned perſonage, had conſented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, a very great perſonage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at firſt he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *hight* Aylmer was a knight templar, a very wicked ſet of people as his lordſhip had heard, tho' he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made ſtory, and wrote to his lordſhip, expreſſing my concern that one of the fineſt and moſt ancient monuments in the abbey ſhould be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would beſtow it on me, who would erect and preſerve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the biſhop ſent me an anſwer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the ſtory under his own hand. He ſaid, that at-firſt they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a knight templar's. Obſerve, that not only the man who ſhows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's Weſtminſter; that upon diſcovering whoſe it was, he had been very unwilling to conſent to the removal, and at laſt had obliged Wilton to engage to ſet it up within ten feet of where it ſtands at preſent. His lordſhip concluded with congratulating me on publiſhing learned authors at my preſs. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan

a *learned*

a *learned* author, ſhould miſtake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reaſon; as, having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's tomb, that the chapter of Weſtminſter ſell their church over and over again; the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head thro' their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of queen of Elizabeth, &c. to draw viſits and money from the mob. I hope all this hiſtory is applicable to ſome part or other of my letter; but letters you will have, and ſo I ſend you one, very like your own ſtories that you tell your daughter: There was a king, and he had three daughters, and they all went to ſee the tombs; and the youngeſt, who was in love with Aylmer de Valence, &c.

Thank you for your account of the battle[1]; thank prince Ferdinand for giving you a very honourable poſt, which, in ſpite of his teeth and yours, proved a very ſafe one; and above all, thank prince Soubize, whom I love better than all the German princes in the univerſe. Peace, I think, we muſt have at laſt, if you beat the French, or at leaſt hinder them from beating you, and afterwards ſtarve them. Buſſy's laſt *laſt* courier is expected; but as he may have a laſt laſt *laſt* courier, I truſt no more to this than to all the others. He was complaining t'other day to Mr. Pitt of our haughtineſs, and ſaid it would drive the French to ſome deſperate effort; thirty thouſand men, continued he, would embarraſs you a little, I believe! Yes, truly, replied Pitt, for I am ſo embarraſſed with thoſe we have already, I don't know what to do with them.

Adieu! Don't fancy that the more you ſcold, the more I will write: It has anſwered three times, but the next croſs word you give me ſhall put an end to our correſpondence. Sir Horace Mann's father uſed to ſay, Talk, Horace, you have been abroad:—you cry, Write, Horace, you are at home. No, ſir, you can beat an hundred and twenty thouſand French, but you cannot get the better of me. I will not write ſuch fooliſh letters as this every day, when I have nothing to ſay.

Yours as you behave,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Of Kirk Denckirk.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

Arlington-ſtreet, Sept. 9, 1761.

THE date of my promiſe is now arrived, and I fulfil it—fulfil it with great ſatisfaction, for the queen is come; I have ſeen her, have been preſented to her—and may go back to Strawberry. For this fortnight I have lived upon the road between Twickenham and London: I came, grew impatient, returned; came again, ſtill to no purpoſe. The yachts made the coaſt of Suffolk laſt Saturday, on Sunday entered the road of Harwich, and on Monday morning the king's chief eunuch, as the Tripoline embaſſador calls lord A. landed the princeſs. She lay that night at lord Abercorn's at Witham, the palace of ſilence; and yeſterday at a quarter after three arrived at St. James's. In half an hour one heard of nothing but proclamations of her beauty: every body was content, every body pleaſed. At ſeven one went to court. The night was ſultry. About ten the proceſſion began to move towards the chapel, and at eleven they all came up into the drawing-room. She looks very ſenſible, chearful, and is remarkably genteel. Her tiara of diamonds was very pretty, her ſtomacher ſumptuous; her violet-velvet mantle and ermine ſo heavy, that the ſpectators knew as much of her upper half as the king himſelf. You will have no doubts of her ſenſe by what I ſhall tell you. On the road they wanted her to curl her toupet: ſhe ſaid ſhe thought it looked as well as that of any of the ladies ſent to fetch her; if the king bid her, ſhe would wear a periwig, otherwiſe ſhe would remain as ſhe was. When ſhe caught the firſt glimpſe of the palace, ſhe grew frightened and turned pale; the ducheſs of Hamilton ſmiled—the princeſs ſaid, "My dear ducheſs, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me." Her lips trembled as the coach ſtopped, but ſhe jumped out with ſpirit, and has done nothing but with good humour and chearfulneſs. She talks a great deal—is eaſy, civil, and not diſconcerted. At firſt, when the bride-maids and the court were introduced to her, ſhe ſaid, "Mon Dieu, il y en a tant, il y en a tant!" She was pleaſed when ſhe was to kiſs the peereſſes; but lady Auguſta was forced to take her hand and give it to thoſe that were to kiſs it, which was prettily humble and good-natured. While they waited for ſupper, ſhe ſat down, ſung, and played. Her French is tolerable, ſhe exchanged much both of that and German, with the king, the Duke, and the duke of York.

They

They did not get to bed till two. To-day was a drawing-room: every body was preſented to her; but ſhe ſpoke to nobody, as ſhe could not know a ſoul. The crowd was much leſs than at a birth-day, the magnificence very little more. The king looked very handſome, and talked to her continually with great good-humour. It does not promiſe as if they two would be the two moſt unhappy perſons in England, from this event. The bride-maids, eſpecially lady Caroline Ruſſel, lady Sarah Lenox, and lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures. With neither features nor air, lady Sarah was by far the chief angel. The ducheſs of Hamilton was almoſt in poſſeſſion of her former beauty to-day; and your other ducheſs [1], your daughter, was much better dreſſed than ever I ſaw her. Except a pretty lady Sutherland, and a moſt perfect beauty, an Iriſh miſs Smith [2], I don't think the queen ſaw much elſe to diſcourage her: my niece [3], lady Kildare, Mrs. Fitzroy, were none of them there. There is a ball to-night, and two more drawing-rooms; but I have done with them. The ducheſs of Queenſberry and lady Weſtmorland were in the proceſſion, and did credit to the ancient nobility.

You don't preſume to ſuppoſe, I hope, that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes and diſtreſſes, in theſe feſtival times. Mr. Pitt himſelf would be mobbed if he talked of any thing but clothes, and diamonds, and bride maids. Oh! yes, we have wars, civil wars; there is a campaign opened in the bed-chamber. Every body is excluded but the miniſters; even the lords of the bed-chamber, cabinet-counſellors, and foreign miniſters: but it has given ſuch offence that I don't know whether lord Huntingdon muſt not be the ſcape-goat. Adieu! I am going to tranſcribe moſt of this letter to your counteſs.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The ducheſs of Richmond.
[2] Afterwards married to Mr. Matthew, now lord Landaff.
[3] The counteſs of Waldegrave.

LETTER XLV.

Arlington-ſtreet, Sept. 25, 1761.

THIS is the moſt unhappy day I have known of years: Buſſy goes away! Mankind is again given up to the ſword! Peace and you are far from England!

Strawberry-hill.

I was interrupted this morning, juſt as I had begun my letter, by lord Waldegrave; and then the duke of Devonſhire ſent for me to Burlington-houſe to meet the ducheſs of Bedford, and ſee the old pictures from Hardwicke. If my letter reaches you three days later, at leaſt you are ſaved from a lamentation. Buſſy has put off his journey to Monday (to be ſure, you know this is Friday): he ſays this is a ſtrange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday. I am glad a Spaniſh war waits for a conveyance, and that a waggoner's *veto* is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can ſtop Mr. Pitt on his career to Mexico. He was going poſt to conquer it—and Beckford, I ſuppoſe, would have had a contract for remitting all the gold, of which Mr. Pitt never thinks, unleſs to ſerve a city-friend. It is ſerious that we have diſcuſſions with Spain, who ſays France is humbled enough, but muſt not be ruined. Spaniſh gold is actually coining in frontier towns of France; and the privilege which Biſcay and two other provinces have of fiſhing on the coaſt of Newfoundland, has been demanded for all Spain. It was refuſed peremptorily; and Mr. ſecretary Cortez [1] inſiſted yeſterday ſe'nnight on recalling lord Briſtol [2]. The reſt of the council, who are content with the world they have to govern, without conquering others, prevailed to defer this impetuoſity. However, if France or Spain are the leaſt untractable, a war is inevitable: nay, if they don't ſubmit by the firſt day of the ſeſſion, I have no doubt but Mr. Pitt will declare it himſelf on the addreſs. I have no opinion of Spain intending it: they give France money to protract a war, from which they reap ſuch advantages in their peaceful capacity; and I ſhould think would not give their money if they were on the point of having occaſion for it themſelves. In ſpite of you, and all the old barons our anceſtors, I pray that we may

[1] Mr. Pitt, then ſecretary of ſtate.

[2] The Engliſh embaſſador at the court of Madrid.

have

have done with glory, and would willingly burn every Roman and Greek hiſtorian who have done nothing but tranſmit precedents for cutting throats.

The coronation is over: 'tis even a more gorgeous ſight than I imagined. I ſaw the proceſſion and the hall; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the ſword of ſtate, the chairs for king and queen, and their canopies. They uſed the lord mayor's for the firſt, and made the laſt in the hall: ſo they did not ſet forth till noon; and then, by a childiſh compliment to the king, reſerved the illumination of the hall till his entry, by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being diſcernible but the plumes of the knights of the bath, which ſeemed the herſe. Lady Kildare, the ducheſs of Richmond, and lady Pembroke, were the capital beauties. Lady Harrington, the fineſt figure at a diſtance; old Weſtmorland, the moſt majeſtic. Lady Hertford could not walk, and indeed I think is in a way to give us great anxiety. She is going to Ragley to ride. Lord Beauchamp was one of the king's train-bearers. Of all the incidents of the day, the moſt diverting was, what happened to the queen. She had a retiring-chamber, with *all* conveniencies, prepared behind the altar. She went thither—in the *moſt convenient*, what found ſhe but—the duke of Newcaſtle! Lady Hardwicke died three days before the ceremony, which kept away the whole houſe of Yorke. Some of the peereſſes were dreſſed over night, ſlept in arm-chairs, and were waked if they tumbled their heads. Your ſiſter Harris's maid, lady Peterborough, was a comely figure. My lady Cowper refuſed, but was forced to walk with lady M——. Lady Falmouth was not there; on which George Selwyn ſaid, that thoſe peereſſes who were moſt uſed to *walk*, did not. I carried my lady Townſhend, lady Hertford, lady Anne Conolly, my lady Hervey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's houſe at the gate of Weſtminſter-hall. My lady Townſhend ſaid ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee a coronation, as ſhe never had ſeen one. "Why," ſaid I, "madam, you walked at the laſt?" "Yes, child," ſaid ſhe, "but I ſaw nothing of it: I only looked to ſee who looked at me." The ducheſs of Queenſberry walked: her affectation that day was to do nothing prepoſterous. The queen has been at the opera, and ſays ſhe will go once a week. This is a freſh diſaſter to our box, where we have lived ſo harmoniouſly for three years. We can get no alternative but that over miſs Chudleigh's; and lord Strafford and lady M—— C—— will not ſubſcribe, unleſs we can. The duke of Devonſhire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our

party together. The crowds at the opera and play when the king and queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the faſhion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Lord Cheſterfield one night came into the latter, and was aſked, If he had been at the other houſe? "Yes," ſaid he, "but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking buſineſs, I came away."

Thank you for your journals: the beſt route you can ſend me would be of your journey homewards. Adieu!

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. If you ever hear from, or write to, ſuch a perſon as lady A———, pray tell her ſhe is worſe to me in point of correſpondence than ever you ſaid I was to you, and that ſhe ſends me every thing but letters.

LETTER XLVI.

Arlington-ſtreet, October 12, 1761.

IT is very lucky that you did not ſucceed in the expedition to Rochfort. Perhaps you might have been made a peer; and as *Chatham* is a naval title, it might have fallen to your ſhare. But it was reſerved to crown greater glory: and leſt it ſhould not be ſubſtantial pay enough, three thouſand pounds a year for three lives go along with it. Not to Mr. Pitt—you can't ſuppoſe it. Why truly, not the title, but the annuity does, and lady Heſther is the baroneſs; that, if he ſhould pleaſe, he may earn an earldom himſelf. Don't believe me, if you have not a mind. I know I did not believe thoſe who told it me. But aſk the gazette that ſwears it—aſk the king, who has kiſſed lady Heſther—aſk the city of London, who are ready to tear Mr. Pitt to pieces—aſk forty people I can name who are overjoyed at it—and then aſk me again, who am mortified, and who have been the dupe of his diſintereſtedneſs. Oh, my dear Harry! I beg you on my knees, keep your virtue: do let me think there is ſtill one man upon earth who deſpiſes money.

I wrote

I wrote you an account laſt week of his reſignation. Could you have believed that in four days he would have tumbled from the conqueſt of Spain to receiving a quarter's penſion from Mr. Weſt[3]? To-day he has adverti ſed his ſeven coach-horſes to be ſold—Three thouſand a year for three lives, and fifty thouſand pounds of his own, will not keep a coach and ſix. I proteſt I believe he is mad, and lord Temple thinks ſo too; for he reſigned the ſame morning that Pitt accepted the penſion. George Grenville is miniſter in the houſe of commons. I don't know who will be ſpeaker. They talk of Prowſe, Huſſey, Bacon, and even of old ſir John Ruſhout. Delaval has ſaid an admirable thing: he blames Pitt—not as you and I do; but calls him fool; and ſays, if he had gone into the city, told them he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and had opened a ſubſcription, he would have got five hundred thouſand pounds, inſtead of three thouſand pounds a year. In the mean time the good man has ſaddled us with a war which we can neither carry on nor carry off. 'Tis pitiful! 'tis wondrous pitiful! Is the communication ſtopped, that we never hear from you? I own 'tis an Iriſh queſtion. I am out of humour: my viſions are diſpelled, and you are ſtill abroad. As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death, at leaſt I have buried him: here is his epitaph:

Admire his eloquence——It mounted higher
Than Attic purity, or Roman fire:
Adore his ſervices——our Lions view
Ranging, where Roman eagles never flew:
Copy his ſoul ſupreme o'er Lucre's ſphere;
—But oh! beware three thouſand pounds a year!

October 13.

Jemmy Grenville reſigned yeſterday. Lord Temple is all hoſtility; and goes to the drawing-room to tell every body how angry he is with the court——but what is ſir Joſeph Wittol, when Nol Bluff is pacific? They talk of erecting a tavern in the city, called The Salutation: the ſign to repreſent Lord Bath and Mr. Pitt embracing. Theſe are ſhameful times. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[3] Secretary to the treaſury.

LETTER XLVII.

Strawberry-hill, October 26, 1761.

HOW ſtrange it ſeems! You are talking to me of the king's wedding, while we are thinking of a civil war. Why, the king's wedding was a century ago, almoſt two months; even the coronation that happened half an age ago, is quite forgot. The poſt to Germany cannot keep pace with our revolutions. Who knows but you may ſtill be thinking that Mr. Pitt is the moſt diſintereſted man in the world? Truly, as far as the votes of a common-council can make him ſo, he is. Like Cromwell, he has always promoted the ſelf-denying ordinance, and has contrived to be excuſed from it himſelf. The city could no longer chooſe who ſhould be their man of virtue; there was not one left: by all rules they ought next to have pitched upon one who was the oldeſt offender: inſtead of that, they have re-elected the moſt recent; and, as if virtue was a borough, Mr. Pitt is re-choſen for it, on vacating his ſeat. Well, but all this is very ſerious: I ſhall offer you a prophetic picture, and ſhall be very glad if I am not a true ſoothſayer. The city have voted an addreſs of thanks to Mr. Pitt, and given inſtructions to their members; the chief articles of which are, to promote an inquiry into the diſpoſal of the money that has been granted, and to conſent to no peace, unleſs we are to retain all, or very near all, our conqueſts. Thus the city of London uſurp the right of making peace and war. But is the government to be dictated to by one town? By no means. But ſuppoſe they are not—what is the conſequence? How will the money be raiſed? If it cannot be raiſed without them, Mr. Pitt muſt again be miniſter: that you think would eaſily be accommodated. Stay, ſtay; he and lord Temple have declared againſt the whole cabinet council. Why, that they have done before now, and yet have acted with them again. It is very true; but a little word has eſcaped Mr. Pitt, which never entered into his former declarations; nay, nor into Cromwell's, nor Hugh Capet's, nor Julius Cæſar's, nor any reformer's of ancient time. He has happened to ſay, he will *guide*. Now, though the cabinet council are mighty willing to be guided, when they cannot help it, yet they wiſh to have appearances ſaved: they cannot be fond of being told they are to be guided; ſtill leſs, that other people ſhould be told ſo. Here, then, is Mr. Pitt and the common-council on one hand, the great lords on the other. I proteſt, I do not

ſee but it will come to this. Will it allay the confuſion, if Mr. Fox is retained on the ſide of the court? Here are no whigs and tories, harmleſs people, that are content with worrying one another for 150 years together. The new parties are, *I will*, and *You ſhall not*; and their principles do not admit delay. However, this age is of ſuppler mould than ſome of its predeceſſors; and this may come round again, by a coup de baguette, when one leaſt expects it. If it ſhould not, the honeſteſt part one can take is to look on, and try if one can do any good if matters go too far.

I am charmed with the Caſtle of Hercules[1]; it is the boldeſt pile I have ſeen ſince I travelled in Fairyland. You ought to have delivered a princeſs impriſoned by enchanters in his club: ſhe, in gratitude, ſhould have fallen in love with you: your conſtancy ſhould have been immaculate. The devil knows how it would have ended—I don't—And ſo I break off my romance.

You need not beat the French any more this year: it cannot be aſcribed to Mr. Pitt; and the mob won't thank you. If we are to have a warm campaign in parliament, I hope you will be ſent for. Adieu! We take the field to-morrow ſe'nnight.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. You will be ſorry to hear that Workſop is burned. My lady Waldegrave has got a daughter, and your brother an ague.

LETTER XLVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

Nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine
Tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phœbus.

THIS is a hint to you, that as Phœbus, who was certainly your ſuperior, could take up with a cheſtnut garland, or any crown he found, you muſt

[1] Alluding to a deſcription of a building in Heſſe Caſſel, given by Mr. Conway in one of his letters.

have

have the humility to be content without laurels, when none are to be had: you have hunted far and near for them, and taken true pains to the laſt in that old nurſery-garden Germany, and by the way have made me ſhudder with your laſt journal: but you muſt be eaſy with qualibet other arbore; you muſt come home to your own plantations. The duke of Bedford is gone in a fury to make peace, for he cannot be even pacific with temper; and by this time I ſuppoſe the duke de Nivernois is unpacking his portion of olive *dans la rue de Suffolk-ſtreet.* I ſay, I ſuppoſe—for I do not, like my friends at Arthur's, whip into my poſt-chaiſe to ſee every novelty. My two ſovereigns, the ducheſs of G—— and lady M—— C——, are arrived, and yet I have ſeen neither Polly nor Lucy. The former, I hear, is entirely French; the latter as abſolutely Engliſh.

Well! but if you inſiſt on not doffing your cuiraſs, you may find an opportunity of wearing it. The ſtorm thickens. The city of London are ready to hoiſt their ſtandard; treaſon is the bon ton at that end of the town; ſeditious papers paſted up at every corner: nay, my neighbourhood is not unfaſhionable; we have had them at Brentford and Kingſton. The Peace is the cry; but to make weight, they throw in all the abuſive ingredients they can collect. They talk of your friend the duke of Devonſhire's reſigning; and, for the duke of Newcaſtle, it puts him ſo much in mind of the end of queen Anne's time, that I believe he hopes to be miniſter again for another forty years.

In the mean time there are but dark news from the Havannah; the Gazette, who would not fib for the world, ſays, we have loſt but four officers: the World, who is not quite ſo ſcrupulous, ſays, our loſs is heavy. —But what ſhocking notice to thoſe who have *Harry Conways* there! The Gazette breaks off with ſaying, that they were to ſtorm the next day! Upon the whole, it is regarded as a preparative to worſe news.

Our next monarch was chriſtened laſt night, George Auguſtus Frederic; the princeſs, the duke of Cumberland, and duke of Mecklenburgh, ſponſors; the ceremony performed by the biſhop of London. The queen's bed, magnificent, and they ſay in taſte, was placed in the great drawing-room: though ſhe is not to ſee company in form, yet it looks as if they had intended people ſhould have been there, as all who preſented themſelves were admitted,

mitted, which were very few, for it had not been notified; I ſuppoſe to prevent too great a crowd—All I have heard named, beſides thoſe in waiting, were the ducheſs of Queenſberry, lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four more ladies.

My lady A—— is abominable: ſhe ſettled a party to come hither, and put it off for a month; and now ſhe has been here and ſeen my cabinet, ſhe ought to tell you what good reaſon I had not to ſtir. If ſhe has not told you that it is the fineſt, the prettieſt, the neweſt and the oldeſt thing in the world, I will not go to Park-place on the 20th, as I have promiſed. Oh! but tremble you may for me, though you will not for yourſelf—all my glories were on the point of vaniſhing laſt night in a flame! The chimney of the new gallery, which chimney is full of deal-boards, and which gallery is full of ſhavings, was on fire at eight o'clock. Harry had quarrelled with the other ſervants, and would not ſit in the kitchen; and to keep up his anger had lighted a vaſt fire in the ſervants' hall, which is under the gallery. The chimney took fire; and if Margaret had not ſmelt it with the firſt noſe that ever a ſervant had, a quarter of an hour had ſet us in a blaze. I hope you are frightened out of your ſenſes for me: if you are not, I will never live in a panic for three or four years for you again.

I have had lord March and the Rena[1] here for one night, which does not raiſe my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may uſher me again for a Scotchman into The North Briton[2]. I have had too a letter from a Ger-

[1] A faſhionable courtezan.

[2] The favourable opinion given by Mr. Walpole of the abilities of the Scotch in The royal and noble authors, firſt drew upon him the notice of The North Briton. The paſſage alluded to is the following in the ſecond number of that paper: "Mr. Horace Walpole, in that deep book called The royal and noble authors, ſays, We are *the moſt accompliſhed nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a ſuperior partition of ſenſe*, [and he ought to have added, of *humour* and *taſte*, in both which we excel.] *I ſhould be inclined to give the preference in that particular.* How faithful is this maſterly pen of Mr. Walpole! How unlike the odious ſharp and ſtrong inciſion pen of Swift! He has called us only *a poor* FIERCE *northern* people; and has aſſerted, *that the penſions and employments poſſeſſed by the natives of Scotland in England, amounted to more than the whole body of their nobility ever ſpent at home; and that all the money they raiſed upon the public was hardly ſufficient to defray their civil and military liſts.* This was at the latter end of queen Anne's reign. How very different is the caſe now! I beg to recommend Mr. Walpole, too, for ſo very particular a compliment (which I hope flowed from his *heart* ſtill more than from his *head*), and I entreat his lordſhip to put him on the liſt immediately after my countrymen and the Cocoa."

man that I never ſaw, who tells me, that, hearing by chance how well I am with my lord Bute, he deſires me to get him a place. The North Briton firſt recommended me for an employment, and has now given me intereſt at the backſtairs. It is a notion, that whatever is ſaid of one, has generally ſome kind of foundation: ſurely I am a contradiction to this maxim! yet, was I of conſequence enough to be remembered, perhaps poſterity would believe that I was a flatterer! Good-night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIX.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 28, 1762.

TO my ſorrow and your wicked joy, it is a doubt whether monſieur de Nivernois will ſhut the temple of Janus. We do not believe him quite ſo much in earneſt, as the dove [1] we have ſent, who has ſummoned his turtle to Paris. She ſets out the day after to-morrow, eſcorted, to add gravity to the embaſſy, by George Selwyn. The ſtocks don't mind this journey of a ruſh, but draw in their horns every day. We can learn nothing of the Havannah, though the axis on which the whole treaty turns. We believe, for we have never ſeen them, that the laſt letters thence brought accounts of great loſs, eſpecially by the ſickneſs. Colonel Burgoyne [2] has given a little fillip to the Spaniards, and ſhown them, that though they can take Portugal from the Portugueſe, it will not be entirely ſo eaſy to wreſt it from the Engliſh. Lord Pulteney [3], and my nephew [4], lady Waldegrave's brother, diſtinguiſhed themſelves. I hope your hereditary prince is recovering of the wounds in his loins; for they ſay he is to marry princeſs Auguſta.

Lady A—— has told you, to be ſure, that I have been at Park-place.

[1] The duke of Bedford, then embaſſador at Paris.

[2] Colonel, afterwards general Burgoyne, with the compte de Lippe, commanded the Britiſh troops ſent to the relief of Portugal.

[3] Only ſon of William Pulteney, earl of Bath. He died before his father.

[4] Edward, only ſon of ſir Edward Walpole. He died in 1771.

Every

Every thing there is in beauty; and, I ſhould think, pleaſanter than a campaign in Germany. Your counteſs is handſomer than fame; your daughter improving every day; your plantations more thriving than the poor woods about Marburg and Caſſel. Chineſe pheaſants ſwarm there.—For lady C——, I aſſure you, ſhe ſits cloſe upon her egg, and it will not be her fault if ſhe does not hatch a hero. We miſſed all the glories of the inſtallation [1], and all the falſe, and all the frowning faces there. Not a knight was abſent, but the lame and the deaf.

Your brother, lady Hertford, and lord Beauchamp, are gone from Windſor into Suffolk. Henry [2], who has the genuine indifference of a *Harry Conway*, would not ſtir from Oxford for thoſe pageants. Lord Beauchamp ſhowed me a couple of his letters, which have more natural humour and cleverneſs than is conceivable. They have the eaſe and drollery of a man of parts who has lived long in the world—and he is ſcarce ſeventeen!

I am going to Lord Waldegrave's [3] for a few days, and, when your counteſs returns from Goodwood, am to meet her at C——'s. Lord Strafford [4], who has been terribly alarmed about my lady, mentions, with great pleaſure, the letters he receives from you. His neighbour and couſin, lord Rockingham, I hear, is one of the warmeſt declaimers at Arthur's againſt the preſent ſyſtem. Abuſe continues in much plenty, but I have ſeen none that I thought had wit enough to bear the ſea. Good-night. There are ſatiric prints enough to tapeſtry Weſtminſter-hall.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Stay a moment: I recollect telling you a lie in my laſt, which, though of no conſequence, I muſt correct. The right reverend midwife, Thomas Secker, archbiſhop, did chriſten the babe, and not the biſhop of London, as I had been told by matron authority. A-propos to babes: Have you read

[1] An inſtallation of knights of the garter.

[2] Henry Seymour Conway, ſecond ſon of Francis, earl and afterward marquis of Hertford.

[3] James, ſecond earl of Waldegrave, knight of the garter, had married Maria, ſecond daughter of ſir Edward Walpole.

[4] William Wentworth, earl of Strafford, married lady Anne Campbell, third daughter of John duke of Argyll.

Rouſſeau on education? I almoſt got through a volume at Park-place, though impatiently; it has more tautology than any of his works, and leſs eloquence. Sure he has writ more ſenſe and more nonſenſe than ever any man did of both! All I have yet learned from this work is, that one ſhould have a tutor for one's ſon to teach him to have no ideas, in order that he may begin to learn his alphabet as he loſes his maidenhead.

Thurſday noon, 30th.

Io Havannah! Io Albemarle! I had ſealed my letter, and given it to Harry for the poſt; when my lady Suffolk ſent me a ſhort note from Charles Townſhend, to ſay the Havannah ſurrendered on the 12th of Auguſt, and that we have taken twelve ſhips of the line in the harbour. The news came late laſt night. I do not know a particular more. God grant no more blood be ſhed! I have hopes again of the peace. My deareſt Harry, now we have preſerved you to the laſt moment, do take care of yourſelf. When one has a whole war to wade through, it is not worth while to be careful in any one battle; but it is ſilly to fling one's ſelf away in the laſt. Your character is eſtabliſhed; prince Ferdinand's letters are full of encomiums on you; but what will weigh more with you, ſave yourſelf for another war, which I doubt you will live to ſee, and in which you may be ſuperior commander, and have ſpace to diſplay your talents. A ſecond in ſervice is never remembered, whether the honour of the victory be owing to him, or he killed. Turenne would have a very ſhort paragraph, if the prince of Condé had been general, when he fell. Adieu.

LETTER L.

Arlington-ſtreet, October 4, 1762.

I AM concerned to hear you have been ſo much out of order, but ſhould rejoice your ſole command [1] diſappointed you, if this late cannonading buſineſs [2] did not deſtroy all my little proſpects. Can one believe the French negotiators are ſincere, when their marſhals are ſo falſe? What vexes me

[1] During lord Granby's abſence from the army in Flanders the command in chief had devolved on Mr. Conway.

[2] The affair of Bucker-Muhl. See Annual Regiſter for the year 1762, page 49.

more is to hear you ſeriouſly tell your brother that you are always unlucky, and loſe all opportunities of fighting. How can you be ſuch a child? You cannot, like a German, love fighting for its own ſake. No: you think of the mob of London, who, if you had taken Peru, would forget you the firſt Lord-Mayor's-Day, or for the firſt hyæna that comes to town. How can one build on virtue and on fame too? When do they ever go together? In my paſſion, I could almoſt wiſh you were as worthleſs and as great as the king of Pruſſia! If conſcience is a puniſhment, is not it a reward too? Go to that ſilent tribunal, and be ſatisfied with its ſentence.

I have nothing new to tell you. The Havannah is more likely to break off the peace than to advance it. We are not in a humour to give up the world; *anzi*, are much more diſpoſed to conquer the reſt of it. We ſhall have ſome cannonading here, I believe, if we ſign the peace. Mr. Pitt, from the boſom of his retreat, has made Beckford mayor. The duke of Newcaſtle, if not taken in again, will probably end his life as he began it—at the head of a mob. Perſonalities and abuſe, public and private, increaſe to the moſt outrageous degree, and yet the town is at the emptieſt. You may gueſs what will be the caſe in a month. I do not ſee at all into the ſtorm: I do not mean that there will not be a great majority to vote any thing; but there are times when even majorities cannot do all they are ready to do. Lord Bute has certainly great luck, which is ſomething in politics, whatever it is in logic: but whether peace or war, I would not give him much for the place he will have this day twelve-month. Adieu! The watchman goes paſt one in the morning; and as I have nothing better than reflections and conjectures to ſend you, I may as well go to bed.

LETTER LI.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 29, 1762.

YOU take my philoſophy very kindly, as it was meant; but I ſuppoſe you ſmile a little in your ſleeve to hear me turn moraliſt. Yet why ſhould not I? Muſt every abſurd young man prove a fooliſh old one? Not that I intend, when the latter term is quite arrived, to profeſs preaching; nor ſhould, I believe, have talked ſo gravely to you, if your ſituation had

had not made me grave. Till the campaign is ended, I ſhall be in no humour to ſmile. For the war, when it will be over, I have no idea. The peace is a jack-o'lanthorn that dances before one's eyes, is never approached, and at beſt ſeems ready to lead ſome folks into a woeful quagmire.

As your brother was in town, and I had my intelligence from him, I concluded you would have the ſame, and therefore did not tell you of this laſt revolution, which has brought Mr. Fox again upon the ſcene. I have been in town but once ſince; yet learned enough to confirm the opinion I had conceived, that the building totters, and that this laſt buttreſs will but puſh on its fall. Beſides the clamorous oppoſition already encamped, The World talks of another, compoſed of names not ſo often found in a mutiny. What think you of the great duke [1], and the little duke [2], and the old duke [3], and the Derbyſhire duke [4], banded together againſt the favourite [5]? If ſo, it proves the court, as the late lord G—— wrote to the mayor of Litchfield, will have a majority in every thing but numbers. However, my letter is a week old before I write it: things may have changed ſince laſt Tueſday. Then the proſpect was *des plus* gloomy. Portugal at the eve of being conquered—Spain preferring a diadem to the mural crown of the Havannah—a ſquadron taking horſe for Naples, to ſee whether king Carlos has any more private bowels than public, whether he is a better father than brother. If what I heard yeſterday be true, that the parliament is to be put off till the 24th, it does not look as if they were ready in the green-room, and deſpiſed catcalls.

You bid me ſend you the flower of brimſtone, the beſt things publiſhed in this ſeaſon of outrage. I ſhould not have waited for orders, if I had met with the leaſt tolerable morſel. But this oppoſition ran ſtark mad at once, curſed, ſwore, called names, and has not been one minute cool enough to have a grain of wit. Their prints are groſs, their papers ſcurrilous; indeed the authors abuſe one another more than any body elſe. I have not ſeen a ſingle ballad or epigram. They are as ſeriouſly dull as if the controverſy was religious. I do not take in a paper of either ſide, and being very indif-

[1] Of Cumberland.
[2] Of Bedford.
[3] Of Newcaſtle.
[4] Of Devonſhire.
[5] John Stuart earl of Bute.

ferent, the only way of being impartial, they ſhall not make me pay till they make me laugh. I am here quite alone, and ſhall ſtay a fortnight longer, unleſs the parliament prorogued lengthens my holidays. I do not pretend to be ſo indifferent, to have ſo little curioſity, as not to go and ſee the duke of Newcaſtle frightened *for* his country—the only thing that never yet gave him a panic. Then I am ſtill ſuch a ſchoolboy, that though I could gueſs half their orations, and know *all* their meaning, I muſt go and hear Cæſar and Pompey ſcold in the Temple of Concord. As this age is to make ſuch a figure hereafter, how the Gronoviuses and Warburtons would deſpiſe a ſenator that deſerted the forum when the maſters of the world harangued! For, as this age is to be hiſtoric, ſo of courſe it will be a ſtandard of virtue too; and we, like our wicked predeceſſors the Romans, ſhall be quoted, till our very ghoſts bluſh, as models of patriotiſm and magnanimity. What lectures will be read to poor children on this æra! Europe taught to tremble, the great king humbled, the treaſures of Peru diverted into the Thames, Aſia ſubdued by the gigantic Clive! for in that age men were near ſeven feet high; France ſuing for peace at the gates of Buckingham-houſe, the ſteady wiſdom of the duke of Bedford drawing a circle round the Gallic monarch, and forbidding him to paſs it till he had ſigned the ceſſion of America; Pitt more eloquent than Demoſthenes, and trampling on proffered penſions like—I don't know who; lord Temple ſacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as ſpotleſs as Salluſt, and the Flamen Churchill[1] knocking down the foes of Britain with ſtatues of the gods!——Oh! I am out of breath with eloquence and prophecy, and truth and lies: my narrow cheſt was not formed to hold inſpiration; I muſt return to piddling with my painters: thoſe lofty ſubjects are too much for me. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that Gideon, who is dead worth more than the whole land of Canaan, has left the reverſion of all his milk and honey, after his ſon and daughter and their children, to the duke of Devonſhire, without inſiſting on his taking the name, or even being circumciſed.

[1] Charles Churchill the poet.

Lord

Lord Albemarle is expected home in December. My nephew Keppel [1] is biſhop of Exeter, not of the Havannah, as you may imagine, for his mitre was promiſed the day before the news came.

LETTER LII.

Strawberry-hill, February 28, 1763.

YOUR letter of the 19th ſeems to poſtpone your arrival rather than advance it; yet lady A. tells me that to her you talk of being here in ten days. I wiſh devoutly to ſee you, though I am not departing myſelf; but I am impatient to have your diſagreeable function [2] at an end, and to know that you enjoy yourſelf after ſuch fatigues, dangers, and ill-requited ſervices. For any public ſatisfaction you will receive in being at home, you muſt not expect much. Your mind was not formed to float on the ſurface of a mercenary world. My prayer (and my belief) is, that you may always prefer what you always have preferred, your integrity to ſucceſs. You will then laugh, as I do, at the attacks and malice of faction or miniſters. I taſte of both; but, as my health is recovered, and my mind does not reproach me, they will perhaps only give me an opportunity, which I ſhould never have ſought, of proving that I have ſome virtue—and it will not be proved in the way they probably expect. I have better evidence than by hanging out the tattered enſigns of patriotiſm. But this and a thouſand other things I ſhall reſerve for our meeting. Your brother has preſſed me much to go with him, if he goes, to Paris [3]. I take it very kindly, but have excuſed myſelf, though I have promiſed either to accompany him for a ſhort time at firſt, or to go to him if he ſhould have any particular occaſion for me: but my reſolution againſt ever appearing in any public light is unalterable. When I wiſh to live leſs and leſs in the world here, I cannot think of mounting a new ſtage at Paris. At this moment I am alone here, while every body is balloting in the houſe of commons. Sir John Philips propoſed a commiſſion of accounts, which has been converted into a ſelect committee of 21, eligible by ballot. As the miniſtry is not predominant in the

[1] Frederick Keppel, youngeſt brother of George earl of Albemarle, who commanded at taking the Havannah, had married Laura, eldeſt daughter of ſir Edward Walpole.

[2] The re-embarkation of the Britiſh troops from Flanders after the peace.

[3] As embaſſador.

affections

affections of mankind, ſome of them may find a jury elected that will not be quite ſo complaiſant as the houſe is in general when their votes are given *openly*. As many may be glad of this opportunity, I ſhun it; for I ſhould ſcorn to do any thing in ſecret, though I have ſome enemies that are not quite ſo generous.

You ſay you have ſeen the North Briton in which I make a capital figure. Wilkes, the author, I hear, ſays, that if he had thought I ſhould have taken it ſo well, he would have been damned before he would have written it—but I am not ſore where I am not ſore.

The theatre at Covent-garden has ſuffered more by riots than even Drury-lane. A footman of lord Dacre has been hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confeſs it. That Selwyn ſhould be a capital performer in a ſcene of that kind is not extraordinary: I tell it you for the ſtrange coolneſs which the young fellow, who was but nineteen, expreſſed: as he was writing his confeſſion, "I murd—" he ſtopped, and aſked, "How do you ſpell *murdered?*"

Mr. Fox is much better than at the beginning of the winter; and both his health and power ſeem to promiſe a longer duration than people expected. Indeed I think the latter is ſo eſtabliſhed, that lord B—— would find it more difficult to remove him, than he did his predeceſſors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he has made over to him; for it is already obvious that lord B——'s levée is not the preſent path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of theſe times—a diſtreſsful circumſtance to the votaries of a court, but amuſing to us ſpectators. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 1, 1763.

I FEEL happy at hearing your happineſs; but, my dear Harry, your viſion is much indebted to your long abſence, which

Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains ſmile.

I mean no offence to Park-place, but the bitterneſs of the weather makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milk-maids ſhould be wrapped *in the motherly comforts of a ſwan-ſkin petticoat.* In ſhort, ſuch hard words have paſſed between me and the north wind to day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abuſing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to lord B——. I don't know whether I ſhould not have written a North Briton againſt it, if the printers were not all ſent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes to the Tower—ay, to the Tower, tout de bon. The new miniſtry are trying to make up for their ridiculous inſignificance by a coup d'eclat. As I came hither yeſterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine—but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by lord Halifax's warrant for treaſon; vide the North Briton of Saturday was ſe'nnight. It is ſaid he refuſed to obey the warrant, of which he aſked and got a copy from the two meſſengers, telling them he did not mean to make his eſcape, but ſending to demand his habeas corpus, which was refuſed. He then went to lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they ſhould get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been ſeized. Lord chief juſtice Pratt, I am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commiſſion for books of architecture, nor care to put you to expence, which I know will not anſwer. I have been conſulting my neighbour young Mr. Thomas Pitt[1], my preſent architect: we have all books of that ſort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a green-houſe. For the former you ſhould ſend me your idea, your dimenſions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty green-houſe I never ſaw; nor without immoderate expence can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removeable in ſummer, would be the beſt plan you could have. If ſo, don't you remember ſomething of that kind, which you liked, at ſir Charles Cotterel's at Rouſham? But a fine green-houſe muſt be on a more exalted plan. In ſhort, you muſt be more particular, before I can be at all ſo.

I called at Hammerſmith yeſterday about lady A———'s tubs; one of

[1] Afterwards created lord Camelford.

them is nearly finiſhed, but they will not both be completed theſe ten days. Shall they be ſent to you by water? Good-night to her ladyſhip and you, and the Infanta[1], whoſe progreſs in waxen ſtatuary I hope advances ſo faſt, that by next winter ſhe may rival Rackſtrow's old man. Do you know that, though appriſed of what I was going to ſee, it deceived me, and made ſuch impreſſion on my mind, that, thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and ſeeing a woman ſtedfaſtly at work in a window in Pall-mall, it made me ſtart to ſee her move. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Arlington-ſtreet, Monday night.

THE mighty commitment ſet out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer, and all concerned (unnamed) to be taken up. Conſequently Wilkes had his habeas corpus of courſe, and was committed again; moved for another in the common-pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another ſtrain of power, refuſed admittance to him, ſaid, "I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Baſtille." They found among Wilkes's papers an unpubliſhed North Briton, deſigned for laſt Saturday. It contained advice to the king not to go to St. Paul's on the thankſgiving, but to have a ſnug one in his own chapel; and to let lord G—— S—— carry the ſword. There was a dialogue in it too between Fox and Calcraft: the former ſays to the latter, "I did not think you would have ſerved me ſo, Jemmy Twitcher."

LETTER LIV.

Arlington-ſtreet, May 6, very late, 1763.

THE complexion of the times is a little altered ſince the beginning of this laſt winter. Prerogative, that gave itſelf ſuch airs in November, and would ſpeak to nothing but a Tory, has had a rap this morning that will do

[1] Anne Seymour Conway, whoſe genius for ſculpture has ſince diſtinguiſhed itſelf in more durable materials. E.

it ſome good, unleſs it is weak enough to do itſelf more harm. The judges of the common-pleas have unanimouſly diſmiſſed Wilkes from his impriſonment, as a breach of privilege; his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in tranſports; and it will require all the vanity and confidence of thoſe able miniſters lord S. and Mr. C. to keep up the ſpirits of the court.

I muſt change this tone, to tell you of the moſt diſmal calamity that ever happened. Lady Moleſworth's houſe, in Upper Brook-ſtreet, was burned to the ground between four and five this morning. She herſelf, two of her daughters, her brother, and ſix ſervants, periſhed. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two pair of ſtairs and garret windows: one broke her thigh, the other (the eldeſt of all) broke her's too, and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt. The French governeſs leaped from the garret, and was daſhed to pieces. Dr. Moleſworth and his wife, who were there on a viſit, eſcaped; the wife by jumping from the two pair of ſtairs, and ſaving herſelf by a rail; he by hanging by his hands, till a ſecond ladder was brought, after a firſt had proved too ſhort. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the cataſtrophe is ſhocking beyond what one ever heard: and poor lady Moleſworth, whoſe character and conduct were the moſt amiable in the world, is univerſally lamented. Your good hearts will feel this in the moſt lively manner.

I go early to Strawberry to-morrow, giving up the new opera, madame de Boufflers, and Mr. Wilkes, and all the preſent topics. Wilkes, whoſe caſe has taken its place by the ſide of the ſeven biſhops, calls himſelf the eighth—not quite improperly, when one remembers that ſir Jonathan Trelawney, who ſwore like a trooper, was one of thoſe confeſſors.

There is a good letter in the Gazetteer on the other ſide, pretending to be written by lord Temple, and adviſing Wilkes to cut his throat, like lord E. as it would be of infinite ſervice to their cauſe. There are publiſhed, too, three volumes of lady Mary Wortley's letters, which I believe are genuine, and are not unentertaining—But have you read Tom Hervey's letter to the late king? That beats every thing for madneſs, horrid indecency, and folly, and yet has ſome charming and ſtriking paſſages.

I have adviſed Mrs. H. to inform againſt Jack, as writing in the North Briton; he will then be ſhut up in the Tower, and may be ſhown for old Nero [1]. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LV.

Arlington-ſtreet, May 21, 1763.

YOU have now ſeen the celebrated madame de Boufflers [2]. I dare ſay you could in that ſhort time perceive that ſhe is agreeable, but I dare ſay too that you will agree with me that vivacity is by no means the partage of the French—bating the étourderie of the mouſquetaires and of a high-dried petit-maître or two, they appear to me more lifeleſs than Germans. I cannot comprehend how they came by the character of a lively people. Charles Townſhend has more ſal volatile in him than the whole nation. Their king is taciturnity itſelf; Mirepoix was a walking mummy; Nivernois has about as much life as a ſick favourite child; and monſieur Duſſon is a good-humoured country gentleman, who has been drunk the day before, and is upon his good behaviour. If I have the gout next year and am thoroughly humbled by it again, I will go to Paris, that I may be upon a level with them: at preſent, I am *trop fou* to keep them company. Mind, I do not inſiſt that, to have ſpirits, a nation ſhould be as frantic as poor ———, as abſurd as the ducheſs of Queenſberry, or as daſhing as the Virgin Chudleigh. Oh, that you had been at her ball t'other night! Hiſtory could never deſcribe it and keep its countenance. The queen's real birth-day, you know, is not kept: this maid of honour kept it—nay, while the court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the queen's family really was ſo, lady Northumberland having deſired leave for them. A ſcaffold was erected in Hyde-park for fireworks. To ſhow the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment

[1] An old lion there, ſo called.

[2] The comteſſe de Boufflers, who, ſince the revolution in France of the year 1789, reſided in England for two or three years with her daughter-in-law the comteſſe Emilie de Boufflers.

totally

totally dark, where they remained for two hours—If they gave riſe to any more birth-days, who could help it? The fireworks were fine, and ſucceeded well. On each ſide of the court were two large ſcaffolds for the Virgin's tradeſpeople. When the fireworks ceaſed, a large ſcene was lighted in the court, repreſenting their majeſties; on each ſide of which were ſix obeliſks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottos beneath in Latin and Engliſh: 1. For the prince of Wales, a ſhip, Multorum ſpes. 2. For the princeſs dowager, a bird of Paradiſe, and *two* little ones, *Meos ad ſidera tollo.* People ſmiled. 3. Duke of York, a temple, Virtuti & honori. 4. Princeſs Auguſta, a bird of Paradiſe, Non habet parem—unluckily this was tranſlated, *I have no peer.* People laughed out, conſidering where this was exhibited. 5. The three younger princes, an orange-tree, Promittit & dat. 6. The two younger princeſſes, the flower crown-imperial. I forget the Latin: the tranſlation was ſilly enough, Baſhful in youth, graceful in age. The lady of the houſe made many apologies for the poorneſs of the performance, which ſhe ſaid was only oil-paper, painted by one of her ſervants; but it really was fine and pretty. The duke of Kingſton was in a frock, comme chez lui. Behind the houſe was a cenotaph for the princeſs Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, All the honours the dead can receive. This burying-ground was a ſtrange codicil to a feſtival; and, what was more ſtrange, about one in the morning, this ſarcophagus burſt out into crackers and guns. The margrave of Anſpach began the ball with the Virgin. The ſupper was moſt ſumptuous.

You aſk, when I propoſe to be at Park-place. I aſk, Shall not you come to the duke of Richmond's maſquerade, which is the 2d of June? I cannot well be with you till towards the end of that month.

The incloſed is a letter which I wiſh you to read attentively, to give me your opinion upon it, and return it. It is from a ſenſible friend of mine in Scotland, who has lately correſponded with me on the incloſed ſubjects, which I little underſtand; but I promiſed to communicate his ideas to George Grenville, if he would ſtate them—Are they practicable? I wiſh much that ſomething could be done for thoſe brave ſoldiers and ſailors, who will all come to the gallows, unleſs ſome timely proviſion can be made for them.—The former part of his letter relates to a grievance he complains of, that

that men who have *not* ſerved, are admitted into garriſons, and then into our hoſpitals, which were deſigned for meritorious ſufferers [1]. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LVI.

Arlington-ſtreet, Saturday evening.

NO, indeed I cannot conſent to your being a dirty Philander [2]. Pink and white, white and pink! and both as greaſy as if you had gnawed a leg of a fowl on the ſtairs of the Hay-market with a bunter from the Cardigan's Head! For heaven's ſake don't produce a tight roſe-coloured thigh, unleſs you intend to prevent my lord ———'s return from Harrowgate. Write, the moment you receive this, to your taylor to get you a ſober purple domino as I have done, and it will make you a couple of ſummer waiſtcoats.

In the next place, have your ideas a little more correct about us of times paſt. We did not furniſh our cottages with chairs of ten guineas a piece. Ebony for a farm-houſe [3]! So, two hundred years hence ſome man of taſte will build a hamlet in the ſtyle of George the third, and beg his couſin Tom Hearne to get him ſome chairs for it of mahogany gilt, and covered with blue damaſk. Adieu! I have not a minute's time more.

Yours, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] As this letter is not to be found, no farther light can be thrown on its contents.

[2] At the maſquerade given by the duke of Richmond on the 6th of June, 1763, at his houſe in Privy-garden.

[3] Mr. Conway was at this time fitting up the little building beautifully ſituated on the brow of the hill at Park-place, and called the Cottage, though indeed containing a very good room towards the proſpect in the Gothic ſtyle, for which he had conſulted Mr. Walpole on the propriety of ebony chairs. E.

LETTER LVII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 9, 1763.

MY gallery claims your promiſe; the painters and gilders finiſh to-morrow, and next day it waſhes its hands. You talked of the 15th; ſhall I expect you then, and the counteſs[1], and the conteſſina[2], and the baroneſs[3]?

Lord Digby is to be married immediately to the pretty miſs Fielding; and Mr. Boothby, they ſay, to lady Mary Douglas. What more news I know I cannot ſend you; for I have had it from lady Denbigh and lady Blandford[4], who have ſo confounded names, genders, and circumſtances, that I am not ſure whether prince Ferdinand is not going to be married to the Hereditary Prince. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. If you want to know more of me, you may read a whole column of abuſe upon me in the Public Ledger of Thurſday laſt; where they inform me that the Scotch cannot be ſo ſenſible as the Engliſh, becauſe they have not ſuch good writers. Alack! I am afraid *the moſt ſenſible* men in any country do *not* write.

I had writ this laſt night. This morning I receive your paper of evaſions, perfide que vous êtes! You may let it alone, you will never ſee any thing like my gallery—And then to aſk me to leave it the inſtant it is finiſhed! I never heard ſuch a requeſt in my days!—Why, all the earth is begging to come to ſee it: as Edging ſays, I have had offers enough from blue and green ribbands to make me a falbala-apron. Then I have juſt refuſed to let Mrs. K—— and her biſhop be in the houſe with me, becauſe I expected all you—It is mighty well, mighty fine!—No, ſir, no, I ſhall not

[1] Of Aileſbury.
[2] Miſs Anne Seymour Conway.
[3] Elizabeth Rich, ſecond wife of George lord Lyttelton.
[4] They were both Dutch women, and ſpoke very bad Engliſh.

come;

come; nor am I in a humour to do any thing elſe you deſire: indeed, without your provoking me, I ſhould not have come into the propoſal of paying Giardini. We have been duped and cheated every winter for theſe twenty years by the undertakers of operas, and I never will pay a farthing more till the laſt moment, nor can be terrified at their puffs; I am aſtoniſhed you are. So far from frightening me, the kindeſt thing they could do, would be not to let one have a box to hear their old thread-bare voices and frippery thefts; and as for Giardini himſelf, I would not go croſs the room to hear him play to eternity. I ſhould think he could frighten nobody but lady Bingley by a refuſal.

LETTER LVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 19, 1764.

I AM juſt come from the ducheſs of Argyll's[1], where I dined. General Warburton was there, and ſaid it was the report at the houſe of lords, that you are turned out—He imagined, of your regiment—but that I ſuppoſe is a miſtake for the bedchamber[2]. I ſhall hear more to-night, and lady Strafford, who brings you this, will tell you; though to be ſure you will know earlier by the poſt to-morrow. My only reaſon for writing is, to repeat to you, that whatever you do I ſhall act with you[3]. I reſent any thing done to you as to myſelf. My fortunes ſhall never be ſeparated from yours—except that ſome time or other I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine.

The Manns go on with the buſineſs[4]—The letter you received was from Mr. Edward Mann, not from Gal's widow. Adieu! I was going to ſay, my *diſgraced* friend—How delightful to have a character ſo unſpotted, that the word *diſgrace* recoils on thoſe who diſplace you!

Yours unalterably,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Widow of John Campbell, duke of Argyll. She was ſiſter to general Warburton, and had been maid of honour to queen Anne.

[2] Mr. Conway was diſmiſſed from all his employments, civil and military, for having oppoſed the miniſtry in the houſe of commons, on the queſtion of the legality of general warrants, at the time of the proſecution of Mr. Wilkes for the publication of The North Briton. E.

[3] Mr. Walpole was then in the houſe of commons, member for King's Lynn in Norfolk.

[4] Of army-clothiers.

LETTER LIX.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday night, eight o'clock, April 21, 1764.

I WRITE to you with a very bad head-ach; I have paſſed a night, for which —— and the duke of —— ſhall paſs many an uneaſy one! Notwithſtanding I heard from every body I met, that your regiment, as well as bedchamber, were taken away, I would not believe it, till laſt night the ducheſs of G—— told me, that the night before the ducheſs of ——— ſaid to her, "Are not you very ſorry for poor Mr. Conway? He has loſt every thing." When the witch of Endor pities, one knows ſhe has raiſed the devil.

I am come hither alone to put my thoughts into ſome order, and to avoid ſhowing the firſt ſallies of my reſentment, which I know you would diſapprove; nor does it become your friend to rail. My anger ſhall be a little more manly, and the plan of my revenge a little deeper laid than in peeviſh bons-mots. You ſhall judge of my indignation by its duration.

In the mean time, let me beg you, in the moſt earneſt and moſt ſincere of all profeſſions, to ſuffer me to make your loſs as light as it is in my power to make it: I have ſix thouſand pounds in the funds; accept all, or what part you want. Do not imagine I will be put off with a refuſal. The retrenchment of my expences, which I ſhall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to re-place your fortune as far as I can. When I thought you did not want it, I had made another diſpoſition. You have ever been the deareſt perſon to me in the world. You have ſhown that you deſerve to be ſo.—You ſuffer for your ſpotleſs integrity.—Can I heſitate a moment to ſhow that there is at leaſt one man who knows how to value you? The new will, which I am going to make, will be a teſtimonial of my own ſenſe of virtue.

One circumſtance has heightened my reſentment. If it was *not* an accident, it deſerves to heighten it. The very day on which your diſmiſſion was notified, I received an order from the treaſury for the payment of what money was due to me there. Is it poſſible that they could mean to make any diſtinction between us? Have I ſeparated myſelf from you?

Is

Is there that ſpot on earth where I can be ſuſpected of having paid court? Have I even left my name at a miniſter's door, ſince you took your part? If they have dared to hint this, the pen that is now writing to you will bitterly undeceive them.

I am impatient to ſee the letters you have received, and the anſwers you have ſent. Do you come to town? If you do not, I will come to you to-morrow ſe'nnight, that is, the 29th. I give no advice on any thing, becauſe you are cooler than I am—not ſo cool, I hope, as to be inſenſible to this outrage, this villainy, this injuſtice! You owe it to your country to labour the extermination of ſuch miniſters!

I am ſo bad a hypocrite, that I am afraid of ſhowing how deeply I feel this. Yet laſt night I received the account from the ducheſs of G—— with more temper than you believe me capable of: but the agitation of the night diſordered me ſo much, that lord John Cavendiſh, who was with me two hours this morning, does not, I believe, take me for a hero. As there are ſome who I know would enjoy my mortification, and who probably deſigned I ſhould feel my ſhare of it, I wiſh to command myſelf—but that ſtruggle ſhall be added to their bill. I ſaw nobody elſe before I came away but Legge, who ſent for me and wrote the incloſed for you. He would have ſaid more both to you and lady A——, but I would not let him, as he is ſo ill: however, he thinks himſelf that he ſhall live. I hope he will! I would not loſe a ſhadow that can haunt theſe miniſters.

I feel for lady A——, becauſe I know ſhe feels juſt as I do—and it is not a pleaſant ſenſation. I will ſay no more, though I could write volumes. Adieu!

Yours, as I ever have been and ever will be,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LX.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 24, 1764.

I REJOICE that you feel your loſs[1] ſo little: that you act with dignity and propriety does not ſurpriſe me. To have you behave in character and with character, is my firſt of all wiſhes; for then it will not be in the power of man to make you unhappy. Aſk yourſelf—Is there a man in England with whom you would change character?—Is there a man in England who would not change with you? Then think how little they have taken away!

For me, I ſhall certainly conduct myſelf as you preſcribe. *Your* friend ſhall ſay and do nothing unworthy of *your* friend. You govern me in every thing but one: I mean the diſpoſition I have told you I ſhall make[2]. Nothing can alter that, but a great change in your fortune. In another point you partly miſunderſtood me. That I ſhall explain hereafter.

I ſhall certainly meet you here on Sunday, and very cheerfully. We may laugh at a world in which nothing of us will remain long but our characters. Adieu! the dear family!

Yours eternally,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXI.

Arlington-ſtreet, June 5, 1764.

YOU will wonder that I have been ſo long without giving you any ſigns of life; yet, though not writing *to* you, I have been employed *about* you, as I have ever ſince the 21ſt of April; a day your enemies ſhall have ſome cauſe to remember. I had writ nine or ten ſheets of an anſwer to the *Addreſs to the Public*, when I received the incloſed *mandate*[3]. You will ſee

[1] Of his employments.
[2] Of leaving a conſiderable part of his fortune to Mr. Conway.
[3] The paper here alluded to does not appear.

my

my maſters order me, as a ſubaltern of the exchequer, to drop you and defend them—but you will ſee too, that, inſtead of obeying, *I have given warning*. I would not communicate any part of this tranſaction to you, till it was out of my hands, becauſe I knew your affection for me would not approve my going ſo far—But it was neceſſary. My honour required that I ſhould declare my adherence to you in the moſt authentic manner. I found that ſome perſons had dared to doubt whether I would riſk every thing for you. You ſee by theſe letters that Mr. Grenville himſelf had preſumed ſo. Even a change in the adminiſtration, however unlikely, might happen before I had any opportunity of declaring myſelf; and then thoſe who ſhould chooſe to put the worſt conſtruction, either on my actions or my ſilence, might ſay what they pleaſed. I was waiting for ſome opportunity: they have put it into my hands, and I took care not to let it ſlip. Indeed they have put more into my hands, which I have not let ſlip neither. Could I expect they would give me ſo abſurd an account of Mr. Grenville's conduct, and give it me in writing? They can only add to this obligation that of provocation to print my letter, which, however ſtrong in facts, I have taken care to make very decent in terms, becauſe it imports us to have the candid (that is, I fear, the mercenary) on our ſide.—No, that we muſt not expect, but at leaſt diſarmed.

Lord Taviſtock has flung his handkerchief to lady Elizabeth Keppel. They all go to Woburn on Thurſday, and the ceremony is to be performed as ſoon as her brother, the biſhop, can arrive from Exeter. I am heartily glad the ducheſs of Bedford does not ſet her heart on marrying me to any body; I am ſure ſhe would bring it about. She has ſome ſmall intention of coupling my niece and ———, but I have forbidden the banns.

The birth-day, I hear, was lamentably empty. We had a funereal loo laſt night in the great chamber at lady Bel Finch's: the Duke, princeſs Emily, and the ducheſs of Bedford were there. The princeſs entertained her grace with the joy the duke of Bedford will have in being a grandfather; in which reflection, I believe, the grandmotherhood was not forgotten. Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

September 1, 1764.

I SEND you the reply to The counter-addreſs[1]; it is the loweſt of all Grub-ſtreet, and I hear is treated ſo. They have nothing better to ſay, than that I am in love with you, have been ſo theſe twenty years, and am no giant. I am a very conſtant old ſwain: they might have made the years above thirty; it is ſo long I have had the ſame unalterable friendſhip for you, independent of being near relations and bred up together. For arguments, ſo far from any new ones, the man gives up or denies moſt of the former. I own I am rejoiced not only to ſee how little they can defend themſelves, but to know the extent of their malice and revenge! They muſt be ſorely hurt, when reduced to ſuch ſcurrility. Yet there is one paragraph, however, which I think is of ——— ———'s own inditing. It ſays, *I flattered, ſolicited, and then baſely deſerted him.* I no more expected to hear myſelf accuſed of flattery, than of being in love with you; but I ſhall not laugh at the former as I do at the latter. Nothing but his own conſummate vanity could ſuppoſe I had ever ſtooped to flatter *him!* or that any man was connected with him, but who was low enough to be paid for it. Where has he one ſuch attachment?

You have your ſhare too—The miſcarriage at Rochfort now directly laid at your door: repeated inſinuations againſt your courage:—but I truſt you will mind them no more than I do, excepting the *flattery*, which I ſhall not forget, I promiſe them.

I came to town yeſterday on ſome buſineſs, and found a caſe.—When I opened it, what was there but my lady A———'s moſt beautiful of all pictures[2]! Don't imagine I can think it intended for me, or that, if it could be ſo, I would hear of ſuch a thing. It is far above what can be parted with, or accepted. I am ſerious—there is no letting ſuch a picture, when one has accompliſhed it, go from where one can ſee it every day.

[1] A pamphlet wrote by Mr. Walpole, in anſwer to another, called "*An addreſs to the public on the late diſmiſſal of a general officer.*" The counter addreſs is publiſhed in the ſecond volume of this edition. E.

[2] A landſcape executed in worſteds by lady Aileſbury. It is now at Strawberry-hill.

I ſhould

I ſhould take the thought equally kind and friendly, but ſhe muſt let me bring it back, if I am not to do any thing elſe with it, and it came by miſtake. I am not ſo ſelfiſh to deprive her of what ſhe muſt have ſuch pleaſure in ſeeing. I ſhall have more ſatisfaction in ſeeing it at Park-place; where, in ſpite of the worſt kind of malice, I ſhall perſiſt in ſaying my heart is fixed. They may ruin me, but no calumny ſhall make me deſert you. Indeed your caſe would be completely cruel, if it was more honourable for your relations and friends to abandon you than to ſtick to you. My option is made, and I ſcorn their abuſe as much as I deſpiſe their power.

I think of coming to you on Thurſday next for a day or two, unleſs your houſe is full, or you hear from me to the contrary. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXIII.

Strawberry-hill, October 5, 1764.

IT is over with us!—If I did not know your firmneſs, I would have prepared you by degrees; but you are a man, and can hear the worſt at once. The duke of Cumberland [1] is dead. I have heard it but this inſtant. The duke of Newcaſtle was come to breakfaſt with me, and had pulled out a letter from lord Frederick, with a hopeleſs account of the poor duke of Devonſhire. Ere I could read it, colonel Schutz called at the door and told my ſervant this fatal news! I know no more—it muſt be at Newmarket, and very ſudden; for the duke of Newcaſtle had a letter from Hodgſon, dated on Monday, which ſaid the duke was perfectly well, and his gout gone:—yes, to be ſure, into his head. Princeſs Amelia had endeavoured to prevent his going to Newmarket, having perceived great alteration in his ſpeech, as the duke of Newcaſtle had.——Well! it will not be.—Every thing fights againſt this country! Mr. Pitt muſt ſave it himſelf—or, what I do

[1] William duke of Cumberland, ſon of George the ſecond.

not know whether he will not like as well, ſhare in overturning its liberty—if they will admit him; which I queſtion now if they will be fools enough to do.

You ſee I write in deſpair. I am for the whole, but perfectly tranquil. We have acted with honour, and have nothing to reproach ourſelves with. We cannot combat fate. We ſhall be left almoſt alone; but I think you will no more go with the torrent than I will. Could I have foreſeen this tide of ill fortune, I would have done juſt as I have done; and my conduct ſhall ſhow I am ſatisfied I have done right. For the reſt, come what come may, I am perfectly prepared! and while there is a free ſpot of earth upon the globe, that ſhall be my country. I am ſorry it will not be this, but to-morrow I ſhall be able to laugh as uſual. What ſignifies what happens when one is ſeven-and-forty, as I am to-day?

"They tell me 'tis my birth-day"—but I will not go on with Antony, and ſay

——————— "and I'll keep it
With double pomp of ſadneſs."—

No; when they can ſmile, who ruin a great country, ſure thoſe who would have ſaved it may indulge themſelves in that cheerfulneſs which conſcious integrity beſtows. I think I ſhall come to you next week; and ſince we have no longer any plan of operations to ſettle, we will look over the map of Europe, and fix upon a pleaſant corner for our exile—for take notice, I do not deſign to fall upon my dagger, in hopes that ſome Mr. Addiſon a thouſand years hence may write a dull tragedy about me. I will write my own ſtory a little more cheerfully than he would; but I fear now I muſt not print it at my own preſs. Adieu! You was a philoſopher before you had any occaſion to be ſo: pray continue ſo; you have ample occaſion!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

Strawberry-hill, October 13, 1764.

LORD John Cavendiſh has been ſo kind as to ſend me word of the duke of Devonſhire's [1] legacy to you. You cannot doubt of the great joy this gives me; and yet it ſerves to aggravate the loſs of ſo worthy a man! And when I feel it thus, I am ſenſible how much more it will add to your concern, inſtead of diminiſhing it. Yet do not wholly reflect on your misfortune. You might deſpiſe the acquiſition of five thouſand pounds ſimply; but when that ſum is a public teſtimonial to your virtue, and bequeathed by a man ſo virtuous, it is a million! Meaſure it with the riches of thoſe who have baſely injured you, and it is ſtill more! Why, it is glory, it is conſcious innocence, it is ſatisfaction—it is affluence without guilt.—Oh! the comfortable ſound! It is a good name in the hiſtory of theſe corrupt days. There it will exiſt, when the wealth of your and their country's enemies will be waſted, or will be an indelible blemiſh on their deſcendants.

My heart is full, and yet I will ſay no more. My beſt loves to all your opulent family. Who ſays virtue is not rewarded in this world? It is rewarded by virtue, and it is perſecuted by the bad: Can greater honour be paid to it?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXV.

Strawberry-hill, October 29, 1764.

I AM glad you mentioned it: I would not have had you appear without your cloſe mourning for the duke of Devonſhire upon any account. I was once going to tell you of it, knowing your inaccuracy in ſuch matters; but thought it ſtill impoſſible you ſhould be ignorant how neceſſary it is. Lord

[1] William, fourth duke of Devonſhire. During his adminiſtration in Ireland Mr. Conway had been ſecretary of ſtate there.

Strafford, who has a legacy of only 200*l.* wrote to conſult lady Suffolk. She told him, for ſuch a ſum, which only implies a ring, it was ſometimes not done; but yet adviſed him to mourn. In your caſe it is indiſpenſible; nor can you ſee any of his family without it. Beſides, it is much better on ſuch an occaſion to over, than under do. I anſwer this paragraph firſt, becauſe I am ſo earneſt not to have you blamed.

Beſides wiſhing to ſee you all, I have wanted exceedingly to come to you, having much to ſay to you; but I am confined here, that is, Mr. Chute [1] is: he was ſeized with the gout laſt Wedneſday ſe'nnight, the day he came hither to meet George Montagu, and this is the firſt day he has been out of his bed-chamber. I muſt therefore put off our meeting till Saturday, when you ſhall certainly find me in town.

We have a report here, but the authority bitter bad, that lord March is going to be married to ———. I don't believe it the leſs for our knowing nothing of it; for unleſs their daughter were breeding, and it were to ſave her character, neither —— nor —— would diſcloſe a tittle about it. Yet in charity they ſhould advertiſe it, that parents and relations, if it is ſo, may lock up all knives, ropes, laudanum, and rivers, leſt it ſhould occaſion a violent mortality among his fair admirers.

I am charmed with an anſwer I have juſt read in the papers of a poor man in Bedlam, who was ill uſed by an apprentice becauſe he would not tell him why he was confined there. The unhappy creature ſaid at laſt, "Becauſe God has deprived me of a bleſſing which you never enjoyed." There never was any thing finer or more moving! Your ſenſibility will not be quite ſo much affected by a ſtory I heard t'other day of ſir Fletcher Norton. He has a mother—yes, a mother: perhaps you thought, that, like that tender urchin Love,

—— duris in cotibus *illum*
Iſmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec noſtri generis puerum nec ſanguinis edunt.

Well, Mrs. Rhodope lives in a mighty ſhabby hovel at Preſton, which the dutiful and affectionate ſir Fletcher began to think not ſuitable to the dig-

[1] John Chute, eſq. of the Vine in Hampſhire.

nity of one who has the honour of being his parent. He cheapened a better, in which were two pictures which the proprietor valued at threescore pounds. The *attorney* insisted on having them for nothing, as fixtures—the landlord refused, the bargain was broken off, and the dowager madam Norton remains in her original hut. I could tell you another story which you would not dislike; but as it might hurt the person concerned, if it was known, I shall not send it by the post; but will tell it you when I see you. Adieu!

Yours most cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXVI.

Wednesday noon, July 3, 1765.

THE footing part of my dance with my shocking partner the gout is almost over. I had little pain there this last night, and got, at twice, about three hours sleep; but whenever I waked found my head very bad, which Mr. Graham thinks gouty too. The fever is still very high: but the same sage is of opinion, with my lady Londonderry, that if it was a fever from death, I should die; but as it is only a fever from the gout, I shall live. I think so too, and hope that, like the duke and duchess of Marlborough, they are so inseparable, that when one goes, t'other will.

Tell lady A———, I fear it will be long before I shall be able to compass all your terraces again.

The weather is very hot, and I have the comfort of a window open all day. I have got a bushel of roses too, and a new scarlet nightingale, which does *not* sing Nancy Dawson from morning to night. Perhaps you think all these poor pleasures; but you are ignorant what a provocative the gout is, and what charms it can bestow on a moment's amusement! Oh! it beats all the refinements of a Roman sensualist. It has made even my watch a darling plaything; I strike it as often as a child does. Then the disorder of my sleep diverts me when I am awake. I dreamt that I went to see

madame de Bentheim at Paris, and that ſhe had the pretticſt palace in the world, built like a pavilion, of yellow laced with blue; that I made love to her daughter, whom I called mademoiſelle bleüe et jaune, and thought it very clever.

My next reverie was very ſerious, and laſted half an hour after I was awake; which you will perhaps think a little light-headed, and ſo do I. I thought Mr. Pitt had had a conference with madame de Bentheim, and granted all her demands. I rung for Louis at ſix in the morning, and wanted to get up and inform myſelf of what had been kept ſo ſecret from me. You muſt know, that all theſe viſions of madame de Bentheim flowed from George Selwyn telling me laſt night, that ſhe had carried moſt of her points, and was returning. What ſtuff I tell you!—But, alas! I have nothing better to do, ſitting on my bed, and wiſhing to forget how brightly the ſun ſhines, when I cannot be at Strawberry.

LETTER LXVII.

Amiens[1], Wedneſday, Sept. 11, 1765.

BIAU COUSIN,

I HAVE had a very proſperous journey till juſt at entering this city. I eſcaped a prince of Naſſau at Dover, and ſickneſs at ſea, though the voyage laſted ſeven hours and a half. I have recovered my ſtrength ſurpriſingly in the time; though almoſt famiſhed for want of clean victuals, and comfortable tea and bread and butter. Half a mile from hence I met a coach and four with an equipage of French, and a lady in pea-green and ſilver, a ſmart hat and feather, and two ſuivantes. My reaſon told me it was the archbiſhop's concubine; but luckily my heart whiſpered that it was lady —— ——. I jumped out of my chaiſe—yes, jumped, as Mrs. Nugent ſaid of herſelf, fell on my knees, and ſaid my firſt ave-maria, gratiâ plena! We juſt ſhot a few politics flying—heard that madame de Mirepoix had toaſted me t'other day in tea—ſhook hands, forgot to weep, and parted; ſhe to

[1] Mr. Walpole having had a long and dangerous fit of gout in the antecedent ſummer, was adviſed to try change of air for the reeſtabliſhment of his health, and left London on his way to Paris, September the 9th, 1765. E.

the

the hereditary princeſs, I to this inn, where is actually reſident the ducheſs of Douglas. We are not likely to have any intercourſe, or I would declare myſelf a Hamilton [1].

I find this country wonderfully enriched ſince I ſaw it four-and-twenty years ago. Boulogne is grown quite a plump ſmug town, with a number of new houſes. The worſt villages are tight, and wooden ſhoes have diſappeared. Mr. Pitt and the city of London may fancy what they will, but France will not come a-begging to the Manſion-houſe this year or two. In truth, I impute this air of opulence a little to ourſelves. The crumbs that fall from the chaiſes of the ſwarms of Engliſh that viſit Paris, muſt have contributed to fatten this province. It is plain I muſt have little to do when I turn my hand to calculating: but here is my obſervation. From Boulogne to Paris it will coſt me near ten guineas; but then conſider, I travel alone, and carry Louis moſt part of the way in the chaiſe with me. Nos autres milords Anglois are not often ſo frugal. Your brother [2], laſt year, had ninety-nine Engliſh to dinner on the king's birth-day. How many of them do you think dropped ſo little as ten guineas on this road? In ſhort, there are the ſeeds of a calculation for you; and if you will water them with a torrent of words, they will produce ſuch a diſſertation, that you will be able to vie with George Grenville next ſeſſion in plans of national œconomy—only be ſure not to tax travelling till I come back, loaded with purchaſes; nor, till then, propagate my ideas. It will be time enough for me to be thrifty of the nation's money, when I have ſpent all my own.

Clermont, 12th.

WHILE they are getting my dinner, I continue my journal. The ducheſs of Douglas (for Engliſh are generally the moſt extraordinary perſons that we meet with even out of England) left Amiens before me, on her way home. You will not gueſs what ſhe carries with her—Oh! nothing that will hurt our manufactures; nor what George Grenville himſelf would ſeize. One of her ſervants died at Paris; ſhe had him embalmed, and the body is tied before her chaiſe:—a droll way of being chief mourner!

[1] The memorable cauſe between the houſes of Douglas and Hamilton was then pending.

[2] Francis earl of Hertford, then embaſſador at Paris.

For

For a French abſurdity, I have obſerved that along the great roads they plant walnut-trees, but ſtrip them up for firing. It is like the owl that bit off the feet of mice, that they might lie ſtill and fatten.

At the foot of this hill is an old-faſhioned chateau belonging to the duke of Fitz-James, with a *parc en quincunx* and clipped hedges. We ſaw him walking in his waiſtcoat and ribband, very well powdered; a figure like Guerchy. I cannot ſay his ſeat rivals Goodwood or Euſton [1]. I ſhall lie at Chantilly to-night, for I did not ſet out till ten this morning—not becauſe I could not, as you will ſuſpect, get up ſooner—but becauſe all the horſes in the country have attended the queen to Nancy [2]. Beſides, I have a little underplot of ſeeing Chantilly and St. Denis in my way; which you know one could not do in the dark to-night, nor in winter, if I return then.

Hotel de feue madame l'Ambaſſadrice d'Angleterre [3], Sept. 13, 7 o'clock.

I AM juſt arrived. My lady Hertford is not at home, and lady Anne [4] will not come out of her burrow: ſo I have juſt time to finiſh this before madame returns; and Brian ſets out to-night and will carry it. I find I ſhall have a great deal to ſay: formerly I obſerved nothing, and now remark every thing minutely. I have already fallen in love with twenty things, and in hate with forty. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The duc de Fitz-James's father, marechal Berwick, was a natural ſon of James II. Mr. Walpole therefore compares his country ſeat with thoſe of the dukes of Richmond and Grafton, ſimilar deſcendants from his brother Charles II. E.

[2] Staniſlaus king of Poland, father to the queen of Louis XV. lived at Nancy.

[3] Lord Hertford was at this time recalled, and the duke of Richmond appointed to ſucceed him in the embaſſy at Paris.

[4] Lady Anne Seymour Conway, afterwards married to the earl of Drogheda.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

Paris, October 6, 1765.

I AM glad to find you grow juſt, and that you do conceive at laſt, that I could do better than ſtay in England for politics. Tenez, mon enfant, as the ducheſſe de la Ferté ſaid to madame Staal [1]; comme il n'y a que moi au monde qui aie toujours raiſon, I will be very reaſonable; and as you have made this conceſſion to me, who knew I was in the right, I will not expect you to anſwer all my *reaſonable* letters. If you ſend a bullying letter to the king of Spain [2], or to *choſe*, my neighbour here [3], I will conſider them as written to myſelf, and ſubſtract ſo much from your bill—Nay, I will accept a line from lady A——— now and then in part of payment. I ſhall continue to write as the wind ſets in my pen; and do own my babble does not demand much reply.

For ſo reaſonable a perſon as I am, I have changed my mind very often about this country. The firſt five days I was in violent ſpirits—then came a diſmal cloud of whiſk and literature, and I could not bear it. At preſent I begin, very *Engliſhly* indeed, to eſtabliſh a right to my own way. I laugh, and talk nonſenſe, and make them hear me. There are two or three houſes where I go quite at my eaſe, am never aſked to touch a card, nor hold diſſertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her houſe, and God knows how they water them. The old preſident Henault is the pagod at madame du Deffand's, an old blind debauchée of wit, where I ſupped laſt night. The preſident is very near deaf, and much nearer ſuperannuated. He ſits by the table: the miſtreſs of the houſe, who formerly was his, inquires after every diſh on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the preſident's ears. In ſhort, every mouthful is proclaimed, and ſo is every blunder I make againſt grammar. Some that I make on purpoſe, ſucceed; and one of them is to be reported to the queen to-day by Henault, who is her great favourite. I had been at Verſailles; and having been much taken notice of by her majeſty, I ſaid, alluding to madame de

[1] See Memoires de madame de Staal (the firſt authoreſs of that name), publiſhed with the reſt of her works in three ſmall volumes. E.

[2] Mr. Conway was now ſecretary of ſtate for the foreign department.

[3] The king of France, Louis XV.

Sevigné,

Sevigné, *La reine eſt le plus grand roi du monde.* You may judge if I am in poſſeſſion by a ſcene that paſſed after ſupper. Sir James Macdonald[1] had been mimicking Hume: I told the women, who, beſides the miſtreſs, were the ducheſſe de la Valiere, madame de Forcalquier, and a demoiſelle, that to be ſure they would be glad to have a ſpecimen of Mr. Pitt's manner of ſpeaking; and that nobody mimicked him ſo well as Elliot[2]. They firmly believed it, teaſed him for an hour, and at laſt ſaid he was the rudeſt man in the world not to oblige them. It appeared the more ſtrange, becauſe here every body ſings, reads their own works in public, or attempts any one thing without heſitation or capacity. Elliot ſpeaks miſerable French; which added to the diverſion.

I had had my ſhare of diſtreſs in the morning, by going through the operation of being preſented to the whole royal family, down to the little Madame's pap-dinner, and had behaved as ſillily as you will eaſily believe; hiding myſelf behind every mortal. The queen called me up to her dreſſing-table, and ſeemed mightily diſpoſed to goſſip with me; but inſtead of enjoying my glory like madame de Sevigné, I ſlunk back into the crowd after a few queſtions. She told monſieur de Guerchy of it afterwards, and that I had run away from her, but ſaid ſhe would have her revenge at Fontainebleau—So I muſt go thither, which I did not intend. The king, dauphin, dauphineſs, meſdames, and the wild beaſt, did not ſay a word to me. Yes, the wild beaſt, he of the Gevaudan. He is killed, and actually in the queen's anti-chambre, where he was exhibited to us with as much parade as if it was Mr. Pitt. It is an exceedingly large wolf, and, the connoiſſeurs ſay, has twelve teeth more than any wolf ever had ſince the days of Romulus's wet-nurſe. The critics deny it to be the true beaſt; and I find moſt people think the beaſt's name is *legion, for there are many.* He was covered with a ſheet, which two chaſſeurs lifted up for the foreign miniſters and ſtrangers. I dined at the duke of Praſlin's with five-and-twenty tomes of the corps diplomatique; and after dinner was preſented, by monſieur de Guerchy, to the duc de Choiſeul. The duc de Praſlin is as like his own letters in D'Eon's book as he can ſtare; that is, I believe, a very ſilly fellow. His wiſdom is of the grave kind. His couſin, the firſt

[1] An elder brother of ſir A. Macdonald, the preſent lord chief baron of the exchequer. He died at Rome the year following, leaving behind him a diſtinguiſhed character for every mental accompliſhment.

[2] Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto.

miniſter, is a little volatile being, whoſe countenance and manner had nothing to frighten me for my country. I ſaw him but for three ſeconds, which is as much as he allows to any one body or thing. Monſieur de Guerchy[1], whoſe goodneſs to me is inexpreſſible, took the trouble of walking every where with me, and carried me particularly to ſee the new office for ſtate papers—I wiſh I could ſend it you. It is a large building, diſpoſed like an hoſpital, with the moſt admirable order and method. Lodgings for every officer; his name and buſineſs written over his door. In the body is a perſpective of ſeven or eight large chambers: each is painted with emblems, and wainſcoted with preſſes with wired doors and crimſon curtains. Over each preſs, in golden letters, the country to which the pieces relate, as Angleterre, Allemagne, &c. Each room has a large funnel of bronze with or moulu, like a column, to air the papers and preſerve them. In ſhort, it is as magnificent as uſeful.

From thence I went to ſee the reſervoir of pictures at monſieur de Marigny's. They are what are not diſpoſed of in the palaces, though ſometimes changed with others. This *refuſe*, which fills many rooms from top to bottom, is compoſed of the moſt glorious works of Raphael, L. da Vinci, Giorgione, Titian, Guido, Correggio, &c. Many pictures, which I knew by their prints, without an idea where they exiſted, I found there.

The duc de Nivernois is extremely obliging to me. I have ſupped at madame de Bentheim's, who has a very fine houſe, and a woful huſband. She is much livelier than any Frenchwoman. The livelieſt man I have ſeen is the duc de Duras: he is ſhorter and plumper than lord Halifax, but very like him in the face. I am to ſup with the Duſſons on Sunday. In ſhort, all that have been in England are exceedingly diſpoſed to repay any civilities they received there. Monſieur de Caraman wrote from the country to excuſe his not coming to ſee me, as his wife is on the point of being brought-to-bed, but begged I would come to them—So I would, if I was a man-midwife: but though they are eaſy on ſuch heads, I am not uſed to it, and cannot make a party of pleaſure of a labour.

Wilkes arrived here two days ago, and announced that he was going

[1] He had been embaſſador in England.

miniſter to Conſtantinople. To-day I hear he has lowered his credentials, and talks of going to England, if he can make his peace[1]. I thought, by the manner in which this was mentioned to me, that the perſon meant to ſound me: but I made no anſwer; for, having given up politics in England, I certainly did not come to tranſact them here. He has not been to make me the firſt viſit, which, as the laſt arrived, depends on him: ſo, never having ſpoken to him in my life, I have no call to ſeek him. I avoid all politics ſo much, that I had not heard one word here about Spain. I ſuppoſe my ſilence paſſes for very artful myſtery, and puzzles the miniſters, who keep ſpies on the moſt inſignificant foreigner. It would have been lucky if I had been as watchful. At Chantilli I loſt my portmanteau with half my linen; and the night before laſt I was robbed of a new frock, waiſtcoat and breeches, laced with gold, a white and ſilver waiſtcoat, black velvet breeches, a knife and a book. Theſe are expences I did not expect, and by no means entering into my ſyſtem of extravagance.

I am very ſorry for the death of lord Ophaly, and for his family. I knew the poor young man himſelf but little, but he ſeemed extremely good-natured. What the duke of Richmond will do for a hotel, I cannot conceive. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXIX.

Paris, October 28, 1765.

MR. Hume[2] ſends me word from Fontainebleau, that your brother, ſome time in the ſpring of 1764, tranſmitted to the Engliſh miniſtry *a pretty exact and very authentic account of the French finances*; theſe are his words: *and that it will be eaſily found among his lordſhip's diſpatches of that period.* To the other queſtion I have received no anſwer; I ſuppoſe he has not yet been able to inform himſelf.

[1] After his outlawry.

[2] The celebrated David Hume was ſecretary of embaſſy to the earl of Hertford during his reſidence at Paris.

This

This goes by an Engliſh coachman of count Lauragais, ſent over to buy more horſes: therefore I ſhall write a little miniſterially, and, perhaps, ſurpriſe you, if you are not already appriſed of things in the light I ſee them.

The dauphin will probably hold out very few days. His death, that is, the near proſpect of it, fills *the philoſophers* with the greateſt joy, as it was feared he would endeavour the reſtoration of the jeſuits. You will think the ſentiments of *the philoſophers* very odd *ſtate-news*—but do you know, who *the philoſophers* are, or what the term means here? In the firſt place, it comprehends almoſt every body; and in the next, means men, who avowing war againſt popery, aim, many of them, at a ſubverſion of all religion, and ſtill many more, at the deſtruction of regal power[1]. How do you know this? you will ſay; you, who have been but ſix weeks in France, three of which you have been confined to your chamber. True: but in the firſt period I went every where, and heard nothing elſe; in the latter, I have been extremely viſited, and have had long and explicit converſations with many, who think as I tell you, and with a few of the other ſide, who are no leſs perſuaded that there are ſuch intentions. In particular, I had two officers here t'other night, neither of them young, whom I had difficulty to keep from a ſerious quarrel, and who, in the heat of the diſpute, informed me of much more than I could have learnt with great pains.

As a proof that my ideas are not quite viſions, I ſend you a moſt curious paper[2]; ſuch as I believe no *magiſtrate* would have pronounced in the time of Charles I. I ſhould not like to have it known to come from me, nor any part of the intelligence I ſend you; with regard to which, if you think it neceſſary to communicate it to particular perſons, I deſire my name may be ſuppreſſed. I tell it you for *your* ſatisfaction and information, but would not have any body elſe think that I do any thing here but amuſe myſelf: my amuſements indeed are triſte enough, and conſiſt wholly in trying to get well; but my recovery moves very ſlowly. I have not yet had any thing but cloth ſhoes on, live ſometimes a whole-day on warm water, and am never tolerably well till twelve or one o'clock.

[1] The reader, in the year 1798, will be ſtruck with this ſuccinct account of *les philoſophes François*, their doctrines and their intentions, given in the year 1765, which their ſubſequent conduct has proved ſo accurately true. E.

[2] This paper does not appear.

I have had another letter from ſir Horace Mann, who has much at heart his ribband and increaſe of character. Conſequently you know, as I love him ſo much, I muſt have them at heart too. Count Lorenzi is recalled, becauſe here they think it neceſſary to ſend a Frenchman of higher rank to the new Grand Ducal court. I wiſh ſir Horace could be raiſed on this occaſion. For his ribband, his promiſe is ſo old and ſo poſitive, that it is quite a hardſhip.

Pray put the colonies in good humour; I ſee they are violently diſpoſed to the new adminiſtration.

I have not time to ſay more, nor more to ſay if I had time; ſo good night. Let me know if you receive this, and how ſoon: it goes the day after to-morrow. Various reports ſay, the duke of Richmond comes this week. I ſent you a letter by monſieur de Guerchy.

Duſſon, I hear, goes embaſſador to Poland. Tell lady A——— that I have five or ſix little parcels, though not above one for her, of laces and ribbands, which lady C—— left with me; but how to convey them the lord knows.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXX.

Paris, November 29, 1765.

AS I anſwered your ſhort letter with a very long one, I ſhall be ſhorter in anſwer to your long, which I received late laſt night from Fontainebleau: it is not very neceſſary; but as lord William Gordon ſets out for England on Monday, I take that opportunity.

The duke of R——— tells me that Choiſeul has promiſed every thing. I wiſh it may be performed, and *ſpeedily*, as it will give you an opportunity of opening the parliament with great eclat. My opinion you know is, that this is the moment for puſhing them and obtaining.

Thank you for all you ſay about my gout. We have had a week of very hard froſt, that has done me great good, and rebraced me. The ſwelling of my legs is quite gone. What has done me more good, is having entirely left off tea, to which I believe the weakneſs of my ſtomach was owing, having had no ſickneſs ſince. In ſhort, I think I am cured of every thing but my fears. You talk coolly of going as far as Naples, and propoſe my going with you. I would not go ſo far, if Naples was the direct road to the new Jeruſalem. I have no thought or wiſh, but to get home, and be quiet for the reſt of my days, which I ſhall moſt certainly do the firſt moment the ſeaſon will let me; and if I once get to London again, ſhall be ſcarce tempted ever to lie in an inn more. I have refuſed to go to Aubigné, though I ſhould lie but one night on the road. You may gueſs what I have ſuffered, when I am grown ſo timorous about my health.—However, I am again reverted to my ſyſtem of water, and trying to recover my hardineſs—but nothing has at all ſoftened me towards phyſicians.

You ſee I have given you a ſerious anſwer, though I am rather diſpoſed to ſmile at your propoſal. Go to Italy! for what?—Oh! to quit—do you know, I think that as idle a thought as the other. Pray ſtay where you are, and do ſome good to your country, or retire when you cannot—but don't put your finger in your eye and cry after the holidays and ſugar-plums of Park-place. You have engaged and muſt go through, or be hindered. Could you tell the world the reaſon? Would not all men ſay you had found yourſelf incapable of what you had undertaken? I have no patience with your thinking ſo idly. It would be a reflection on your underſtanding and character, and a want of reſolution unworthy of you.

My advice is, to aſk for the firſt great government that falls, if you will not take your regiment again; to continue acting vigorouſly and honeſtly where you are. Things are never ſtable enough in our country to give you a proſpect of a long ſlavery. Your defect is irreſolution. When you have taken your poſt, act up to it; and if you are driven from it, your retirement will then be as honourable (and more ſatisfactory) than your adminiſtration. I ſpeak frankly, as my friendſhip for you directs. My way of acting (though a private inſtance) is agreeable to my doctrine. I determined, whenever our oppoſition ſhould be over, to have done with politics; and you ſee I have adhered to my reſolution by coming hither; and

and therefore you may be convinced that I ſpeak my thoughts. I don't aſk your pardon, becauſe I ſhould be forced to aſk my own if I did not tell you what I think the beſt for you. You have life and Park-place enough to come, and *you* have not had five months of gout. Make yourſelf independent honourably, which you may do by a government; but if you will take my advice, don't accept a miniſterial place when you ceaſe to be a miniſter. The former is a reward due to your profeſſion and ſervices, the latter is a degradation. You know the haughtineſs of my ſpirit; I give you no advice but what I would follow.

I ſent lady A——— *the Orpheline leguée*; a poor performance; but the ſubject made me think ſhe would like to ſee it. I am over head and ears at count Caylus's auction, and have bought half of it for a ſong—but I am ſtill in greater felicity and luck, having diſcovered, by mere accident, a portrait of count Grammont, after having been in ſearch of one theſe fifteen years, and aſſured there was no ſuch thing. A-propos, I promiſed you my own: but beſides that there is nobody here that excels in painting ſkeletons; ſeriouſly, their painters are bitter bad, and as much inferior to Reynolds and Ramſay, as Hudſon to Vandyck. I had rather ſtay till my return. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXI.

Paris, December 5, 1765.

I HAVE not above a note's worth to ſay; but as lord Oſſory ſets out tomorrow, I juſt ſend you a line.

The dauphin, if he is ſtill alive, which ſome folks doubt, is kept ſo only by cordials; though the biſhop of Glandeve has aſſured the queen that he had God's own word for his recovery, which ſhe ſtill believes, whether her ſon is dead or not.

The remonſtrance of the parliament of Paris, on the diſſolution of that of Bretagne, is very decent; they are to have an audience next week. They do not touch on Chalotais, becauſe the accuſation againſt him is for treaſon. What do you think that treaſon is? A correſpondence with Mr. Pitt, to whom he is made to ſay, *that Rennes is nearer to London than Paris.* It is now believed that the anonymous letters, ſuppoſed to be written by Chalotais, were forged by a jeſuit—thoſe to Mr. Pitt could not have even ſo good an author.

The duke of Richmond is ſtill at Aubigné; I wonder he ſtays, for it is the hardeſt froſt alive. Mr. Hume does not go to Ireland, where your brother finds he would by no means be welcome.—I have a notion he will ſtay here till your brother's return.

The duc de Praſlin, it is ſaid, will retire at Chriſtmas. As La Borde, the great banker of the court, is trying to retire too, my couſin, who is much connected with La Borde, ſuſpects that Choiſeul is not very firm himſelf.

I have ſupped with monſieur de Maurepas, and another night with marſhal Richelieu: the firſt is extremely agreeable and *ſenſible;* and, I am glad, not *Miniſter.* The other is an old piece of tawdry, worn out, but endeavouring to bruſh itſelf up; and put me in mind of lord Cheſterfield, for they laugh before they know what he has ſaid—and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards.

I ſend lady A—— the words and muſic of the prettieſt opera comique in the world—I wiſh I could ſend her the actors too. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

December 9th.

Lord Oſſory put off his journey; which ſtopped this letter, and it will now go by Mr. Andr. Stuart.

The

The face of things is changed here, which I am impatient to tell you, that you may ſee it is truth, not ſyſtem, which I pique myſelf on ſending you. The vigour of the court has frightened the parliaments. That of Pau has ſubmitted. The procureurs, &c. of Rennes, who, it was ſaid, would not plead before the new commiſſion, were told, that if they did not plead the next day they ſhould be hanged without a trial—No bribe ever operated faſter!

I heard t'other day, that ſome Spaniſh miniſter, I forget his name, being dead, Squillace would take his department, and Grimaldi have that of the Weſt Indies.—He is the worſt that could have it, as we have no greater enemy.

The dauphin is certainly alive, but in the moſt ſhocking way poſſible; his bones worn through his ſkin, a great ſwelling behind, and ſo relaxed, that his inteſtines appear from that part; and yeſterday the mortification was ſuſpected.

I have received a long letter from lady A——, for which I give her a thouſand thanks; and would anſwer it directly, if I had not told you every earthly thing I know.

The duke and ducheſs[1] are, I hear, at Fontainebleau: the moment they return, I will give the ducheſs lady A——'s commiſſion.

LETTER LXXII.

Paris, January 12, 1766.

I HAVE received your letter by general Vernon, and another, to which I have writ an anſwer, but was diſappointed of a conveyance I expected. You ſhall have it with additions, by the firſt meſſenger that goes; but I cannot ſend it by the poſt, as I have ſpoken very freely of ſome perſons you

[1] Of Richmond.

name,

name, in which we agree thoroughly. Theſe few lines are only to tell you I am not idle in writing to you.

I almoſt repent having come hither; for I like the way of life and many of the people ſo well, that I doubt I ſhall feel more regret at leaving Paris than I expected. It would ſound vain to tell you the honours and diſtinctions I receive, and how much I am in faſhion; yet when they come from the handſomeſt women in France, and the moſt reſpectable in point of character, can one help being a little proud? If I was twenty years younger, I ſhould wiſh they were not quite ſo reſpectable. Madame de Brionne, whom I have never ſeen, and who was to have met me at ſupper laſt night at the charming madame d'Egmont's, ſent me an invitation by the latter for Wedneſday next. I was engaged, and heſitated. I was told, "Comment! ſçavez-vous que c'eſt qu'elle ne feroit pas pour toute la France?" However, leſt you ſhould dread my returning a perfect old ſwain, I ſtudy my wrinkles, compare myſelf and my limbs to every plate of larks I ſee, and treat my underſtanding with at leaſt as little mercy. Yet, do you know, my preſent fame is owing to a very trifling compoſition, but which has made incredible noiſe. I was one evening at madame Geoffrin's joking on Rouſſeau's affectations and contradictions, and ſaid ſome things that diverted them. When I came home I put them into a letter, and ſhowed it next day to Helvetius and the duc de Nivernois; who were ſo pleaſed with it, that, after telling me ſome faults in the language, which you may be ſure there were, they encouraged me to let it be ſeen. As you know I willingly laugh at mountebanks *political* or literary, let their talents be ever ſo great, I was not averſe. The copies have ſpread like wild-fire; et me voici à la mode! I expect the end of my reign at the end of the week with great compoſure. Here is the letter:

Le Roi de PRUSSE à Monſieur ROUSSEAU.

Mon cher Jean Jacques,

VOUS avez renoncé à Geneve votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chaſſer de la Suiſſe, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a decreté. Venez donc chez moi: j'admire vos talents; je m'amuſe de vos reveries, qui (ſoit dit en paſſant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être ſage et heureux. Vous avez fait aſſez parler de vous par

des ſingularités peu convenables à un veritable grand homme. Demontrez à vos ennemis, que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le ſens commun: cela les fachera, ſans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paiſible; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, ſi vous le trouvez bon. Mais ſi vous vous obſtiniez à rejetter mon ſecours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à perſonne. Si vous perſiſtez à vous creuſer l'eſprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choiſiſſez les tels que vous voudrez. Je ſuis roi, je puis vous en procurer au grè de vos ſouhaits: et ce qui ſurement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je ceſſerai de vous perſécuter quand vous ceſſerez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

Votre bon ami,

FREDERIC.

The princeſſe de Ligne, whoſe mother was an Engliſhwoman, made a good obſervation to me laſt night. She ſaid, *Je ſuis roi, je puis vous procurer de malheurs*, was plainly the ſtroke of an Engliſh pen. I ſaid, then I had certainly not well imitated the character in which I wrote. You will ſay, I am a bold man to attack both Voltaire and Rouſſeau. It is true; but I ſhoot at their heel, at their vulnerable part.

I beg your pardon for taking up your time with theſe trifles. The day after to-morrow we go in cavalcade with the ducheſs[1] to her audience[2]; I have got my cravat and ſhammy ſhoes. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXIII.

Paris, April 6, 1766.

IN a certain city of Europe[3] it is the cuſtom to wear ſlouched hats, long cloaks and high capes. Scandal and the government called this dreſs, *going*

[1] Of Richmond.
[2] At Verſailles as embaſſadreſs.
[3] This account alludes to the inſurrection at Madrid, on the attempt of the court in the laſt reign to introduce the French dreſs in Spain. E.

in maſk, and pretended that it contributed to aſſaſſination. An ordonnance was publiſhed, commanding free-born hats to be cocked, cloaks to be ſhortened, and capes laid aſide. All the world obeyed for the firſt day; but the next, every thing returned into its old channel. In the evening a tumult aroſe, and cries of God bleſs the king! God bleſs the kingdom! but confuſion to the prime miniſter[1].—The word was no ſooner given, but his houſe was beſet, the windows broken, and the gates attempted. The guards came and fired on the *weavers*[2] of cloaks. The weavers returned the fire, and many fell on each ſide. As the hour of ſupper approached and the mob grew hungry, they recollected a tax upon bread, and demanded the *repeal*. The king yielded to both requeſts, and hats and loaves were ſet at liberty. The people were not contented, and ſtill inſiſted on the permiſſion of murdering the firſt miniſter; though his majeſty aſſured his faithful commons that the miniſter was never conſulted on acts of government, and was only his private friend, who ſometimes called upon him in an evening to drink a glaſs of wine and talk botany. The people were incredulous, and continued in mutiny when the laſt letters came away.

If you ſhould happen to ſuppoſe, as I did, that this *hiſtory* arrived in London, do not be alarmed; for it was at Madrid; and a nation who has borne the inquiſition cannot ſupport a cocked hat!—So neceſſary it is for governors to know when lead or a feather will turn the balance of human underſtandings, or will not.

I ſhould not have entrenched on lord George's[3] province of ſending you news of revolutions, but he is at Aubigné[4]; and I thought it right to adverti ſe you in time, in caſe you ſhould have a mind to ſend a bale of flouched hats to the ſupport of the mutineers. As I have worn a flapped hat all my life, when I have worn any at all, I think myſelf qualified, and would offer my ſervice to command them; but being perſuaded that you are a faithful obſerver of treaties, though a friend to repeals, I ſhall come and receive your commands in perſon. In the mean time I cannot help figuring what a pompous proteſt my lord Lyttelton might draw up in the character of an old grandee againſt the revocation of the act for cocked hats.

[1] Squillace, an Italian, whom the king was obliged to baniſh.

[2] Alluding to the mobs of ſilk-weavers which had taken place this year in London.

[3] Lord George Lenox, only brother to the duke of Richmond.

[4] The duke of Richmond's country ſeat in France.

Lady A—— forgot to ſend me word of your recovery, as ſhe promiſed; but I was ſo lucky as to hear it from other hands. Pray take care of yourſelf, and do not imagine that you are as weak as I am, and can eſcape the ſcythe, as I do by being low: your life is of more conſequence. If you don't believe me, ſtep into the ſtreet and aſk the firſt man you meet.

This is Sunday, and Thurſday is fixed for my departure; unleſs the Clairon ſhould return to the ſtage on Tueſday ſe'nnight, as is ſaid; and I do not know whether I ſhould not be tempted to borrow two or three days more, having never ſeen her: yet my lilacs pull hard, and I have not a farthing left in the world. Be ſure you do not leave a cranny open for George Grenville to wriggle in, till I have got all my things out of the cuſtom-houſe. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXIV.

Paris, April 8, 1766.

I SENT you a few lines by the poſt yeſterday, with the firſt accounts of the inſurrection at Madrid. I have ſince ſeen Stahremberg, the Imperial miniſter, who has had a courier from thence; and if lord Rochford has not ſent one, you will not be ſorry to know more particulars. The mob diſarmed the invalids; ſtopped all coaches, to prevent Squillace's flight; and meeting the duke de Medina Celi, forced him and the duke d'Arcos to carry their demands to the king. His moſt frightened majeſty granted them directly; on which his highneſs the people diſpatched a monk with their demands in writing, couched in four articles: the diminution of the gabel on bread and oil; the revocation of the ordonnance on hats and cloaks; the baniſhment of Squillace; and the abolition of ſome other tax, I don't know what. The king ſigned all; yet was ſtill forced to appear in a balcony, and promiſe to obſerve what he had granted. Squillace was ſent with an eſcort to Carthagena, to embark for Naples, and the firſt commis of the treaſury appointed to ſucceed him; which does not look much like obſervation of the conditions. Some ſay Enſenada is recalled, and that Grimaldi is in no good

odour with the people. If the latter and Squillace are diſmiſſed, we get rid of two enemies.

The tumult ceaſed on the grant of the demands; but the king retiring that night to Aranjuez, the inſurrection was renewed the next morning, on pretence that this flight was a breach of the capitulation. The people ſeized the gates of the capital, and permitted nobody to go out. In this ſtate were things when the courier came away. The ordonnance againſt going in diſguiſe looks as if ſome ſuſpicions had been conceived; and yet their confidence was ſo great as not to have 2000 guards in the town. The pitiful behaviour of the court makes one think that the Italians were frightened, and that the Spaniſh part of the miniſtry were not ſorry it took that turn. As I ſuppoſe there is no great city in Spain which has not at leaſt a bigger bundle of grievances than the capital, one ſhall not wonder if the puſillanimous behaviour of the king encourages them to redreſs themſelves too.

There is what is called a change of the miniſtry here; but it is only a croſſing over and figuring in. The duc de Praſlin has wiſhed to retire for ſome time; and for this laſt fortnight there has been much talk of his being replaced by the duc d'Aiguillon, the duc de Nivernois, &c.; but it is plain, though not believed till *now*, that the duc de Choiſeul is all-powerful. To purchaſe the ſtay of his couſin Praſlin, on whom he can depend, and to leave no cranny open, he has ceded the marine and colonies to the duc de Praſlin, and taken the foreign and military department himſelf. His couſin is beſides named chef du conſeil des finances; a very honourable, very dignified and very idle place, and never filled ſince the duc de Bethune had it. Praſlin's hopeful cub the viſcount, whom you ſaw in England laſt year, goes to Naples, and the marquis de Durfort to Vienna—a cold, dry, proud man, with the figure and manner of lord Cornbury.

Great matters are expected to-day from the parliament, which re-aſſembles. A mouſquetaire, his piece loaded with a lettre de cachet, went about a fortnight ago to the notary who keeps the parliamentary regiſters, and demanded them. They were refuſed—but given up, on the lettre de cachet being produced. The parliament intends to try the notary for breach of truſt, which I ſuppoſe will make his fortune; though he has not the merit of perjury like —— ——.

There

There have been inſurrections at Bourdeaux and Toulouſe, on the militia, and 27 perſons were killed at the latter: but both are appeaſed. Theſe things are ſo much in vogue, that I wonder the French do not dreſs *à la revolte*.

The queen is in a very dangerous way.

This will be my laſt letter; but I am not ſure I ſhall ſet out before the middle of next week.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXV.

Bath, October 2, 1766.

I ARRIVED yeſterday at noon, and bore my journey perfectly well, except that I had the head-ach all yeſterday; but it is gone to-day, or at leaſt made way for a little giddineſs which the water gave me this morning at firſt. If it does not do me good very ſoon, I ſhall leave it; for I diſlike the place exceedingly, and am diſappointed in it. Their new buildings that are ſo admired, look like a collection of little hoſpitals; the reſt is deteſtable; and all crammed together, and ſurrounded with perpendicular hills that have no beauty. The river is paltry enough to be the Seine or Tyber. Oh! how unlike my lovely Thames!

I met my lord Chatham's coach yeſterday full of ſuch Grenville-looking children, that I ſhall not go to ſee him this day or two [1]; and to-day I ſpoke to lady Rockingham in the ſtreet. My lords chancellor and preſident are here, and lord and lady Powis. Lady Malpas arrived yeſterday. I ſhall viſit miſs Rich to-morrow. In the next apartment to mine lodges ——— ———. I have not ſeen him ſome years; and he is grown either mad or

[1] Mr. Walpole in general diſliked being in company with children, to whom he was little accuſtomed. E.

ſuper-

ſuperannuated, and talks without ceſſation or coherence: you would think all the articles of a dictionary were prating together at once. The Bedfords are expected this week. There are forty thouſand others that I neither know nor intend to know. In ſhort, it is living in a fair, and I am heartily ſick of it already. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXVI.

Bath, October 18, 1766.

YOU have made me laugh, and ſomebody elſe makes me ſtare. How can one wonder at any thing he does, when he knows ſo little of the world? I ſuppoſe the next ſtep will be to propoſe me for groom of the bed-chamber to the new duke of Cumberland. But why me? Here is that hopeful young fellow ſir John Ruſhout, the oldeſt member of the houſe, and, as extremes meet, very proper to begin again; why overlook him? However, as the ſecret is kept from me myſelf, I am perfectly eaſy about it. I ſhall call to-day or to-morrow to aſk his commands, but certainly ſhall not obey thoſe you mention.

The waters certainly are not ſo beneficial to me as at firſt: I have almoſt every morning my pain in my ſtomach. I do not pretend this to be the cauſe of my leaving Bath. The truth is, I cannot bear it any longer. You laugh at my regularity; but the contrary habit is ſo ſtrong in me, that I cannot continue ſuch ſobriety. The public rooms, and the Loo, where we play in a circle, like the hazard on twelfth-night, are inſupportable. This coming into the world again, when I am ſo weary of it, is as bad and ridiculous as moving an addreſs would be. I have no affectation, for affectation is a monſter at nine-and-forty; but if I cannot live quietly, privately, and comfortably, I am perfectly indifferent about living at all. I would not kill myſelf, for that is a philoſopher's affectation, and I will come hither again, if I muſt; but I ſhall always drive very near, before I ſubmit to

do

do any thing I do not like. In ſhort, I muſt be as fooliſh as I pleaſe, as long as I can keep without the limits of abſurdity. What has an old man to do but to preſerve himſelf from parade on one hand, and ridicule on the other? Charming youth may indulge itſelf in either, may be cenſured, will be envied, and has time to correct. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Monday evening.

You are a delightful manager of the houſe of commons, to reckon 540, inſtead of 565! Sandwich was more accurate in liſts, and would not have miſcounted 25, which are ſomething in a diviſion.

LETTER LXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 9, 1768.

YOU are very kind, or elſe you ſaw into my mind, and knew that I have been thinking of writing to you, but had not a pen full of matter. True, I have been in town, but I am more likely to learn news here; where at leaſt we have it like fiſh, that could not find vent in London. I ſaw nothing there but the ruins of Loo, lady Hertford's cribbage, and lord B———, like patience on a monument, ſmiling in grief. He is totally ruined, and quite charmed. Yet I heartily pity him. To Virginia he cannot be indifferent: he muſt turn their heads ſome how or other. If his graces do not captivate them, he will enrage them to fury; for I take all his douceur to be enamelled on iron.

My life is moſt uniform and void of events, and has nothing worth repeating. I have not had a ſoul with me, but accidental company now and then at dinner. Lady Holderneſs, lady Ancram, lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Hume, dined here the day before yeſterday. They were but juſt gone, when George Selwyn, lord Bolinbroke, and ſir William Muſgrave, who had been at Hampton-court, came in, at nine at night, to drink

drink tea. They told me, what I was very glad to hear, and what I could not doubt, as they had it from the duke of Grafton himſelf, that biſhop Cornwallis goes to Canterbury. I feared it would be ———; but it ſeems he had ſecured all the back-ſtairs, and not the great ſtairs. As the laſt head of the church[1] had been on the midwife line, I ſuppoſe goody ——— had hopes; and as he had been preſident of an atheiſtical club, to be ſure Warburton did not deſpair. I was thinking it would make a good article in the papers, that three biſhops had ſupped with Nancy Parſons at Vauxhall, in their way to Lambeth. I am ſure —— would have been of the number; and ———, who told the duke of Newcaſtle, that if his grace had commanded the Blues at Minden they would have behaved better, would make no ſcruple to cry up her chaſtity.

The king of Denmark comes on Thurſday; and I go to-morrow to ſee him. It has coſt three thouſand pounds to new-furniſh an apartment for him at St. James's; and now he will not go thither, ſuppoſing it would be a confinement. He is to lodge at his own miniſter Dieden's.

Auguſtus Hervey, thinking it the bel air, is going to ſue for a divorce from the Chudleigh. He aſked lord B——— t'other day, who was his proctor, as he would have aſked for his taylor. The nymph has ſent him word, that if he proves her his wife he muſt pay her debts; and ſhe owes ſixteen thouſand pounds. This obſtacle thrown in the way, looks as if ſhe was not ſure of being ducheſs of Kingſton. The lawyers ſay, it will be no valid plea; it not appearing that ſhe was Hervey's wife, and therefore the tradeſmen could not reckon on his paying them.

Yes, it is my Gray, Gray the poet, who is made profeſſor of modern hiſtory; and I believe it is worth 500*l.* a year. I knew nothing of it till I ſaw it in the papers; but believe it was Stonehewer that obtained it for him.

Yes again; I uſe a bit of alum half as big as my nail, once or twice a week, and let it diſſolve in my mouth. I ſhould not think that uſing it oftener could be prejudicial. You ſhould inquire; but as you are in more

[1] Thomas Secker, archbiſhop of Canterbury.

hurry than I am, you ſhould certainly uſe it oftener than I do. I wiſh I could cure my lady A——— too. Ice-water has aſtoniſhing effect on my ſtomach, and removes all pain like a charm. Pray, though the one's teeth may not be ſo white as formerly, nor t'other look in perfect health, let the Daniſh king ſee ſuch good ſpecimens of the laſt age—though, by what I hear, he likes nothing but the very preſent age.—However, ſure you will both come and look at him: not that I believe he is a jot better than the apprentices that flirt to Epſom in a Tim-whiſky; but I want to meet you in town.

I don't very well know what I write, for I hear a caravan on my ſtairs, that are come to ſee the houſe: Margaret is chattering, and the dogs barking; and this I call retirement! and yet I think it preferable to your viſit at Becket. Adieu! Let me know ſomething more of your motions, before you go to Ireland, which I think a ſtrange journey, and better compounded for: and when I ſee you in town I will ſettle with you another viſit to Park-place.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Friday, July 7, 1769.

YOU deſired me to write, if I knew any thing particular. How particular will content you? Don't imagine I would ſend you ſuch haſh as the livery's petition [1]. Come; would the apparition of my lord Chatham ſatisfy you? Don't be frightened: it was not his ghoſt. He, he himſelf in propriâ perſonâ, and not in a ſtrait waiſtcoat, walked into the king's levee this morning, and was in the cloſet twenty minutes after the levee; and was to go out of town to-night again. The deuce is in it if this is not news. Whether he is to be king, miniſter, lord mayor, or alderman, I do not know; nor a word more than I have told you.

[1] The petition of the livery of London, complaining of the unconſtitutional conduct of the king's miniſters, and the undue return of Mr. Luttrell when he oppoſed Mr. Wilkes at the election for Middleſex. E.

Whether he was ſent for to guard St. James's gate, or whether he came alone, like Almanzor, to ſtorm it, I cannot tell: by Beckford's violence I ſhould think the latter. I am ſo indifferent what he came for, that I ſhall wait till Sunday to learn; when I lie in town on my way to Ely. You will probably hear more from your brother before I can write again. I ſend this by my friend Mr. Granger[1], who will leave it at your park-gate as he goes through Henley home. Good-night: it is paſt twelve, and I am going to bed.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, Tueſday Nov. 14, 1769.

I AM here quite alone, and did not think of going to town till Friday for the opera, which I have not yet ſeen. In compliment to you and your counteſs I will make an effort, and be there on Thurſday; and will either dine with you at your own houſe, or at your brother's; which you chooſe. This is a great favour, and beyond my lord Temple's journey to dine with my lord mayor[2]. I am ſo ſick of the follies of all ſides, that I am happy to be at quiet here, and to know no more of them than what I am forced to ſee in the newſpapers; and thoſe I ſkip over as faſt as I can.

The account you give me of lady —— was juſt the ſame as I received from Paris. I will ſhow you a very particular letter I received by a private hand from thence; which convinces me that I gueſſed right, contrary to all the wiſe, that the journey to Fontainebleau would overſet monſieur de Choiſeul. I think he holds but by a thread, which will ſnap ſoon. I am labouring hard with the ducheſs[3] to procure the duke of Richmond ſatisfaction in the favour he has aſked about his duchy[4]; but he ſhall not know

[1] Author of the Biographical Hiſtory of England.
[2] In the ſecond mayoralty of William Beckford.
[3] The ducheſs of Choiſeul.
[4] Of Aubigné.

it till it is completed, if I can be ſo lucky as to ſucceed. I think I ſhall, if they do not fall immediately.

You perceive how barren I am, and why I have not written to you. I paſs my time in clipping and paſting prints; and do not think I have read forty pages ſince I came to England. I bought a poem called Trincalo's Trip to the Jubilee; having been ſtruck with two lines in an extract in the papers,

And the ear-piercing fife,
And the ear-piercing wife—

Alas! all the reſt, and it is very long, is a heap of unintelligible nonſenſe, about Shakeſpeare, politics, and the lord knows what. I am grieved that, with our admiration of Shakeſpeare, we can do nothing but write worſe than ever he did. One would think the age ſtudied nothing but his Love's labour loſt, and Titus Andronicus. Politics and abuſe have totally corrupted our taſte. Nobody thinks of writing a line that is to laſt beyond the next fortnight. We might as well be given up to controverſial divinity. The times put me in mind of the Conſtantinopolitan empire; where, in an age of learning, the ſubtleſt wits of Greece contrived to leave nothing behind them, but the memory of their follies and acrimony. Milton did not write his Paradiſe Loſt till he had outlived his politics. With all his parts, and noble ſentiments of liberty, who would remember him for his barbarous proſe? Nothing is more true than that extremes meet. The licentiouſneſs of the preſs makes us as ſavage as our Saxon anceſtors, who could only ſet their marks; and an outrageous purſuit of individual independence, grounded on ſelfiſh views, extinguiſhes genius as much as deſpotiſm does. The public good of our country is never thought of by men that hate half their country. Heroes confine their ambition to be leaders of the mob. Orators ſeek applauſe from their faction, not from poſterity; and miniſters forget foreign enemies, to defend themſelves againſt a majority in parliament. When any Cæſar has conquered Gaul, I will excuſe him for aiming at the perpetual dictature. If he has only jockeyed ſomebody out of the borough of Veii or Falernum, it is too impudent to call himſelf a patriot or a ſtateſman. Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

Arlington-ſtreet, July 12, 1770.

REPOSING under my laurels! No, no, I am repoſing in a much better tent, under the teſter of my own bed. I am not obliged to riſe by break of day and be dreſſed for the drawing room; I may ſaunter in my ſlippers till dinner-time, and not make bows till my back is as much out of joint as my lord Temple's. In ſhort, I ſhould die of the gout or fatigue, if I was to be Polonius to a princeſs for another week[1]. Twice a-day we made a pilgrimage to almoſt every heathen temple in that province that they call a garden; and there is no ſallying out of the houſe without deſcending a flight of ſteps as high as St. Paul's. My lord Beſborough would have dragged me up to the top of the column, to ſee all the kingdoms of the earth; but I would not, if he could have given them to me. To crown all, becauſe we live under the line, and that we were all of us giddy young creatures, of near threeſcore, we ſupped in a grotto in the Elyſian fields, and were refreſhed with rivers of dew and gentle ſhowers that dripped from all the trees; and put us in mind of the heroic ages, when kings and queens were ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, and lived in caves, and were wet to the ſkin two or three times a-day. Well! thank heaven, I am emerged from that Elyſium, and once more in a chriſtian country!—Not but, to ſay the truth, our pagan landlord and landlady were very obliging, and the party went off much better than I expected. We had no very recent politics, though volumes about the Spaniſh war; and as I took care to give every thing a ludicrous turn as much as I could, the princeſs was diverted, the ſix days rolled away, and the ſeventh is my ſabbath; and I promiſe you I will do no manner of work, I, nor my cat, nor my dog, nor any thing that is mine. For this reaſon, I entreat that the journey to Goodwood may not take place before the 12th of Auguſt, when I will attend you. But this expedition to Stowe has quite blown up my intended one to Wentworth-caſtle: I have not reſolution enough left for ſuch a journey. Will you and lady A——— come to Strawberry before or after Goodwood? I know you like being dragged from home as little as I do; therefore you ſhall place that viſit juſt when it is moſt convenient to you.

[1] Mr. Walpole had been for a week at Stowe, the ſeat of earl Temple, with a party invited to meet her royal highneſs the late princeſs Amelia.

I came

I came to town the night before laſt, and am juſt returning. There are not twenty people in all London. Are not you in deſpair about the ſummer? It is horrid to be ruined in coals in June and July. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXI.

Arlington-ſtreet, Chriſtmas-day.

IF poplar-pines ever grow [1], it muſt be in ſuch a ſoaking ſeaſon as this. I wiſh you would ſend half-a-dozen by ſome Henley barge to meet me next Saturday at Strawberry-hill, that they may be as tall as the monument by next ſummer. My caſcades give themſelves the airs of cataracts, and Mrs. Clive looks like the ſun riſing out of the ocean. Poor Mr. Raftor [2] is tired to death of their ſolitude; and as his paſſion is walking, he talks with rapture of the brave rows of lamps all along the ſtreets, juſt as I uſed formerly to think no trees beautiful without lamps to them, like thoſe at Vauxhall.

As I came to town but to dinner, and have not ſeen a ſoul, I do not know whether there is any news. I am juſt going to the princeſs [3], where I ſhall hear all there is. I went to king Arthur on Saturday, and was tired to death, both of the nonſenſe of the piece and the execrable performance, the ſingers being ſtill worſe than the actors. The ſcenes are little better (though Garrick boaſts of rivalling the French opera), except a pretty bridge, and a gothic church with windows of painted glaſs. This ſcene, which ſhould be a barbarous temple of Woden, is a perfect cathedral, and the devil officiates at a kind of high maſs! I never ſaw greater abſurdities.

Adieu!

[1] The firſt poplar-pine (or, as they have ſince been called, Lombardy poplar) planted in England is that at Park-place, on the bank of the river near the great arch. It was a cutting brought from Turin by the late lord Rochford in his carriage, and planted by general Conway's own hand. E.

[2] Brother to Mrs. Clive. He had been an actor himſelf, and, when his ſiſter retired from the ſtage, lived with her in the houſe Mr. Walpole had given her at Twickenham. E.

[3] The late princeſs Amelia.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Dec. 29, 1770.

THE trees[1] came ſafe: I thank you for them: they are gone to Strawberry, and I am going to plant them. This paragraph would not call for a letter, but I have news for you of importance enough to dignify a diſpatch. The duc de Choiſeul is fallen! The expreſs from lord Harcourt[2] arrived yeſterday morning; the event happened laſt Monday night, and the courier ſet out ſo immediately, that not many particulars are yet known. The duke was allowed but three hours to prepare himſelf, and ordered to retire to his ſeat at Chanteloup: but ſome letters ſay, Il ira plus loin. The duc de Praſlin is baniſhed too, and Chatelet is forbidden to viſit Choiſeul. Chatelet was to have had the marine; and I am ſure is no loſs to us. The chevalier de Muy is made ſecretary of ſtate pour la guerre; and it is concluded that the duc d'Aiguillon is prime-miniſter, but was not named ſo in the firſt hurry. There! there is a revolution! there is a new ſcene opened! Will it advance the war? Will it make peace? Theſe are the queſtions all mankind is aſking. This whale has ſwallowed up all gudgeon-queſtions. Lord Harcourt writes, that the d'Aiguilloniſts had officiouſly taken opportunities of aſſuring him, that if they prevailed it would be peace; but in this country we know that opponents turned miniſters *can* change their language. It is added, that the morning of Choiſeul's baniſhment, the king ſaid to him, Monſieur, je vous ai dit que je ne voulois pas la guerre. Yet how does this agree with Francès's[3] eager proteſtations that Choiſeul's fate depended on preſerving the peace? How does it agree with the comptroller-general's offer of finding funds for the war, and of Choiſeul's proving he could not?—But how reconcile half the politics one hears? De Guiſnes and Francès ſent their excuſes to the ducheſs of Argyll laſt night; and I ſuppoſe the Spaniards too, for none of them were there.—Well! I ſhall let all this buſtle cool for two days; for what Engliſhman does not ſacrifice any thing to go his Saturday out of town?—And yet I am very much intereſted in this event; I feel much for madame de Choiſeul, though nothing

[1] The Lombardy poplars.

[2] Then embaſſador at Paris.

[3] Then the chargé des affaires from the French court in London.

for

for her *Corſican* huſband; but I am in the utmoſt anxiety for my dear old friend[1], who paſſed every evening with the ducheſs, and was thence in great credit; and what is worſe, though nobody I think can be ſavage enough to take away her penſion, ſhe may find great difficulty to get it paid—and then her poor heart is ſo good and warm, that this blow on her friends, at her great age, may kill her. I have had no letter, nor had laſt poſt—whether it was ſtopped, or whether ſhe apprehended the event, as I imagine—for every body obſerved, on Tueſday night, at your brother's, that Francès could not open his mouth. In ſhort, I am moſt ſeriouſly alarmed about her.

You have ſeen in the papers the deſigned arrangements in the law. They now ſay there is ſome hitch; but I ſuppoſe it turns on ſome demands, and ſo will be got over by their being granted.

Mr. Maſon, the bard, gave me yeſterday the incloſed memorial, and begged I would recommend it to you. It is in favour of a very ingenious painter. Adieu! the ſun ſhines brightly; but it is one o'clock, and it will be ſet before I get to Twickenham.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Paris, July 30, 1771.

I DO not know where you are, nor where this will find you, nor when it will ſet out to ſeek you, as I am not certain by whom I ſhall ſend it. It is of little conſequence, as I have nothing material to tell you, but what you probably may have heard.

The diſtreſs here is incredible, eſpecially at court. The king's tradeſmen are ruined, his ſervants ſtarving, and even angels and archangels

[1] Madame la marquiſe du Deffand.

cannot

cannot get their penſions and ſalaries, but ſing Woe! woe! woe! inſtead of Hoſannahs. Compiegne is abandoned; Villiers-coterets and Chantilly[1] crowded, and Chanteloup[2] ſtill more in faſhion, whither every body goes that pleaſes; though, when they aſk leave, the anſwer is, *Je ne le defends ni le permets*. This is the firſt time that ever the will of a king of France was interpreted againſt his inclination. Yet, after annihilating his parliament, and ruining public credit, he tamely ſubmits to be affronted by his own ſervants. Mad. de Beauveau and two or three high-ſpirited dames defy this czar of Gaul. Yet they and their cabal are as inconſiſtent on the other hand. They make epigrams, ſing vaudevilles againſt the miſtreſs, hand about libels againſt the chancellor, and have no more effect than a ſky-rocket; but in three months will die to go to court, and to be invited ſup with madame du Barry. The only real ſtruggle is between the chancellor[3] and the duc d'Aiguillon. The firſt is falſe, bold, determined, and not ſubject to little qualms. The other is leſs known, communicates himſelf to nobody, is ſuſpected of deep policy and deep deſigns, but ſeems to intend to ſet out under a maſk of very ſmooth varniſh; for he has juſt obtained the payment of all his bitter enemy la Chalotais's penſions and arrears. He has the advantage too of being but moderately deteſted in compariſon of his rival, and, what he values more, the intereſt of the miſtreſs[4]. The comptroller-general[5] ſerves both, by acting miſchief more ſenſibly felt; for he ruins every body but thoſe who purchaſe a reſpite from his miſtreſs. He diſpenſes bankruptcy by retail, and will fall, becauſe he cannot even by theſe means be uſeful enough. They are ſtriking off nine millions from la caiſſe militaire, five from the marine, and one from the affaires étrangeres: yet all this will not extricate them. You never ſaw a great nation in ſo diſgraceful a poſition. Their next proſpect is not better: it reſts on an Imbecille, both in mind and body.

July 31.

Mr. Churchill and my ſiſter ſet out to-night after ſupper, and I ſhall ſend this letter by them. There are no new books, no new plays, no new novels;

[1] The country palaces of the duke of Orleans and the prince of Condé, who were in diſgrace at court for having eſpouſed the cauſe of the parliament of Paris baniſhed by the chancellor Maupou.

[2] The country ſeat of the duc de Choiſeul, to which, on his ceaſing to be firſt miniſter, he was baniſhed by the king.

[3] Maupou.

[4] Madame du Barry.

[5] The abbé Terrai.

nay, no new faſhions. They have dragged old m^lle^ le Maure out of a retreat of thirty years, to ſing at the Coliſée, which is a moſt gaudy Ranelagh, gilt, painted, and be-cupided like an opera, but not calculated to laſt as long as Mother Coliſeum, being compoſed of chalk and paſteboard. Round it are courts of treillage, that ſerve for nothing, and behind it a canal, very like a horſe-pond, on which there are fireworks and juſts. All together it is very pretty; but as there are few nabobs and nabobeſſes in this country, and as the middling and common people are not much richer than Job when he had loſt every thing but his patience, the proprietors are on the point of being ruined, unleſs the project takes place that is talked of. It is, to oblige Corneille, Racine, and Moliere to hold their tongues twice a-week, that their audiences may go to the Coliſée. This is like our parliament's adjourning when ſenators want to go to Newmarket. There is a monſieur Guillard writing a hiſtory of the rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre.—I hope he will not omit this parallel.

The inſtance of their poverty that ſtrikes *me* moſt, who make political obſervations by the thermometer of baubles, is, that there is nothing new in their ſhops. I know the faces of every ſnuff-box and every tea-cup as well as thoſe of madame du Lac and monſieur Poirier. I have choſen ſome cups and ſaucers for my lady A———, as ſhe ordered me, but I cannot ſay they are at all extraordinary. I have beſpoken two cabriolets for her, inſtead of ſix, becauſe I think them very dear, and that ſhe may have four more if ſhe likes them. I ſhall bring too a ſample of a baguette that ſuits them. For myſelf, between œconomy and the want of novelty, I have not laid out five guineas—a very memorable anecdote in the hiſtory of my life. Indeed, the czarina and I have a little diſpute: ſhe has offered to purchaſe the whole Crozat collection of pictures, at which I had intended to ruin myſelf. The Turks take her for it!—A-propos, they are ſending from hence fourſcore officers to Poland, each of whom I ſuppoſe, like Almanzor, can ſtamp with his foot and raiſe an army.

As my ſiſter travels like a Tartar princeſs with her whole horde, ſhe will arrive too late almoſt for me to hear from you in return to this letter, which in truth requires no anſwer, vû que I ſhall ſet out myſelf on the 26th of Auguſt. You will not imagine that I am glad to ſave myſelf the pleaſure of hearing from you, but I would not give you the trouble of writing

writing unneceſſarily. If you are at home, and not in Scotland, you will judge by theſe dates where to find me. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Inſtead of reſtoring the Jeſuits, they are proceeding to annihilate the Celeſtine, Auguſtines, and ſome other orders.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Paris, Aug. 11, 1771.

YOU will have ſeen, I hope, before now, that I have not neglected writing to you. I ſent you a letter by my ſiſter, but doubt ſhe has been a great while upon the road, as they travel with a large family. I was not ſure where you was, and would not write at random by the poſt.

I was juſt going out when I received yours and the newſpapers. I was ſtruck in a moſt ſenſible manner, when, after reading your letter, I ſaw in the newſpapers that Gray[1] is dead! So very ancient an intimacy, and, I ſuppoſe, the natural reflection to ſelf on loſing a perſon but a year older, made me abſolutely ſtart in my chair. It ſeemed more a corporal than a mental blow; and yet I am exceedingly concerned for him, and every body muſt be ſo for the loſs of ſuch a genius. He called on me but two or three days before I came hither; he complained of being ill, and talked of the gout in his ſtomach—but I expected his death no more than my own—and yet the ſame death will probably be mine.—I am full of all theſe reflections—but ſhall not attriſt you with them:—only do not wonder that my letter will be ſhort, when my mind is full of what I do not give vent to. It was but laſt night that I was thinking how few perſons laſt, if one lives to be old, to whom one can talk without reſerve. It is impoſſible to be intimate with the young, becauſe they and the old cannot converſe on the ſame common topics; and of the old that ſurvive, there are few one can commence a friendſhip with, becauſe one has probably all one's life deſpiſed their

[1] Thomas Gray, the poet.

hearts or their underſtandings. Theſe are the ſteps through which one paſſes to the unenviable lees of life!

I am very ſorry for the ſtate of poor lady B———. It preſages ill. She had a proſpect of long happineſs. Opium is a very falſe friend.

I will get you Bougainville's book.—I think it is on the Falkland Iſles, for it cannot be on thoſe juſt diſcovered; but as I ſet out to-morrow ſe'nnight, and probably may have no opportunity ſooner of ſending it, I will bring it myſelf. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXV.

Arlington-ſtreet, September 7, 1771.

I ARRIVED yeſterday within an hour or two after you was gone, which mortified me exceedingly; lord knows when I ſhall ſee you. You are ſo active and ſo buſy, and caſt bullets[1] and build bridges, are pontifex maximus, and, like ſir John Thorold or Cimon,

——— triumph over land and wave,

that one can never get a word with you. Yet I am very well worth a general's or a politician's ear. I have been deep in all the ſecrets of France, and confidant of ſome of the principals of both parties. I know what is, and is to be, though I am neither prieſt nor conjurer—and have heard a vaſt deal about breaking carabiniers and grenadiers; though, as

[1] Mr. Conway was now at the head of the ordnance, but with the title and appointments of lieutenant-general only. The particular circumſtances attending this, are thus recorded in a letter of Mr. Walpole's to another correſpondent at the time, and deſerve to be known. E.

"January, 1770.

"The king offered the maſterſhip of the ordnance, on lord Granby's reſignation, to Mr. Conway, who is only lieutenant-general of it. He ſaid he had lived in friendſhip with lord Granby, and would not profit by his ſpoils: but as he thought he could do ſome eſſential ſervice in the office, where there are many abuſes; if his majeſty would be pleaſed to let him continue as he is, he would do the buſineſs of the office without accepting the ſalary."

uſual,

uſual, I dare to ſay I ſhall give a woful account of both. The worſt part is, that by the moſt horrid oppreſſion and injuſtice their finances will very ſoon be in good order—unleſs ſome bankrupt turns Ravaillac, which will not ſurpriſe me. The horror the nation has conceived of the king and chancellor, makes it probable that the latter, at leaſt, will be ſacrificed. He ſeems not to be without apprehenſion, and has removed from the king's library a MS. trial of a chancellor who was condemned to be hanged under Charles VII.—For the king, qui a fait ſes épreuves, and not to his honour, you will not wonder that he lives in terrors.

I have executed all lady A———'s commiſſions; but mind, I do not commiſſion you to tell her, for you would certainly forget it.

As you will no doubt come to town to report who burnt Portſmouth, I will meet you here, if I am appriſed of the day. Your niece's marriage[1] pleaſes me extremely. Though I never ſaw him till laſt night, I know a great deal of her futur, and like his character. His perſon is much better than I expected, and far preferable to many of the fine young moderns. He is better than ſir ——, at leaſt as well as the duke of ———, and Adonis compared to the charming Mr. ———. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVI.

Late Strawberry-hill, January 7, 1772.

YOU have read of my calamity without knowing it, and will pity me when you do. I have been blown up; my caſtle is blown up; Guy Fawkes has been about my houſe; and the fifth of November has fallen on the 6th of January! In ſhort, nine thouſand powder-mills broke looſe yeſterday morning on Hounſlow-heath; a whole ſquadron of them came hither, and have broken eight of my painted-glaſs windows: and the north ſide of the caſtle looks as if it had ſtood a ſiege. The two ſaints in the hall have ſuffered martyrdom! they have had their bodies cut off, and nothing remains but their heads. The two next great ſufferers are indeed two of

[1] The marriage of lady Gertrude Seymour Conway to lord Villiers, ſince earl of Grandiſon.

the

the leaſt valuable, being the paſſage windows to the library and great parlour—a fine pane is demoliſhed in the round room; and the window by the gallery is damaged. Thoſe in the cabinet and Holbein-room, and gallery, and blue-room, and green-cloſet, &c. have eſcaped. As the ſtorm came from the north-weſt, the china-cloſet was not touched, nor a cup fell down. The bow-window of brave old coloured glaſs, at Mr. Hindley's, is maſſacred; and all the north ſides of Twickenham and Brentford are ſhattered. At London it was proclaimed an earthquake, and half the inhabitants ran into the ſtreet.

As lieutenant-general of the ordnance, I muſt beſeech you to give ſtrict orders that no more powder-mills may blow up. My aunt, Mrs. Kerwood, reading one day in the papers that a diſtiller's had been burnt by the head of the ſtill flying off, ſaid, ſhe wondered they did not make an act of parliament againſt the heads of ſtills flying off. Now, I hold it much eaſier for you to do a body this ſervice; and would recommend to your conſideration, whether it would not be prudent to have all magazines of powder kept under water till they are wanted for ſervice. In the mean time, I expect a penſion to make me amends for what I have ſuffered under the government. Adieu!

Yours, all that remains of me,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, Monday June 22, 1772.

IT is lucky that I have had no dealings with Mr. F——; for, if he had ruined me, as he has half the world, I could not have *run* away. I tired myſelf with walking on Friday; the gout came on Saturday in my foot; yeſterday I kept my bed till four o'clock, and my room all day—but, with wrapping myſelf all over with bootikins, I have ſcarce had any pain—my foot ſwelled immediately, and to-day I am deſcended into the blueth and greenth[1]; and though you expect to find that I am paving the way to an

[1] Cant words of Mr. Walpole's for blue and green. He means, that he came out of his room to the blue ſky and green fields. E.

excuſe, I think I ſhall be able to be with you on Saturday. All I intend to excuſe myſelf from, is walking. I ſhould certainly never have the gout, if I had loſt the uſe of my feet. Cherubims that have no legs, and do nothing but ſtick their chins in a cloud and ſing, are never out of order. Exerciſe is the worſt thing in the world, and as bad an invention as gunpowder.

A-propos to Mr. F——, here is a paſſage ridiculouſly applicable to him, that I met with yeſterday in the letters of Guy Patin: "Il n'y a pas long tems qu'un auditeur des comptes nommé monſ. Nivelle fit banqueroute; et tout fraichement, c'eſt-à-dire depuis trois jours, un treſorier des parties caſuelles, nommé Sanſon, en a fait autant; et pour vous montrer, qu'il eſt vrai que *res humanæ faciunt circulum*, comme il a eté autrefois dit par Plato et par Ariſtote, celuy-là s'en retourne d'où il vient. Il eſt fils d'un paiſan; il a eté laquais de ſon premier metier, et aujourd'hui il n'eſt plus rien, ſi non qu'il lui reſte une aſſez belle femme."——I do not think I can find in Patin or Plato, nay, nor in Ariſtotle, though he wrote about every thing, a parallel caſe to —— ——'s: there are advertiſed to be ſold more annuities of his and his ſociety, to the amount of five hundred thouſand pounds a year! I wonder what he will do next, when he has ſold the eſtates of all his friends!

I have been reading the moſt delightful book in the world, the lives of Leland, Tom Hearne, and Antony Wood. The laſt's diary makes a thick volume in octavo. One entry is, "This day Old Joan began to make my bed." In the ſtory of Leland is an examination of a free maſon, written by the hand of king Henry VI. with notes by Mr. Locke. Free-maſonry, Henry VI. and Locke, make a ſtrange heterogeneous olio; but that is not all. The reſpondent, who defends the myſtery of maſonry, ſays it was brought into Europe by the Venetians—he means the Phenicians—And who do you think propagated it? Why, one Peter Gore—And who do you think that was?—One Pythagoras, Pythagore.—I do not know whether it is not ſtill more extraordinary, that this and the reſt of the nonſenſe in that account made Mr. Locke determine to be a free-maſon: ſo would I too, if I could expect to hear of more *Peter Gores*.

Pray tell lady Lyttelton that I ſay ſhe will certainly kill herſelf if ſhe lets

lets lady A——— drag her twice a day to feed the pheaſants; and you make her climb cliffs and clamber over mountains. She has a tractability that alarms me for her; and if ſhe does not pluck up a ſpirit and determine never to be put out of her own way, I do not know what may be the conſequence. I will come and ſet her an example of immoveability. Take notice, I do not ſay one civil ſyllable to lady A——. She has not paſſed a whole day here theſe two years. She is always very gracious, ſays ſhe will come when *you* will fix a time, as if *you* governed, and then puts it off whenever it is propoſed, nor will ſpare one ſingle day from Park-place—as if other people were not as partial to their own Park-places! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Tueſday noon.

I WROTE my letter laſt night; this morning I received yours, and ſhall wait till Sunday, as you bid me, which will be more convenient for my gout, though not for other engagements; but I ſhall obey the ſuperior, as nullum tempus occurrit regi et podagræ.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Auguſt 30, 1773.

I RETURNED laſt night from Houghton [1], where multiplicity of buſineſs detained me four days longer than I intended, and where I found a ſcene infinitely more mortifying than I expected; though I certainly did not go with a proſpect of finding a land flowing with milk and honey. Except the pictures, which are in the fineſt preſervation, and the woods, which are become foreſts, all the reſt is ruin, deſolation, confuſion, diſorder, debts, mortgages, ſales, pillage, villainy, waſte, folly, and madneſs. I do not believe that five thouſand pounds would put the houſe and buildings into good repair. The nettles and brambles in the park are up to your ſhoulders; horſes have been turned into the garden, and banditti lodged in every cot-

[1] Where he had gone during the infanity of his nephew George earl of Orford, to endeavour to ſettle and arrange his affairs.

tage. The perpetuity of livings that come up to the park-pales have been ſold—and every farm let for half its value. In ſhort, you know how much family-pride I have—and conſequently may judge how much I have been mortified!—Nor do I tell you half, or *near* the worſt circumſtances. I have juſt ſtopped the torrent—and that is all. I am very uncertain whether I muſt not fling up the truſt; and ſome of the difficulties in my way ſeem unſurmountable, and too dangerous not to alarm even my zeal; ſince I muſt not ruin myſelf, and hurt thoſe for whom I muſt feel too, only to reſtore a family that will end with myſelf, and to retrieve an eſtate, from which I am not likely ever to receive the leaſt advantage.

If you will ſettle with the C———s your journey to Chalfont, and will let me know the day, I will endeavour to meet you there; I hope it will not be till next week. I am overwhelmed with buſineſs—but indeed I know not when I ſhall be otherwiſe! I wiſh you joy of this endleſs ſummer.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, June 23, 1774.

I HAVE nothing to ſay—which is the beſt reaſon in the world for writing; for one muſt have a great regard for any body one writes to, when one begins a letter neither on ceremony nor buſineſs. You are ſeeing armies [1], who are always in fine order and great ſpirits when they are in cold blood: I am ſorry you thought it worth while to realiſe what I ſhould have thought you could have ſeen in your mind's eye. However, I hope you will be amuſed and pleaſed with viewing heroes, both in their autumn and their bud. Vienna will be a new ſight; ſo will the Auſtrian eagle and its two heads. I ſhould like *ſeeing* too, if any fairy would preſent me with a cheſt that would fly up into the air by touching a peg, and tranſport me whither I pleaſed in an inſtant: but roads, and inns, and dirt are terrible drawbacks on my curioſity. I grow ſo old, or ſo indolent, that I ſcarce ſtir from hence; and the dread of the gout makes me almoſt as much a priſoner, as a

[1] Mr. Conway was now on a tour of military curioſity through Flanders, Germany, Pruſſia, and part of Hungary.

fit of it. News I know none, if there is any. The papers tell me the city was to preſent a petition to the king againſt the Quebec-bill yeſterday; and I ſuppoſe they will tell me to-morrow whether it was preſented. The king's ſpeech tells me, there has nothing happened between the Ruſſians and the Turks. Lady Barrymore told me t'other day, that nothing was to happen between her and lord E———. I am as well ſatisfied with theſe negatives, as I ſhould have been with the contrary. I am much more intereſted about the rain, for it deſtroys all my roſes and orange-flowers, of which I have exuberance; and my hay is cut, and cannot be made. However, it is delightful to have no other diſtreſſes. When I compare my preſent tranquillity and indifference with all I ſuffered laſt year [1], I am thankful for my happineſs, and enjoy it—unleſs the bell rings at the gate early in the morning—and then I tremble, and think it an expreſs from Norfolk.

It is unfortunate, that when one has nothing to talk of but one's ſelf, one ſhould have nothing to ſay of one's ſelf. It is ſhameful too to ſend ſuch a ſcrap by the poſt. I think I ſhall reſerve it till Tueſday. If I have then nothing to add, as is probable, you muſt content yourſelf with my good intentions, as I hope you will with this ſpeculative campaign. Pray, for the future remain at home and build bridges: I wiſh you were here to expedite ours to Richmond, which they tell me will not be paſſable theſe two years. I have done looking ſo forward. Adieu!

LETTER XC.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 18, 1774.

IT is very hard, that becauſe you do not get my letters, you will not let me receive yours, who do receive them. I have not had a line from you theſe five weeks. Of your honours and glories Fame has told me [2]; and for aught I know, you may be a *veldt-marſhal* by this time, and deſpiſe ſuch a poor cottager as me. Take notice, I ſhall diſclaim you in my turn, if you

[1] During the illneſs of his nephew lord Orford.

[2] Alluding to the diſtinguiſhed notice taken of general Conway by the king of Pruſſia.

are

Heath Sculp.

M.rs Selwyn.

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are ſent on a command againſt Dantzick, or to uſurp a new diſtrict in Poland.

I have ſeen no armies, kings or empreſſes, and cannot ſend you ſuch auguſt gazettes; nor are they what I want to hear of. I like to hear you are well and diverted; nay, have pimped towards the latter, by deſiring lady Aileſbury to ſend you monſieur de Guiſnes's invitation to a military fête at Metz [1]. For my part, I wiſh you was returned to your plough. Your Sabine farm [2] is in high beauty. I have lain there twice within this week, going to and from a viſit to George Selwyn near Glouceſter: a tour as much to my taſte as yours to you. For fortified towns I have ſeen ruined caſtles. Unluckily, in that of Berkeley I found a whole regiment of militia in garriſon, and as many young officers as if ——————— was in poſſeſſion, and ready to ſurrender at indiſcretion. I endeavoured to comfort myſelf by figuring that they were guarding Edward II. I have ſeen many other ancient ſights without aſking leave of the king of Pruſſia: it would not pleaſe me ſo much to write *to* him, as it once did to write *for* him [3].

They have found at leaſt ſeventy thouſand pounds of lord Thomond's [4]. George Howard has decked himſelf with a red ribband, money and honours! —Charming things! and yet one may be very happy without them.

The young —— —— is returned from his travels in love with the pretender's queen, who has permitted him to have her picture. What can I tell you more? Nothing. Indeed, if I only write to poſtmaſters, my letter is long enough. Every body's head but mine is full of elections. I had the ſatisfaction at Glouceſter, where G. Selwyn is canvaſſing, of reflecting on my own wiſdom: Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis, &c. I am certainly the greateſt philoſopher in the world, without ever having thought of being ſo: always employed, and never buſy; eager about trifles, and indifferent to every thing ſerious. Well, if it is not philoſophy, at leaſt it is content. I

[1] To ſee the review of the French regiment of carabineers, then commanded by monſieur de Guiſnes.

[2] Park-place.

[3] Alluding to the letter to Rouſſeau in the name of the king of Pruſſia.

[4] Percy Wyndham Obrien. He was the ſecond ſon of ſir Charles Wyndham, the chancellor of the exchequer to queen Anne, and took the name of Obrien purſuant to the will of his uncle the earl of Thomond in Ireland.

am as pleaſed here with my own nutſhell, as any monarch you have ſeen theſe two months aſtride his eagle—not but I was diſſatisfied when I miſſed you at Park-place, and was peeviſh at your being in an Aulic chamber. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. They tell us from Vienna that the peace is made between Tiſiphone and the Turk: Is it true?

LETTER XCI.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 7, 1774.

I DID not think you had been ſo like the reſt of the world, as, when you pretended to be viſiting armies, to go in ſearch of gold and ſilver mines[1]! The favours of courts and the ſmiles of emperors and kings, I ſee, have corrupted even you, and perverted you to a nabob. Have you brought away an ingot in the calf of your leg? What abomination have you committed? All the gazettes in Europe have ſent you on different negotiations: inſtead of returning with a treaty in your pocket, you will only come back with bills of exchange. I don't envy your ſubterraneous travels, nor the hoſpitality of the Hungarians. Where did you find a ſpoonful of Latin about you? I have not attempted to ſpeak Latin theſe thirty years, without perceiving I was talking Italian thickened with terminations in *us* and *orum*. I ſhould have as little expected to find an Ovid in thoſe regions; but I ſuppoſe the gentry of Preſbourg read him for a faſhionable author, as our 'ſquires and their wives do the laſt collections of ballads that have been ſung at Vauxhall and Marybone. I wiſh you may have brought away ſome ſketches of duke Albert's architecture. You know I deal in the works of royal authors, though I have never admired any of their own buildings, not excepting king Solomon's temple. Stanley[2] and Edmondſon in Hungary! What carried them thither? The chaſe of mines too? The firſt, perhaps,

[1] Mr. Conway had gone to ſee the gold and ſilver mines of Cremnitz in the neighbourhood of Grau in Hungary.

[2] Mr. Hans Stanley.

waddled

waddled thither obliquely, as a parrot would have done whoſe direction was to Naples.

Well, I am glad you have been entertained, and ſeen ſuch a variety of ſights. You don't mind fatigues and hardſhips, and hoſpitality, the two extremes that to me poiſon travelling. I ſhall never ſee any thing more, unleſs I meet with a ring that renders one inviſible. It was but the other day, that, being with George Selwyn at Glouceſter, I went to view Berkeley caſtle, knowing the earl was to dine with the mayor of Glouceſter. Alas! when I arrived, he had put off the party to enjoy his militia a day longer, and the houſe was full of officers. They might be in the Hungarian dreſs, for aught I knew; for I was ſo diſmayed, that I would fain have perſuaded the houſekeeper that ſhe could not ſhew me the apartments; and when ſhe opened the hall, and I ſaw it full of captains, I hid myſelf in a dark paſſage, and nothing could perſuade me to enter, till they had the civility to quit the place. When I was forced at laſt to go over the caſtle, I ran through it without ſeeing any thing, as if I had been afraid of being detained priſoner.

I have no news to ſend you: if I had any, I would not conclude, as all correſpondents do, that lady A. left nothing untold. Lady P. is gone to hold mobs at Ludlow, where there is actual war, and where a *knight*, I forget his name, one of their friends, has been *almoſt cut in two* with a ſcythe. When you have ſeen all the other armies in Europe, you will be juſt in time for many election-battles—perhaps for a war in America, whither more troops are going. Many of thoſe already ſent have deſerted; and to be ſure the proſpect there is not ſmiling. A-propos, lord M. whom lord S. his father will not ſuffer to wear powder becauſe wheat is ſo dear, was preſented t'other day in coal black hair and a white feather: they ſaid *he had been tarred and feathered.*

In France you will find a new ſcene [1]. The chancellor is ſent, a little before his time, to the devil. The old parliament is expected back. I am ſorry to ſay I ſhall not meet you there. It will be too late in the year for me to venture, eſpecially as I now live in dread of my biennial gout, and ſhould die of it in a hotel garni, and forced to receive all comers—I, who you know lock myſelf up when I am ill, as if I had the plague.

[1] Upon the death of Louis XV.

I wiſh I could fill my ſheet, in return for your five pages. The only thing you will care for knowing is, that I never ſaw Mrs. D. better in her life, nor look ſo well. You may truſt me, who am ſo apt to be frightened about her.

LETTER XCII.

Strawberry-hill, September 27, 1774.

I SHOULD be very ungrateful indeed if I thought of complaining of you, who are goodneſs itſelf to me: and when I did not receive letters from you, I concluded it happened from your eccentric poſitions. I am amazed, that, hurried as you have been, and your eyes and thoughts crowded with objects, you have been able to find time to write me ſo many and ſuch long letters, over and above all thoſe to lady A——, your daughter, brother, and other friends. Even lord Strafford brags of your frequent remembrance. That your ſuperabundance of royal beams would dazzle you, I never ſuſpected. Even I enjoy for you the diſtinctions you have received—though I ſhould hate ſuch things for myſelf, as they are particularly troubleſome to me, and I am particularly awkward under them, and as I abhor the king of Pruſſia, and, if I paſſed through Berlin, ſhould have no joy like avoiding him—like one of our countrymen, who changed horſes at Paris, and aſked what the name of that town was? All the other civilities you have received I am perfectly happy in. The Germans are certainly a civil well-meaning people, and I believe one of the leaſt corrupted nations in Europe. I don't think them very agreeable; but who do I think are ſo? A great many French women, ſome Engliſh men, and a few Engliſh women—exceedingly few French men. Italian women are the groſſeſt, vulgareſt of the ſex. If an Italian man has a grain of ſenſe, he is a buffoon——So much for Europe.

I have already told you, and ſo muſt lady A——, that my courage fails me, and I dare not meet you at Paris. As the period is arrived when the gout uſed to come, it is never a moment out of my head. Such a ſuffering, ſuch a helpleſs condition as I was in for five months and a half two years ago, makes me tremble from head to foot. I ſhould die at once if ſeized in a French inn; or what, if poſſible, would be worſe, at Paris, where I muſt admit every body.—I, who you know can hardly bear to ſee even you when

when I am ill, and who ſhut myſelf up here, and would not let lord and lady Hertford come near me—I, who have my room waſhed though in bed, how could I bear French dirt? In ſhort, I, who am ſo capricious, and whom you are pleaſed to call a philoſopher, I ſuppoſe becauſe I have given up every thing but my own will—how could I keep my temper, who have no way of keeping my temper but by keeping it out of every body's way! No, I muſt give up the ſatisfaction of being with you at Paris. I have juſt learnt to give up my pleaſures, but I cannot give up my pains, which ſuch ſelfiſh people as I, who have ſuffered much, grow to compoſe into a ſyſtem, that they are partial to becauſe it is their own. I muſt make myſelf amends when you return: you will be more ſtationary, I hope, for the future; and if I live I ſhall have intervals of health. In lieu of me you will have a charming ſuccedaneum, lady —— ——. Her father, who is more a hero than I, is packing up his decrepit bones, and goes too. I wiſh ſhe may not have him to nurſe, inſtead of diverting herſelf.

The preſent ſtate of your country is, that it is drowned and dead drunk; all water without and wine within. Oppoſition for the next elections every where, even in Scotland; not from party, but as laying out money to advantage. In the head quarters, indeed, party is not out of the queſtion: the day after to-morrow will be a great buſtle in the city for a lord mayor[1], and all the winter in Weſtminſter, where lord Mahon and Humphrey Cotes oppoſe the court. Lady —— is ſaving her money at Ludlow and Powis caſtles by keeping open-houſe day and night againſt ſir Watkin Williams, and fears ſhe ſhall be kept there till the general election. It has rained this whole month, and we have got another inundation. The Thames is as broad as your Danube, and all my meadows are under water. Lady Browne and I, coming laſt Sunday night from lady Blandford's, were in a piteous plight. The ferry-boat was turned round by the current, and carried to Iſleworth. Then we ran againſt the piers of our new bridge, and the horſes were frightened. Luckily my cicisbea was a catholic, and ſcreamed to ſo many ſaints, that ſome of them at the neareſt alehouſe came and ſaved us, or I ſhould have had no more gout, or what I dreaded I ſhould; for I concluded we ſhould be carried aſhore ſomewhere, and be forced to wade through the mud up to my middle. So you ſee one may wrap one's ſelf

[1] When Mr. Wilkes was elected.

up

up in flannel and be in danger, without viſiting all the armies on the face of the globe, and putting the immortality of one's chaiſe to the proof.

I am aſhamed of ſending you but three ſides of ſmaller paper in anſwer to ſeven large—but what can I do? I ſee nothing, know nothing, do nothing. My caſtle is finiſhed, I have nothing new to read, I am tired of writing, I have no new or old bit for my printer. I have only black hoods around me; or, if I go to town, the family-party in Groſvenor-ſtreet. One trait will give you a ſample of how I paſs my time, and made me laugh, as it put me in mind of you, at leaſt as it was a fit of abſence, much more likely to have happened to you than to me. I was playing at eighteenpenny tredrille with the ducheſs of Newcaſtle and lady Browne, and certainly not much intereſted in the game. I cannot recollect nor conceive what I was thinking of, but I puſhed the cards very gravely to the ducheſs, and ſaid, *Doctor*, you are to deal. You may gueſs at their aſtoniſhment, and how much it made us all laugh. I wiſh it may make you ſmile a moment, or that I had any thing better to ſend you. Adieu, moſt affectionately.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XCIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 28, 1774.

LADY Aileſbury brings you this [1], which is not a letter, but a paper of directions, and the counterpart of what I have written to madame du Deffand. I beg of you ſeriouſly to take a great deal of notice of this dear old friend of mine. She will perhaps expect more attention from *you*, as my friend, and as it is her own nature a little, than will be quite convenient to you: but you have an infinite deal of patience and good nature, and will excuſe it. I was afraid of her importuning lady A———, who has a vaſt deal to ſee and do, and therefore I have prepared mad. du D.

[1] Mr. Conway ended his military tour at Paris, whither lady Aileſbury and Mrs. Damer went to meet him, and where they ſpent the winter together.

and

and told her lady A. loves amuſements, and that, having never been at Paris before, ſhe muſt not confine her: ſo you muſt pay for both—and it will anſwer: and I do not, I own, aſk this only for madame du Deffand's ſake, but for my own, and a little for yours. Since the late king's death ſhe has not dared to write to me freely, and I want to know the preſent ſtate of France exactly, both to ſatisfy my own curioſity, and for her ſake, as I wiſh to learn whether her penſion, &c. is in any danger from the preſent miniſtry, ſome of whom are not her friends. She can tell you a great deal if ſhe will—by that I don't mean that ſhe is reſerved, or partial to her own country againſt ours—quite the contrary; ſhe loves me better than all France together—but ſhe hates politics; and therefore, to make her talk on it, you muſt tell her it is to ſatisfy me, and that I want to know whether ſhe is well at court, whether ſhe has any fears from the government, particularly from Maurepas and Nivernois; and that I am eager to have monſieur de Choiſeul and *ma grandmaman* the ducheſs reſtored to power. If you take it on this foot eaſily, ſhe will talk to you with the utmoſt frankneſs and with amazing cleverneſs. I have told her you are ſtrangely abſent, and that, if ſhe does not repeat it over and over, you will forget every ſyllable: ſo I have prepared her to joke and be quite familiar with you at once. She knows more of perſonal characters, and paints them better than any body: but let this be between yourſelves, for I would not have a living ſoul ſuſpect that I get any intelligence from her, which would hurt her; and therefore I beg you not to let any human being know of this letter, nor of your converſations with her, neither Engliſh nor French.

Mad. du Deffand hates les philoſophes, ſo you muſt give them up to her. She and madame Geoffrin are no friends: ſo, if you go thither, don't tell her of it. Indeed you would be ſick of that houſe, whither all the pretended beaux eſprits and faux ſçavants go, and where they are very impertinent and dogmatic.

Let me give you one other caution, which I ſhall give lady A——— too. Take care of your papers at Paris, and have a very ſtrong lock to your porte-feuille. In the hotels garnis they have double keys to every lock, and examine every drawer and paper of the Engliſh that they can get at. They will pilfer too whatever they can.—I was robbed of half my clothes

there the firſt time, and they wanted to hang poor Louis to ſave the people of the houſe who had ſtolen the things.

Here is another thing I muſt ſay. Mad. du Deffand has kept a great many of my letters, and, as ſhe is very old, I am in pain about them. I have written to her to beg ſhe will deliver them up to you to bring back to me, and I truſt ſhe will. If ſhe does, be ſo good to take great care of them. If ſhe does not mention them, tell her juſt before you come away, that I begged you to bring them; and if ſhe heſitates, convince her how it would hurt me to have letters written in very bad French, and mentioning ſeveral people, both French and Engliſh, fall into bad hands, and, perhaps, be printed.

Let me deſire you to read this letter more than once, that you may not forget my requeſts, which are very important to me; and I muſt give you one other caution, without which all would be uſeleſs. There is at Paris a m^lle^ de l'Eſpinaſſe, a pretended bel eſprit, who was formerly an humble companion of mad. du Deffand; and betrayed her and uſed her very ill. I beg of you not to let any body carry you thither. It would diſoblige my friend of all things in the world, and ſhe would never tell you a ſyllable; and I own it would hurt me, who have ſuch infinite obligations to her, that I ſhould be very unhappy if a particular friend of mine ſhowed her this diſregard. She has done every thing upon earth to pleaſe and ſerve me, and I owe it to her to be earneſt about this attention. Pray do not mention it: it might look ſimple in me, and yet I owe it to her, as I know it would hurt her: and at her age, with her misfortunes, and with infinite obligations on my ſide, can I do too much to ſhow my gratitude, or prevent her any new mortification? I dwell upon it, becauſe ſhe has ſome enemies ſo ſpiteful that they try to carry all Engliſh to mad. de l'Eſpinaſſe.

I wiſh the ducheſs of Choiſeul may come to Paris while you are there; but I fear ſhe will not: you would like her of all things. She has more ſenſe and more virtues than almoſt any human being. If you chooſe to ſee any of the ſçavants, let me recommend monſieur Buffon. He has not only much more ſenſe than any of them, but is an excellent old man, humane, gentle, well-bred, and with none of the arrogant pertneſs of all the reſt. If he is at Paris, you will ſee a good deal of the comte de Broglie at mad. du Deffand's. He is not a genius of the firſt water, but lively and ſometimes

times agreeable. The court, I fear, will be at Fontainebleau, which will prevent your ſeeing many, unleſs you go thither. Adieu! at Paris! I leave the reſt of my paper for England, if I happen to have any thing particular to tell you.

LETTER XCIV.

Strawberry-hill, Sunday, October 16, 1774.

I RECEIVED this morning your letter of the 6th from Straſburg; and before you get this you will have had three from me by lady Aileſbury. One of them ſhould have reached you much ſooner; but lady A. kept it, not being ſure where you was. It was in anſwer to one in which you told me an anecdote, which in this laſt you aſk if I had received.

Your letters are always ſo welcome to me, that you certainly have no occaſion for excuſing what you ſay or do not ſay. Your details amuſe me, and ſo would what you ſuppreſs; for, though I have no military genius or curioſity, whatever relates to yourſelf muſt intereſt me. The honours you have received, though I have ſo little taſte for ſuch things myſelf, gave me great ſatisfaction; and I do not know whether there is not more pleaſure in *not* being a prophet in one's own country, when one is almoſt received like Mahomet in every other. To be an idol at home, is no aſſured touchſtone of merit. Stocks and ſtones have been adored in fifty regions, but do not bear tranſplanting. The Apollo Belvedere and The Hercules Farneſe may loſe their temples, but never loſe their eſtimation, by travelling.

Elections, you may be ſure, are the only topic here at preſent—I mean in England—not on this quiet hill, where I think of them as little as of the ſpot where the battle of Blenheim was fought. They ſay there will not be much alteration, but the phœnix will riſe from its aſhes with moſt of its old plumes, or as bright. Wilkes at firſt ſeemed to carry all before him, beſides having obtained the mayoralty of London at laſt. Lady H——— told me laſt Sunday, that he would carry twelve members. I have not been in town ſince, nor know any thing but what I collect from the papers; ſo, if my letter is opened, M. de Vergennes will not amaſs any very authentic intelligence from my *diſpatches*.

What I have taken notice of, is as follows: For the city Wilkes will have but three members: he will loſe Croſby; and Townſend will carry Oliver. In Weſtminſter, Wilkes will not have one; his Humphrey Cotes is by far the loweſt on the poll; lord Percy and lord T. Clinton are triumphant there. Her grace of Northumberland ſits at a window in Covent-garden, harangues the mob, and is "Hail, fellow, well met!" At Dover, Wilkes has carried one, and probably will come in for Middleſex himſelf with Glynn. There have been great endeavours to oppoſe him, but to no purpoſe.—Of this I am glad, for I do not love a mob ſo near as Brentford; eſpecially as my road lies through it. Where he has any other intereſt I am too ignorant in theſe matters to tell you. Lord John Cavendiſh is oppoſed at York, and at the beginning of the poll had the feweſt numbers. C—— F—, like the ghoſt in Hamlet, has ſhifted to many quarters; but in moſt the cock crew, and he walked off. In Southwark, there has been outrageous rioting; but I neither know the candidates, their connections, nor ſucceſs. This, perhaps, will appear a great deal of news at Paris: here, I dare to ſay, my butcher knows more.

I can tell you ſtill leſs of America. There are two or three more ſhips with forces going thither, and Sir William Draper as ſecond in command.

Of private news, except that Dyſon has had a ſtroke of palſy, and will die, there is certainly none; for I ſaw that ſhrill Morning Poſt, lady G———, two hours ago, and ſhe did not know a paragraph.

I forgot to mention to you M. de Maurepas. He was by far the ableſt and moſt agreeable man I knew at Paris: and if you ſtay, I think I could take the liberty of giving you a letter to him; though, as he is now ſo great a man, and I remain ſo little an one, I don't know whether it would be quite ſo proper—though he was exceedingly good to me, and preſſed me often to make him a viſit in the country.—But lord Stormont can certainly carry you to him—a better paſſport.

There was one of my letters on which I wiſh to hear from you. There are always Engliſh coming from Paris, who would bring ſuch a parcel; at leaſt you might ſend me one volume at a time, and the reſt afterwards: but I ſhould not care to have them ventured by the common conveyance. Mad. du Deffand is negotiating for an enamel picture for me; but if ſhe obtains

obtains it, I had rather wait for it till you come. The books I mean, are thoſe I told you lady A. and Mrs. D. would give you a particular account of, for they know my mind exactly. Don't reproach me with not meeting you at Paris. Recollect what I ſuffered this time two years; and if you can have any notion of fear, imagine my dread of torture for five months and a half! When all the quiet of Strawberry did but juſt carry me through it, could I ſupport it in the noiſe of a French hotel! and, what would be ſtill worſe, expoſed to receive all viſits? for the French, you know, are never more in public than in the act of death. I am like animals, and love to hide myſelf *when I am dying*. Thank God, I am now two days beyond the criſis when I expected my dreadful periodic viſitant, and begin to grow very ſanguine about the virtue of the bootikins. I ſhall even have courage to go to-morrow to Chalfont for two days, as it is but a journey of two hours. I would not be a day's journey from hence for all lord Clive's diamonds. This will ſatisfy *you*. I doubt madame du Deffand is not ſo eaſily convinced: therefore pray do not drop a hint before her of blaming me for not meeting you; rather aſſure her you are perſuaded it would have been too great a riſk for me at this ſeaſon. I wiſh to have her quite clear of my attachment to her; but that I do not always find ſo eaſy. You, I am ſure, will find her all zeal and *empreſſement* for you and yours. Adieu!

LETTER XCV.

Strawberry-hill, October 29, 1774.

I HAVE received your letter of the 23d, and it certainly overpays me, when you thank inſtead of ſcolding me, as I feared. A paſſionate man has very little merit in being in a paſſion, and is ſure of ſaying many things he repents, as I do. I only hope you think that I could not be ſo much in the wrong for every body; nor ſhould have been perhaps even for you, if I had not been certain I was the only perſon, at that moment, that could ſerve you eſſentially: and at ſuch a criſis, I am ſure I ſhould take exactly the ſame part again, except in ſaying ſome things I did, of which I am aſhamed[1]!

[1] This relates to Mr. Walpole having reſented in a very warm manner, ſome neglect on the part of his friends which deprived Mr. Conway of a ſeat in parliament at the general election, which took place in the year 1774. E.

I will

I will ſay no more now on that topic, nor on any thing relating to it, becauſe I have written my mind very fully, and you will know it ſoon. I can only tell you now, that I approve extremely your way of thinking, and hope you will not change it before you hear from me, and know ſome material circumſtances. You and lady A. and I agree exactly, and ſhe and I certainly conſider only *you*. I do not anſwer her laſt, becauſe I could not help telling you how very kindly I take your letter. All I beg is, that you would have no delicacy about my ſerving you any way. You know it is a pleaſure to me: any body elſe may have views that would embarraſs you; and therefore, till you are on the ſpot, and can judge for yourſelf (which I always inſiſt on, becauſe you are cooler than I, and becauſe, though I have no intereſts to ſerve, I have paſſions which equally miſlead one), it will be wiſer to decline all kind of propoſals and offers. You will avoid the plague of conteſted elections and ſolicitations; and I ſee no reaſons, at preſent, that can tempt you to be in a hurry.

You muſt not expect to be madame du Deffand's firſt favourite. Lady Aileſbury has made ſuch a progreſs there, that you will not eaſily ſupplant her. I have received volumes in her praiſe. You have a better chance with madame de C——, who is very agreeable; and I hope you are not ſuch an Engliſh huſband as not to conform to the manners of Paris while you are there.

I forgot to mention one or two of my favourite objects to lady A. nay, I am not ſure ſhe will taſte one of them, the church of the Celeſtines. It is crowded with beautiful old tombs: one of Francis II. whoſe beatitude is preſumed from his being huſband of the martyr Mary Stuart. Another is of the firſt wife of John duke of Bedford, the regent of France. I think you was once there with me formerly. The other is Richelieu's tomb, at the Sorbonne—but that every body is carried to ſee. The hotel de *Carnavalet*[1], near the Place royale, is worth looking at, even for the façade, as you drive by. But of all earthly things the moſt worth ſeeing is the houſe at Verſailles, where the king's pictures, not hung up, are kept. There is a treaſure paſt belief, though in ſad order, and piled one againſt another. Monſieur de Guerchy once carried me thither; and you may

[1] Where madame de Sevigné reſided.

certainly

certainly get leave. At the Luxembourg are ſome hung up, and one particularly is worth going to ſee alone: it is the Deluge by Nicolo Pouſſin, as winter. The three other ſeaſons are good for nothing—but the Deluge is the firſt picture in the world of its kind. You will be ſhocked to ſee the glorious pictures at the Palais royal tranſplanted to new canvaſſes, and new painted and varniſhed, as if they were to be ſcenes at the opera—at leaſt, they had treated half a dozen of the beſt ſo, three years ago, and were going on. The prince of Monaco has a few fine, but ſtill worſe uſed; one of them ſhines more than a looking-glaſs. I fear the expoſition of pictures is over for this year; it is generally very *diverting*[1]. I, who went into every church of Paris, can aſſure you there are few worth it, but the Invalids—except the *ſcenery* at St. Roch, about one or two o'clock at noon, when the ſun ſhines; the Carmelites, for the Guido and the portrait of madame de la Valiere as a Magdalen; the Val de Grace, for a moment; the *treaſure* at Notre Dame; the Sainte Chapelle, where in the anti-chapel are two very large enamelled portraits; the tomb of Condé at the Great Jeſuits in the rue St. Antoine, if not ſhut up; and the little church of St. Louis in the Louvre, where is a fine tomb of cardinal Fleury, but large enough to ſtand on Saliſbury-plain. One thing ſome of you *muſt* remember, as you return; nay, it is better to go ſoon to St. Denis, and madame du Deffand muſt get you a particular order to be ſhown (which is never ſhewn without) the effigies of the kings. They are in preſſes over the treaſure which is ſhown, and where is the glorious antique cameo-cup; but the countenance of Charles IX. is ſo horrid and remarkable, you would think he had died on the morrow of the St. Barthelemi, and waked full of the recollection. If you love enamels and exquiſite medals, get to ſee the collection of a monſieur d'Henery, who lives in the corner of the ſtreet where ſir John Lambert lives—I forget its name. There is an old man behind the rue de Colombier, who has a great but bad collection of old French portraits; I delighted in them, but perhaps you would not. *I*, you may be ſure, hunted out every thing of that ſort. The convent and collection of St. Germain, I mean that over againſt the hotel du Parc royal, is well worth ſeeing—but I forget names ſtrangely.—Oh! delightful—lord Cholmondeley ſends me word he goes to Paris on Monday: I ſhall ſend this and my other letter by him. It was him I meant; I knew he was going, and had prepared it.

[1] He means from their extreme bad taſte.

Pray

Pray take care to lock up your papers in a ſtrong box that nobody can open. They imagine you are at Paris on ſome commiſſion, and there is no truſting French hotels or ſervants. America is in a deſperate ſituation. The accounts from the Congreſs are not expected before the 10th, and expected very warm. I have not time to tell you ſome manœuvres againſt them that will make your blood curdle. Write to me when you can by private hands, as I will to you. There are always Engliſh paſſing backwards and forwards.

LETTER XCVI.

Strawberry-hill, November 12, 1774.

I HAVE received a delightful letter from you of four ſheets, and another ſince. I ſhall not reply to the campaigning part (though much obliged to you for it), becauſe I have twenty other ſubjects more preſſing to talk of. The firſt is to thank you for your exceſſive goodneſs to my dear old friend—ſhe has ſome indiſcretions, and *you muſt not have any to her*; but ſhe has the beſt heart in the world, and I am happy, at her great age, that ſhe has ſpirits enough not to be always upon her guard. A bad heart, eſpecially after long experience, is but too apt to overflow *inwardly* with prudence. At leaſt, as I am but too like her, and have corrected too few of my faults, I would fain perſuade myſelf that ſome of them flow from a good principle—but I have not time to talk of myſelf, though you are much too partial to me, and give me an opportunity; yet I ſhall not take it.

Now for Engliſh news, and then your letter again.

There has been a great mortality here; though death has rather been *pris* than a volunteer. ———, as I told lady Aileſbury laſt poſt, ſhot himſelf. He is dead, totally undone. Whether that alone was the cauſe, or whether he had not done ſomething worſe, I doubt. I cannot conceive that, with his reſources, he ſhould have been hopeleſs—and to ſuſpect him of delicacy, impoſſible!

A ſhip is arrived from America, and I doubt with very bad news, for none but trifling letters have yet been given out—but I am here, ſee nobody

that knows any thing, and only hear by accident from people that drop in. The ſloop that is to bring the reſult of the general aſſembly is not yet come. There are indeed rumours, that both the non-importation and even non-exportation have been decreed; and that the flame is univerſal. I hope this is exaggerated! yet I am told the ſtocks will fall very much in a day or two.

I have nothing to tell lady Aileſbury, but that I hear a deplorable account of the opera. There is a new puppet-ſhow at Drury-lane, as fine as ſcenes can make it, called The Maid of the Oaks, and as dull as the author could not help making it[1].

Except M. D'Herouville I know all the people you name. C. I doubt by things I have heard formerly, may have been a *concuſſionnaire*. The duke, your *protecteur*[2], is mediocre enough: you would have been more pleaſed with his wife. The chevalier's[3] bon-mot is excellent, and ſo is he. He has as much bouffonnerie as the Italians, with more wit and novelty. His impromptu verſes often admirable. Get madame du Deffand to ſhow you his Embaſſy to the princeſs Chriſtine, and his verſes on his eldeſt uncle, beginning, *Si monſieur de Veau*. His ſecond uncle has parts, but they are not ſo natural. Madame de Caraman is a very good kind of woman, but has not a quarter of her ſiſter's parts. Madame de Mirepoix is *the* agreeable woman of the world, when ſhe pleaſes—but there muſt not be a card in the room. Lord —— has acted like himſelf; that is, unlike any body elſe. You know, I believe, that I think him a very good ſpeaker; but I have little opinion of his judgment and knowledge of the world, and a great opinion of his affectation and inſincerity. The abbé Raynal, though he wrote that fine work on the commerce des deux Indes, is the moſt tireſome creature in the world. The firſt time I met him was at the dull baron d'Olbach's: we were twelve at table: I dreaded opening my mouth in French, before ſo many people and ſo many ſervants: he began queſtion-

[1] Mr. Walpole's opinion of this author totally changed upon the appearance of The Heireſs, which he always called "the genteeleſt comedy" in the Engliſh language. E.

[2] The duc de la Valiere; of whom Mr. Conway had ſaid, that, when preſented to him, "his reception was what might be called good, but rather *de protection*. E.

[3] The chevalier de Boufflers, well known for his Letters from Switzerland, addreſſed to his mother; his Reine de Golconde, a tale; and a number of very pretty vers de ſocieté. E.

ing me, croſs the table, about our colonies, which I underſtand as I do Coptic. I made him ſigns I was deaf. After dinner he found I was not, and never forgave me. Mademoiſelle Raucoux I never ſaw till you told me madame du Deffand ſaid ſhe was *demoniaque ſans chaleur!* What painting! I ſee her now. Le Kain ſometimes pleaſed me, oftener not. Molè is charming in genteel, or in pathetic comedy, and would be fine in tragedy, if he was ſtronger. Preville is always perfection. I like his wife in affected parts, though not animated enough. There was a delightful woman who did the lady Wiſhforts, I don't know if there ſtill, I think her name mademoiſelle Drouin; and a fat woman, rather elderly, who ſometimes acted the ſoubrette. But you have miſſed the Dumenil, and Caillaut! What irreparable loſſes! Madame du Deffand, perhaps—I don't know—could obtain your hearing the Clairon—yet the Dumenil was infinitely preferable.

I could now almoſt find in my heart to laugh at you for liking Boutin's garden[1]. Do you know, that I drew a plan of it, as the completeſt abſurdity I ever ſaw. What! a river that wriggles at right angles through a ſtone-gutter, with two tanſy puddings that were dug out of it, and three or four beds in a row, by a corner of the wall, with ſamples of graſs, corn, and of en friche, like a taylor's paper of patterns! And you like this! I will tell Park-place——Oh! I had forgot your audience in dumb ſhow—Well, as madame de Sevigné ſaid, Le roi de Pruſſe, c'eſt le plus grand roi du monde ſtill[2]. My love to the old parliament: I don't love new ones.

I went ſeveral times to madame de Monconſeil's, who is juſt what you ſay. Meſdames de Tingri & de la Vauguion I never ſaw: madame de Noailles once or twice, and enough. You ſay ſomething of madame Mallet,

[1] See another ludicrous deſcription of this garden in a letter to Mr. Chute.

[2] This alludes to Mr. Conway's preſentation to the king of France, Louis XVI. at Fontainebleau, of which in his letter to Mr. Walpole he gives the following account: E.

"On St. Hubert's day in the morning I had the honour of being preſented to the king: 'twas a good day and an excellent deed. You may be ſure I was well received, the French are ſo polite! and their court ſo poliſhed!—The emperor indeed talked to me every day; ſo did the king of Pruſſia regularly and much: but that was not to be compared to the extraordinary reception of his moſt chriſtian majeſty, who, when I was preſented, did not ſtop, nor look to ſee what ſort of an animal was offered to his notice, but carried his head as it ſeemed ſomewhat higher, and paſſed his way."

which

which I could not read; for, by the way, your brother and I agree that you are grown not to write legibly: is that lady in being? I knew her formerly. Madame de Blot I know, and monſieur de Paulmy I know, but for heaven's ſake who is col. Conway[1]? Mademoiſelle Sanadon is *la ſana donna*, and not mademoiſelle *Celadon*[2], as you call her. Pray aſſure my good monſieur Schoualow of my great regard: he is one of the beſt of beings.

I have ſaid all I could, at leaſt all I ſhould. I reſerve the reſt of my paper for a poſtſcript; for this is but Saturday, and my letter cannot depart till Tueſday: but I could not for one minute defer anſwering your charming volumes, which intereſt me ſo much. I grieve for lady Harriet's[3] ſwelled face, and wiſh for both their ſakes ſhe could transfer it to her father. I aſſure her I meant nothing by deſiring you to ſee the verſes to the princeſs Chriſtine[4], wherein there is very profane mention of a pair of ſwelled cheeks. I hear nothing of madame d'Olonne[5].—Oh! make madame du Deffand ſhow you the ſweet portrait of madame de Prie, the duke of Bourbon's miſtreſs[6]. Have you ſeen madame de Monaco, and the remains of madame de Brionne? If you wiſh to ſee Mrs. A——, aſk for the princeſſe de Ligne. If you have ſeen monſieur de Maurepas, you have ſeen the late lord Hardwicke[7]. By your not naming him, I ſuppoſe the duc de Nivernois is not at Paris. Say a great deal for me to M. de Guiſnes. You will not ſee my paſſion, the ducheſs de Chatillon. If you ſee madame de Nivernois, you will think the duke of Newcaſtle is come to life again. Alas! where is my poſtſcript?

[1] An officer in the French ſervice.

[2] Mademoiſelle Sanadon, a lady who lived with madame du Deffand.

[3] Lady Harriet Stanhope, afterwards married to lord Foley, was at this time at Paris with her father the earl of Harrington.

[4] By the chevalier de Boufflers.

[5] The beautiful enamel miniature of madame d'Olonne, now at Strawberry-hill.

[6] This portrait is now at Strawberry-hill.

[7] He means from their perſonal reſemblance.

LETTER XCVII.

Arlington-ſtreet, November 27, 1774.

I HAVE received your delightfully plump packet with a letter of ſix pages, one from madame du Deffand, the Eloges, and the Lit de juſtice. Now obſerve my gratitude: I appoint you my reſident at Paris; but you are not to reſemble all our miniſters abroad, and expect to live at home, which would deſtroy *my lord Caſtlecomer's* [1] view in your ſtaying at Paris. However, to prove to you that I have ſome gratitude that is not totally ſelfiſh, I will tell you what little news I know, before I anſwer your letter; for Engliſh news, to be ſure, is the moſt agreeable circumſtance in a letter from England.

On my coming to town yeſterday, there was nothing but more deaths—don't you think we have the plague? the biſhop of Worceſter, lord Breadalbane, lord Strathmore. The firſt fell from his horſe, or with his horſe, at Bath, and the biſhoprick was incontinently given to biſhop North.

America is ſtill more refractory, and I doubt will outvote the miniſtry. They have picked general Gage's pocket of three pieces of cannon, and intercepted ſome troops that were going to him. Sir William Draper is writing plans of pacification in our newſpapers; and lord Chatham flatters himſelf that he ſhall be ſent for when the patient is given over; which I don't think at all unlikely to happen. My poor nephew [2] is very political too: ſo we ſhall not want mad-doctors. A-propos, I hear Wilkes ſays he will propoſe M——— for ſpeaker.

The eccleſiaſtical court are come to a reſolution that the ducheſs of Kingſton is Mrs. Hervey; and the ſentence will be public in a fortnight. It is not ſo certain that ſhe will loſe the eſtate. Auguſtus [3] is not in a much more pleaſant predicament than ſhe is. I ſaw lord Briſtol laſt night: he looks perfectly well, but his ſpeech is much affected, and his right hand.

[1] A cant phraſe of Mr. Walpole's, which took its riſe from the following ſtory:

The tutor of a young lord Caſtlecomer, who lived at Twickenham with his mother, having broke his leg, ſomebody pitying the poor man, to the mother, lady Caſtlecomer, ſhe replied, "Yes, indeed, it is *very inconvenient to my lord Caſtlecomer.*" E.

[2] George Walpole, earl of Orford.

[3] Auguſtus Hervey, to whom ſhe was firſt married.

Lady

Lady Lyttelton, who, you know, never hears any thing that has happened, wrote to me two days ago, to aſk if it would not be neceſſary for *you* to come over for the meeting of the parliament. I anſwered, very gravely, that to be ſure you ought: but though *ſir James Morgan* threatened you loudly with a petition, yet, as it could not be heard till after Chriſtmas, I was afraid you would not be perſuaded to come ſooner. I hope ſhe will inquire who *ſir James Morgan* is, and that people will perſuade her ſhe has made a confuſion about ſir James ———. Now for your letter.

I have been in the chambre de parlement, I think they call it the grande chambre; and was ſhown the corner in which the monarchs ſit, and do not wonder you did not gueſs where it was they ſat. It is juſt like the dark corner, under the window, where I always ſat in the houſe of commons. What has happened, has paſſed exactly according to my ideas. When one king breaks one parliament, and another another, what can the reſult be but deſpotiſm? or of what elſe is it a proof? If a tory king diſplaces his father's whig lord chamberlain, neither lord chamberlain has the more or the leſs power over the theatres and court-mournings and birth-day balls. All that can arrive is, that the people will be ſtill more attached to the old parliament, from this ſeeming reſtitution of a right—but the people muſt have ſome power before their attachment can ſignify a ſtraw. The old parliament too may ſome time or other give itſelf more airs[1] on this confeſſion of right; but that too cannot be but in a minority, or when the power of the crown is leſſened by reaſons that have nothing to do with the parliament. I will anſwer for it, they will be too *grateful* to give umbrage to their reſtorer. Indeed I did not think the people would be ſo quick-ſighted at once, as to ſee the diſtinction of old and new was without a difference. Methinks France and England are like the land and the ſea; one gets a little ſenſe when the other loſes it.

I am quite ſatisfied with all you tell me about my friend. My intention is certainly to ſee her again, if I am able; but I am too old to lay plans, eſpecially when it depends on the deſpot gout to regiſter or cancel them. It is even melancholy to ſee her, when it will probably be but once more; and ſtill more melancholy, when we ought to ſay to one another, in a different ſenſe from the common, *à revoir!* However, as mine is a pretty cheerful

[1] We have ſeen theſe *airs* not only the cauſe of its own deſtruction, but of one of the greateſt revolutions that ever took place in Europe. E.

kind

kind of philoſophy, I think the beſt way is to think of dying, but to talk and act as if one was not to die; or elſe one tires other people, and dies before one's time. I have truly all the affection and attachment for her that ſhe deſerves from me, or I ſhould not be ſo very thankful as I am for your kindneſs to her. The Choiſeuls will certainly return at Chriſtmas, and will make her life much more agreeable. The ducheſs has as much attention to her as I could have; but that will not keep me from making her a viſit.

I have only ſeen, not known, the younger madame de Boufflers. For her muſical talents, I am little worthy of them—yet I am juſt going to lady Bingham's to hear the Baſtardella, whom, though the firſt ſinger in Italy, Mrs. Yates could not or would not agree with [1]; and ſhe is to have twelve hundred pounds for ſinging twelve times at the Pantheon, where, if ſhe had a voice as loud as lord Clare's, ſhe could not be heard. The two bons-mots you ſent me are excellent; but, alas! I had heard them both before: conſequently your own, which is very good too, pleaſed me much more. M. de Stainville I think you will not like: he has ſenſe, but has a dry military harſhneſs, that at leaſt did not ſuit me—and then I hate his barbarity to his wife [2].

You was very lucky indeed to get one of the ſixty tickets [3]. Upon the whole, your travels have been very fortunate, and the few mortifications amply compenſated. If a duke [4] has been ſpiteful when your back was turned, a hero-king has been all courteſy. If another king has been ſilent, an emperor has been ſingularly gracious. Frowns or ſilence may happen to any body: the ſmiles have been addreſſed to you particularly.—So was the ducal frown indeed—but would you have earned a ſmile at the price ſet on it? One cannot do right and be always applauded—but in ſuch caſes are not frowns tantamount?

As my letter will not ſet forth till the day after to-morrow, I reſerve the reſt for any additional news, and this time *will* reſerve it.

[1] To ſing at the opera.

[2] Upon a ſuſpicion of gallantry, ſhe was confined for life.

[3] To ſee the lit de juſtice held by Louis XVI. when he recalled the parliament of Paris baniſhed by Louis XV. at the inſtigation of the chancellor Maupou, and ſuppreſſed the new one of their creation. E.

[4] The duke de Choiſeul.

St. Parliament's day, 29th, after breakfaſt.

THE ſpeech is ſaid to be firm, and to talk of the *rebellion* of our province of Maſſachuſets. No ſloop is arrived yet to tell us how to call the reſt. Mr. Van is to move for the expulſion of Wilkes; which will diſtreſs, and may produce an odd ſcene. Lord Holland is certainly dead; the papers ſay, Robinſon too, but that I don't know:—ſo many deaths of late make report kill to right and left.

LETTER XCVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, December 15, 1774.

AS I wrote to lady Aileſbury but on Tueſday, I ſhould not have followed it ſo ſoon with this, if I had nothing to tell you but of myſelf. My gouts are never dangerous, and the ſhades of them not important. However, to diſpatch this article at once, I will tell you, that the pain I felt yeſterday in my elbow made me think all former pain did not deſerve the name. Happily the torture did not laſt above two hours; and, which is more ſurpriſing, it is all the real pain I have felt; for though my hand has been as ſore as if flayed, and that both feet are lame, the bootikins demonſtrably prevent or extract the ſting of it, and I ſee no reaſon not to expect to get out in a fortnight more. Surely, if I am laid up but one month in two years, inſtead of five or ſix, I have reaſon to think the bootikins ſent from heaven.

The long expected ſloop is arrived at laſt, and is indeed a *man of war!* The general congreſs have voted,

A non-importation.

A non-exportation.

A non-conſumption.

That, in caſe of hoſtilities committed by the troops at Boſton, the ſeveral provinces will march to the aſſiſtance of their countrymen.

That the cargoes of ſhips now at ſea ſhall be ſold on their arrival, and the money ariſing thence given to the poor at Boſton.

That

That a letter, in the nature of a petition of rights, ſhall be ſent to the king; another to the houſe of *commons*; a third to the people of England; a demand of repeal of all the acts of parliament affecting North America paſſed during this reign, as alſo of the Quebec-bill: and theſe reſolutions not to be altered till ſuch repeal is obtained.

Well, I believe you do not regret being neither in parliament nor in adminiſtration! As you are an idle man, and have nothing elſe to do, you may ſit down and tell one a remedy for all this. Perhaps you will give yourſelf airs, and ſay you was a prophet, and that prophets are not honoured in their own country.—Yet, if you have any inſpiration about you, I aſſure you it will be of great ſervice—We are at our wit's end—which was no great journey. —Oh! you conclude lord Chatham's crutch will be ſuppoſed a wand, and be ſent for—They might as well ſend for *my* crutch; and they ſhould not have it; the ſtile is a little too high to help them over. His lordſhip is a little fitter for raiſing a ſtorm than laying one, and of late ſeems to have loſt both virtues. The Americans at leaſt have acted like men, gone to the bottom at once, and ſet the whole upon the whole. Our conduct has been that of pert children: we have thrown a pebble at a maſtiff, and are ſurpriſed it was not frightened. Now we muſt be worried by it, or muſt kill the guardian of the houſe, which will be plundered the moment little maſter has nothing but the old nurſe to defend it. But I have done with reflections; you will be fuller of them than I.

LETTER XCIX.

Arlington-ſtreet, December 26, 1774.

I BEGIN my letter to-day, to prevent the fatigue of dictating two to-morrow. In the firſt and beſt place, I am very near recovered; that is, though ſtill a mummy, I have no pain left, nor ſcarce any ſenſation of gout except in my right hand, which is ſtill in complexion and ſhape a lobſter's claw. Now, unleſs any body can prove to me that three weeks are longer than five months and a half, they will hardly convince me that the bootikins are not a cure for fits of the gout, and a very ſhort cure, though they cannot prevent it: nor perhaps is it to be wiſhed they ſhould; for, if the gout prevents every thing elſe, would not one have ſomething that does? I have

but

but one ſingle doubt left about the bootikins, which is, whether they do not weaken my breaſt: but as I am ſenſible that my own ſpirits do half the miſchief, and that, if I could have held my tongue, and kept from talking and dictating letters, I ſhould not have been half ſo bad as I have been, there remains but half due to bootikins on the balance: and ſurely the ravages of the laſt long fit, and two years more in age, ought to make another deduction. Indeed, my forcing myſelf to dictate my laſt letter to you almoſt killed me; and ſince the gout is not dangerous to me if I am kept perfectly quiet, my good old friend muſt have patience, and not inſiſt upon letters from me but when it is quite eaſy to me to ſend them. So much for me and my gout. I will now endeavour to anſwer ſuch parts of your laſt letters as I can in this manner, and conſidering how difficult it is to read *your* writing in a dark room.

I have not yet been able to look into the French harangues you ſent me. Voltaire's verſes to Robert Covelle are not only very bad, but very contemptible.

I am delighted with all the honours you receive, and with all the amuſements they procure you, which i[illegible]e beſt part of honours. For the glorious part, I am always like the ma[illegible] in Pope's Donne,

"Then happy he who ſhows the tombs, ſaid I."

That is, they are leaſt troubleſome there. The *ſereniſſime*[1] you met at Montmorency is one of the leaſt to my taſte; we quarrelled about Rouſſeau, and I never went near him after my firſt journey. Madame du D. will tell you the ſtory, if ſhe has not forgotten it.

It is ſuppoſed here, that the new proceedings of the French parliament will produce great effects: I don't ſuppoſe any ſuch thing. What America will produce I know ſtill leſs; but certainly ſomething very ſerious. The merchants have ſummoned a meeting for the ſecond of next month, and the petition from the congreſs to the king is arrived. The heads have been ſhown to lord D———; but I hear one of the agents is againſt preſenting it: yet it is thought it will be delivered, and then be ordered to be laid before parliament. The whole affair has already been talked of there on the army

[1] The prince de Conti.

and navy-days; and Burke, they ſay, has ſhone with amazing wit and ridicule on the late inactivity of Gage, and his loſing his cannon and ſtraw; on his being intrenched in a town with an army of obſervation; with that army being, as ſir William Meredith had ſaid, an aſylum for magiſtrates, and to ſecure the port. Burke ſaid, he had heard of an aſylum for debtors and whores, never for magiſtrates; and of ſhips, never of armies, ſecuring a port. This is all there has been in parliament, but elections. C—— F——'s place did not come into queſtion. Mr. ———, who is one of the new elect, has opened, but with no ſucceſs. There is a ſeaman, Luttrell, that promiſes much better.

I am glad you like the ducheſs de Lauzun [1]: ſhe is one of my favourites. The hotel du Chatelet promiſed to be very fine, but was not finiſhed when I was laſt at Paris. I was much pleaſed with the perſon that ſlept againſt St. Lambert's poem: I wiſh I had thought of the noſtrum, when Mr. ——, a thouſand years ago, at Lyons, would read an epic poem to me juſt as I had received a dozen letters from England. St. Lambert is a great jackanapes, and a very tiny genius. I ſuppoſe the poem was The Seaſons, which is four fans ſpun out into a Georgic.

If I had not been too ill, I ſhould have thought of bidding you hear midnight maſs on Chriſtmas-eve in madame du Deffand's tribune, as I uſed to do.

[1] She became ducheſſe de Biron upon the death of her huſband's grandfather, the marechal duc de Biron.

This amiable, intereſting, and virtuous woman, the purity of whoſe character, even under all the unfavourable circumſtances of an ill-ſuited marriage and a huſband's ſtrange neglect, neither French profligacy nor French levity had ever dared aſperſe, having twice fled to this country, after the revolution in her own, to avoid that violence and thoſe perſecutions to which her noble birth and great perſonal fortune could alone make *her* liable, unadviſedly returned to Paris in the ſpring of the year 1794, deluded by fallacious promiſes of ſecurity, and by hopes of preſerving ſome of the very large fortune to which ſhe was heireſs, to aſſiſt thoſe of her friends and dependants, who, involved in the ſame circumſtances with herſelf, had no ſuch reſources of their own.

This amiable Being, in the prime of life, and unaccuſed of any crime, was firſt confined in her own houſe, then ſent to a common jail, and ſoon after fell an undiſtinguiſhed victim to the bloody and ruthleſs tyranny of Robeſpierre.

That there may have periſhed, in the courſe of his indiſcriminate ſlaughter, many victims equally innocent, is hardly to be doubted; but thoſe who were perſonally acquainted with the mild unmeddling character, the quiet unaſſuming ſenſe, and the modeſt diffident manners of the ducheſſe de Biron, can never figure her to themſelves, hurried by ruffians to a priſon, and periſhing publicly on a ſcaffold, without peculiar ſentiments of horror, melancholy, and diſguſt.

E.

To

To be ſure, you know that her apartment was part of madame du Monteſpan's, whoſe arms are on the back of the grate in madame du Deffand's own bed-chamber. A-propos, aſk her to ſhow you madame de Prie's picture, M. le Duc's miſtreſs—I am very fond of it—and make her tell you her hiſtory.

I have but two or three words more. Remember my parcel of letters from madame du D. and pray remember this injunction, not to ruin yourſelves in bringing preſents. A very ſlight fairing of a guinea or two obliges as much, is more faſhionable, and not a moment ſooner forgotten than a magnificent one; and then you may very cheaply oblige the more perſons: but as the ſick fox, in Gay's Fables, ſays (for one always excepts oneſelf),

"A chicken too might do me good——"

I allow you to go as far as three or even five guineas for a ſnuff-box for me: and then, as ——— ——— told the king, when he aſked for the reverſion of the Light-houſe for two lives, and the king reproached him with having always adviſed him againſt granting reverſions; he replied, "Oh ſir, but if your majeſty will give me this, I will take care you ſhall never give away another."

Adieu, with my own left hand,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER C.

Arlington-ſtreet, December 31, 1774.

NO child was ever ſo delighted to go into breeches, as I was this morning to get on a pair of cloth ſhoes as big as Jack Harris's: this joy may be the ſpirits of dotage—but what ſignifies whence one is happy? Obſerve too that this is written with my own *right* hand, with the bootikin actually upon it, which has no diſtinction of fingers: ſo I no longer ſee any miracle in Buckinger, who was famous for writing without hands or *feet* [as if it was

indifferent which one uſes, provided one has a pair of either]. Take notice, I write ſo much better without fingers than with, that I adviſe *you* to try a bootikin. To be ſure, the operation is a little ſlower; but to a priſoner, the duration of his amuſement is of far more conſequence than the vivacity of it.

Laſt night I received your very kind, I might ſay *your* letter tout court, of Chriſtmas-day. By this time I truſt you are quite out of pain about me. My fit has been as regular as poſſible; only, as if the bootikins were poſt-horſes, it made the grand tour of all my limbs in three weeks. If it will always uſe the ſame expedition, I am content it ſhould take the journey once in two years. You muſt not mind my breaſt: it was always the weakeſt part of a very weak ſyſtem; yet did not ſuffer now by the gout, but in conſequence of it; and would not have been near ſo bad, if I could have kept from talking and dictating letters. The moment I am out of pain I am in high ſpirits; and though I never take any medicines, there is one thing abſolutely neceſſary to be put into my mouth—a gag. At preſent the town is ſo empty that my tongue is a ſine-cure.

I am well acquainted with the Bibliotheque du Roi, and the medals, and the prints. I ſpent an entire day in looking over the Engliſh portraits, and kept the librarian without his dinner till dark night, till I was ſatisfied. Though the Choiſeuls [1] will not *acquaint* with you, I hope their abbé Barthelemi [2] is not put under the ſame quarantine. Beſides great learning, he has infinite wit and poliſſonnerie, and is one of the beſt kind of men in the world. As to the grandpapa [3], il ne nous aime pas nous autres, and has never forgiven lord Chatham. Though exceedingly agreeable himſelf, I don't think his taſte exquiſite.—Perhaps I was piqued; but he ſeemed to like —— better than any of us. Indeed I am a little afraid that my dear friend's impetuous zeal may have been a little too prompt in preſſing you upon them d'abord:—but don't ſay a word of this—it is her great goodneſs.—I thank you a million of times for all yours to her:—ſhe is perfectly grateful for it.

[1] Mr. Conway and the ladies of his party had met with the moſt flattering and diſtinguiſhed reception at Paris from every body but the duc and ducheſſe de Choiſeul, who rather ſeemed to decline their acquaintance. E.

[2] The author of the Voyage du jeune Anacharſis.

[3] A name given to the duc de Choiſeul by madame du Deffand.

The

The chevalier's [1] verſes are pretty enough. I own I like Saurin's [2] much better than you ſeem to do. Perhaps I am prejudiced by the curſe on the chancellor at the end.

Not a word of news here. In a ſick-room one hears all there is, but I have not heard even a lie: but as this will not ſet out theſe three days, it is to be hoped ſome charitable chriſtian will tell a body one. Lately indeed we heard that the king of Spain had abdicated; but I believe it was ſome ſtock-jobber that had depoſed him.

Lord George Cavendiſh, for my ſolace in my retirement, has given me a book, the Hiſtory of his own Furneſs-abbey, written by a Scotch ex-jeſuit. I cannot ſay that this unnatural conjunction of a Cavendiſh and a jeſuit has produced a lively colt; but I found one paſſage worth any money. It is in an extract of a conſtable's journal kept during the civil war; and ends thus: "And there was never heard of ſuch troubleſome and diſtracted times as

[1] Verſes written by the chevalier de Boufflers, to be preſented by madame du Deffand to the duke and ducheſs of Choiſeul. They are mere vers de ſocieté, and would not be tolerable out of the ſociety for which they were written. E.

[2] They were addreſſed to Mr. de Maleſherbes, then premier preſident de la cour des aides; ſince ſtill more diſtinguiſhed by his having been the intrepid, though unſucceſsful advocate choſen by the unfortunate Louis XVI. on his trial. He ſoon after periſhed by the ſame guillotine, from which he could not preſerve his ill-fated maſter. E.

The verſes were as follow:

Sur monſieur de Maleſherbes, premier preſident de la cour des aides.

O! qu'on aime la bonhommie
Qui dans ta grande ame s'allie
Aux grands talents!
Tout Paris fête Maleſherbes,
Le plus grand et le moins ſuperbe
Des *revenans* [1].

Jadis l'orateur qu'on renomme,
De l'exil revenu à Rome,
Eût même accueil:
Mais le Ciceron de la France
De l'autre a toute l'éloquence
Sans ſon orgueil.

Amis, ſa gloire l'embarraſſe,
Il faudra pourtant qu'il s'y faſſe:
Mais filons doux,
Et nous repoſons ſur l'hiſtoire;
Sans plus lui parler de ſa gloire,
Buvons y tous—

À celui qui ſi bien conſeille
Son maître, dont il a l'oreille [2],
Buvons auſſi
A ſa ſanté——Je vous la porte,
Mais diſons que le diable emporte
On ſçait bien qui!

[1] The members of the recalled parliament were called *les revenans*.

[2] Le duc de Choiſeul.

theſe

theſe five years have been, *but eſpecially for conſtables.*" It is ſo natural, that *inconvenient to my lord Caſtlecomer* is ſcarce a better proverb.

Pray tell lady A. that though ſhe has been ſo very good to me, I addreſs my letters to you rather than to her, becauſe my pen is not always upon its guard, but is apt to ſay whatever comes into its nib; and then if ſhe peeps over your ſhoulder, I am cenſé not to know it. Lady Harriet's wiſhes have done me great good: nothing but a father's gout could be obdurate enough to reſiſt them. My Mrs. D. ſays nothing to me; but I give her intentions credit, and lay her ſilence on you.

January 1, 1775; and a happy new year!

I WALK! I walk! walk alone!—I have been five times quite round my room to-day, and my month is not up! The day after to-morrow I ſhall go down into the dining-room; the next week to take the air; and then if Mrs. ——— is very preſſing, why, I don't know what may happen. Well! but you want news—there are none to be had. They think there is a ſhip loſt with Gage's diſpatches. Lady Temple gives all her diamonds to miſs Nugent. Lord Pigot loſt 400 pounds the other night at princeſs Amelia's. Miſs Davis has carried her cauſe againſt Mrs. Yates, and is to ſing again at the opera. This is all my coffee-houſe furniſhed this morning.

LETTER CI.

Arlington-ſtreet, January 15, 1775.

YOU have made me very happy by ſaying your journey to Naples is laid aſide. Perhaps it made too great impreſſion on me; but you muſt reflect, that all my life I have ſatisfied myſelf with your being perfect, inſtead of trying to be ſo myſelf. I don't aſk you to return, though I wiſh it: in truth, there is nothing to invite you. I don't want you to come and breathe fire and ſword againſt the Boſtonians, like that ſecond duke of Alva the inflexible lord G—— G———; or to anathematize the court and all its works, like the incorruptible B. who ſcorns lucre, except when he can buy an hundred thouſand acres from naked Caribs for a ſong. I don't want you to do any thing like a party-man. I truſt you think of every party as I do,

with contempt, from lord Chatham's muſtard-bowl down to lord Rockingham's hartſhorn. All perhaps will be tried in their turns; and yet, if they had genius, might not be mighty enough to ſave us—From ſome ruin or other I think nobody can, and what ſignifies an option of miſchiefs?

An account is come of the Boſtonians having voted an army of ſixteen thouſand men, who are to be called *minute-men*, as they are to be ready at a minute's warning. Two directors or commiſſioners, I don't know what they are called, are appointed. There has been too a kind of mutiny in the 5th regiment. A ſoldier was found drunk on his poſt. Gage, in this time of *danger*, thought rigour neceſſary, and ſent the fellow to a court-martial. They ordered 200 laſhes. The general ordered them to improve their ſentence. Next day it was publiſhed in the Boſton Gazette. He called them before him, and required them on oath to abjure the communication: three officers refuſed. Poor G. is to be ſcape-goat, not for this, but for what was a reaſon againſt employing him, incapacity. I wonder at the precedent! Howe is talked of for his ſucceſſor.—Well, I have done with *you!*—Now I ſhall go goſſip with lady A———.

You muſt know, madam, that near Bath is erected a new Parnaſſus, compoſed of three laurels, a myrtle tree, a weeping-willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been new chriſtened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a madam ——, an old rough humouriſt who paſſed for a wit; her daughter who paſſed for nothing, married to a captain ——, full of good-natured officiouſneſs. Theſe good folks were friends of miſs Rich[1], who carried me to dine with them at ———, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taſte, built and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. —— is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth muſe, as romantic as mad[lle] Scuderi, and as ſophiſticated as Mrs. V———. The captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with virtù; and that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced bouts-rimés as a new diſcovery. They hold a Parnaſſus-fair every Thurſday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vaſe dreſſed with pink ribbands and myrtles receives

[1] Daughter of ſir Robert Rich, and ſiſter to the ſecond wife of George lord Lyttelton.

the

the poetry, which is drawn out every feſtival: ſix judges of theſe Olympic games retire and ſelect the brighteſt compoſitions, which the reſpective ſucceſsful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope ———, kiſs her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with—I don't know what. You may think this a fiction, or exaggeration.—Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, publiſhed—Yes, on my faith! there are bouts-rimés on a buttered muffin, by her grace the ducheſs of Northumberland; receipts to make them by Corydon the venerable, alias ———; others very pretty, by lord P———; ſome by lord C———; many by Mrs. —— herſelf, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promiſed to her without end or meaſure. In ſhort, ſince folly, which never ripens to madneſs but in this hot climate, ran diſtracted, there never was any thing ſo entertaining, or ſo dull—for you cannot read ſo long as I have been telling.

January 17.

Before I could finiſh this, I received your diſpatches by ſir T. Clarges, and a moſt entertaining letter in three tomes. It is being very dull not to be able to furniſh a quarter ſo much from your own country—but what can I do? You are embarked in a new world, and I am living on the ſcraps of an old one, of which I am tired. The beſt I can do is to reply to your letter, and not attempt to amuſe you when I have nothing to ſay. I think the parliament meets to-day or in a day or two—but I hope you are coming—Your brother ſays ſo, and mad. du Deff. ſays ſo; and ſure it is time to leave Paris, when you know ninety of the inhabitants. There ſeems much affectation in thoſe that will not know you [1]; and affectation is always a littleneſs—it has been even rude; but to be ſure the rudeneſs one feels leaſt is that which is addreſſed to one before there has been any acquaintance.

Ninon came [2], becauſe, on mad. du D.'s mentioning it, I concluded it a new work, and am diſappointed. I can ſay this by heart. The picture of mad. de Prie [3], which you don't ſeem to value, and ſo mad. du D. ſays, I believe I ſhall diſpute with you: I think it charming, but when offered to me years ago, I would not take it—it was now given to you a little à mon intention.

I am ſorry that, amongſt all the verſes you have ſent me, you ſhould have

[1] The duke de Choiſeul. [2] The Life of Ninon de l'Enclos. [3] It is now at Strawberry-hill.

forgotten

forgotten what you commend the moſt, *Les trois exclamations*; I hope you will bring them with you. Voltaire's are intolerably ſtupid, and not above the level of officers in garriſon. Some of M. de Pezay's are very pretty, though there is too much of them; and in truth I had ſeen them before. Thoſe on mad. de la Valiere pretty too, but one is a little tired of Venus and the Graces. I am moſt pleaſed with your[1] own—and if you have a mind to like them ſtill better, make mad. du D. ſhow you mine[2], which are neither French, nor meaſure, nor metre. She is unwilling to tell me ſo; which diverts me. Yours are really genteel and new.

I envy you the Ruſſian anecdotes[3] more than M. de Chamfort's fables, of which I know nothing; and as you ſay no more, I conclude I loſe not much. The ſtories of ſir Charles[4] are ſo far not new to me, that I heard them of him from abroad after he was mad: but I believe no mortal of his acquaintance ever heard them before; nor did they at all correſpond with his former life, with his treatment of his wife, or his hiſtory with Mrs. Woffington, qui n'étoit pas dupe. I ſay nothing on the other ſtories you tell me of billets dropped[5], et pour cauſe.

I think I have touched all your paragraphs, and have nothing new to ſend you in return. In truth, I go no where but into private rooms; for I am not enough recovered to re-launch into the world, when I have ſo good an excuſe for avoiding it. The bootikins have done wonders; but even two or three ſuch victories will coſt too dear. I ſubmit very patiently to my

[1] They were the following lines, ſent with a porcelaine dejeuné to the vicomteſſe de Cambis at the beginning of the new-year, when it was the univerſal cuſtom at Paris to interchange ſmall preſents known by the name of *etrennes*. E.

L'etrenne qu'on vous offre ici
N'eſt rare ni mignonne;
Mais les vetilles ont du prix
Quand c'eſt le cœur qui donne.

De plus encor pour ſatisfaire
Au ſcrupule le plus ſevere,
If faut penſer qu'en acceptant
C'eſt vous qui faites le preſent.

[2] Theſe lines do not appear.

[3] The account of the revolution in Ruſſia which placed Catherine II. on the throne, by M. de la Rulhiere, now publiſhed. Mr. Conway had heard it read in manuſcript in a private ſociety. E.

[4] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

[5] This alludes to circumſtances Mr. Conway mentions as having taken place at a ball at Verſailles.

lot. I am old and broken, and it never was my ſyſtem to impoſe upon myſelf when one can deceive nobody elſe. I have ſpirits enough for my uſe, that is, amongſt my friends and cotemporaries: I like young people and their happineſs for every thing but to live with; but I cannot learn their language, nor tell them old ſtories, of which I muſt explain every ſtep as I go. Politics, the proper reſource of age, I deteſt—I am contented, but ſee few that are ſo—and I never will be led by any man's ſelf-intereſt. A great ſcene is opening, of which I cannot expect to ſee the end; I am pretty ſure not a happy end—ſo that, in ſhort, I am determined to think the reſt of my life but a poſtſcript: and as this has been too long an one, I will wiſh you good night, repeating what you know already, that the return of you three is the moſt agreeable proſpect I expect to ſee realized. Adieu!

LETTER CII.

Strawberry-hill, July 9, 1775.

THE whole buſineſs of this letter would lie in half a line. Shall you have room for me on Tueſday the 18th? I am putting myſelf into motion that I may go farther. I told madame du Deffand how you had ſcolded me on her account, and ſhe has charged me to thank you, and tell you how much ſhe wiſhes to ſee you too. I would give any thing to go——But the going!——However, I really think I ſhall—but I grow terribly affected with a maladie de famille, that of taking root at home.

I did but put my head into London on Thurſday, and more bad news from America. I wonder when it will be bad enough to make folks think it ſo, without going on! The ſtocks indeed begin to grow a little nervous, and they are apt to affect other pulſes. I heard this evening here that the Spaniſh fleet is ſailed, and that we are not in the ſecret whither—but I don't anſwer for Twickenham gazettes, and I have no better. I have a great mind to tell you a Twickenham ſtory; and yet it will be good for nothing, as I cannot ſend you the accent in a letter. Here it is; and you muſt try to ſet it to the right emphaſis. One of our maccaronis is dead, a captain M———, the tea-man's ſon. He had quitted the army, becauſe his comrades

comrades called him captain Hyſon, and applied himſelf to learn the claſſics and free-thinking; and was always diſputing with the parſon of the pariſh about Dido and his own ſoul. He married miſs Paulin's warehouſe, who had ſix hundred a year; but, being very much out of conceit with his own caniſter, could not reconcile himſelf to her riding-hood—ſo they parted beds in three nights. Of late he has taken to writing comedies, which every body was welcome to hear him read, as he could get nobody to act them. Mrs. M—— has a friend, one Mrs. V———, a mighty plauſible good ſort of body, who feels for every body, and a good deal for herſelf, is of a certain age, wears well, has ſome pretenſions that ſhe thinks very reaſonable ſtill, and a gouty huſband. Well! ſhe was talking to Mr. Raftor about captain M——— a little before he died. Pray, ſir, does the captain ever communicate his writings to Mrs. M———?—Oh dear, no, madam; he has a ſovereign contempt for her underſtanding.—Poor woman!—And pray, ſir,—give me leave to aſk you: I think I have heard that they very ſeldom ſleep together?—Oh, never, madam! Don't you know all that?—*Poor woman!*—I don't know whether you will laugh; but Mr. Raftor, who tells a ſtory better than any body, made me laugh for two hours. Good night.

LETTER CIII.

Paris, September 8, 1775.

THE delays of the poſt, and its departure before its arrival, ſaved me ſome days of anxiety for lady A——, and prevented my telling you how concerned I am for her accident; though I truſt by this time ſhe has not even pain left. I feel the horror you muſt have felt during her ſuffering in the dark, and on the ſight of her arm[1]; and though nobody admires her needlework more than I, ſtill I am rejoiced that it will be the greateſt ſufferer—However, I am very impatient for a farther account. Madame du Deffand, who you know never loves her friends by halves, and whoſe impatience never allows itſelf time to inform itſelf, was out of her wits becauſe I could not explain exactly how the accident happened, and where. She wanted to write directly, though the poſt was juſt gone; and as ſoon as I could make her eaſy about the accident, ſhe fell into a new diſtreſs about her fans for

[1] Lady Aileſbury had been overturned in her carriage at Park-place, and diſlocated her wriſt.

madame de Marchais, and concludes they have been overturned and broken too. In ſhort, I never ſaw any thing like her—She has made engagements for me till Monday ſe'nnight; in which are included I don't know how many journeys into the country; and as nobody ever leaves her without her engaging them for another time, all theſe parties will be ſo many polypuſes, that will ſhoot out into new ones every way. Madame de Jonſac, a great friend of mine, arrived the day before yeſterday, and madame du Deffand has pinned her down to meeting me at her houſe four times before next Tueſday, all parentheſes, that are not to interfere with our other ſuppers; and from thoſe ſuppers I never get to bed before two or three o'clock. In ſhort, I need have the activity of a ſquirrel, and the ſtrength of a Hercules, to go through my labours—not to count how many demêlés I have had to raccommode, and how many *memoires* to preſent againſt Tonton [1], who grows the greater favourite the more people he devours. As I am the only perſon who dare correct him, I have already inſiſted on his being confined in the Baſtile every day after five o'clock. T'other night he flew at lady Barrymore's face, and I thought would have torn her eye out; but it ended in biting her finger. She was terrified; ſhe fell into tears. Madame du Deffand, who has too much parts not to ſee every thing in its true light, perceiving that ſhe had not beaten Tonton half enough, immediately told us a ſtory of a lady, whoſe dog having bitten a piece out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame, in a great fright, cried out, "Won't it make my dog ſick?"

Lady Barrymore has taken a houſe. She will be glutted with conqueſts: I never ſaw any body ſo much admired. I doubt her poor little head will be quite overſet.

Madame de Marchais is charming: eloquence and attention itſelf. I cannot ſtir for peaches, nectarines, grapes and bury-pears. You would think Pomona was in love with me. I am not ſo tranſported with N—— cock and hen. They are a tabor and pipe that I do not underſtand. He mouths and ſhe ſqueaks, and neither articulates. M. d'Entragues I have not ſeen. Upon the whole, I am much more pleaſed with Paris than ever I was; and, perhaps, ſhall ſtay a little longer than I intended. The Harry

[1] A favourite dog of madame du Deffand's.

Grenvilles[1] are arrived. I dined with them at madame de Viry's[2], who has completed the conqueſt of France by her behaviour on madame Clotilde's wedding, and by the fêtes ſhe gave. Of other Engliſh I wot not, but grieve the Richmonds do not come.

I am charmed with doctor Bally; nay, and with the king of Pruſſia—as much as I can be with a northern monarch. For your Kragen, I think we ought to procure a female one, and marry it to Ireland, that we may breed ſome new iſlands againſt we have loſt America. I know nothing of ſaid America. There is not a Frenchman that does not think us diſtracted.

I uſed to ſcold you about your bad writing, and perceive I have written in ſuch a hurry and blotted my letter ſo much, that you will not be able to read it: but conſider how few moments I have to myſelf. I am forced to ſtuff my ears with cotton to get any ſleep.—However, my journey has done me good. I have thrown off at leaſt fifteen years. Here is a letter for my dear Mrs. D——— from madame de ———, who thinks ſhe dotes on you all. Adieu!

P. S. I ſhall bring you two eloges of marſhal Catinat, not becauſe I admire them, but becauſe I admire him, becauſe I think him very like you.

LETTER CIV.

Paris, October 6, 1775.

IT will look like a month ſince I wrote to you; but I have been coming, and am. Madame du Deffand has been ſo ill, that the day ſhe was ſeized I thought ſhe would not live till night. Her Herculean weakneſs, which could not reſiſt ſtrawberries and cream after ſupper, has ſurmounted all the *ups* and *downs* which followed her exceſs; but her impatience to go every where and do every thing has been attended with a kind of relapſe, and

[1] Henry Grenville, brother to the firſt earl Temple. He married miſs Margaret Banks, the celebrated beauty.

[2] Miſs Harriet Speed. She had married M. le comte de Viry when he was miniſter at London from the court of Turin. She is one of the ladies to whom Gray's long ſtory is addreſſed. E.

another

another kind of giddineſs: ſo that I am not quite eaſy about her, as they allow her to take no nouriſhment to recruit, and ſhe will die of inanition, if ſhe does not live upon it. She cannot lift her head from the pillow without étourdiſſemens; and yet her ſpirits gallop faſter than any body's, and ſo do her repartees. She has a great ſupper to-night for the duc de Choiſeul, and was in ſuch a paſſion yeſterday with her cook about it, and that put Tonton into ſuch a rage, that nos dames de ſaint Joſeph thought the devil or the philoſophers were flying away with their convent! As I have ſcarce quitted her, I can have had nothing to tell you. If ſhe gets well, as I truſt, I ſhall ſet out on the 12th; but I cannot leave her in any danger—though I ſhall run many myſelf, if I ſtay longer. I have kept ſuch bad hours with this *malade*, that I have had alarms of gout; and bad weather, worſe inns, and a voyage in winter, will ill ſuit me. The fans arrived at a propitious moment, and ſhe immediately had them opened on her bed, and felt all the patterns, and had all the papers deſcribed. She was all ſatisfaction and thanks, and ſwore me to do her full juſtice to lady A—— and Mrs. D——. Lord Harrington and lady Harriet are arrived; but have announced and perſiſted in a ſtrict inviſibility.

I know nothing of my chere patrie, but what I learn from the London Chronicle; and that tells me, that the trading towns are ſuing out lettres de nobleſſe, that is, entreating the king to put an end to commerce, that they may all be gentlemen. Here agriculture, œconomy, reformation, philoſophy, are the bon-ton even at court. The two nations ſeem to have croſſed over and figured in; but as people that copy take the bad with the good, as well as the good with the bad, there was two days ago a great horſe-race in the plain de Sablon, between the comte d'Artois, the duc de Chartres, monſieur de Conflans, and the duc de Lauzun. The latter won by the addreſs of a little Engliſh poſtillion, who is in ſuch faſhion, that I don't know whether the Academy will not give him for the ſubject of an eloge.

The duc de Choiſeul, I ſaid, is here; and as he has a ſecond time put off his departure, cela fait beaucoup de bruit. I ſhall not be at all ſurpriſed if he reſumes the reins, as (forgive me a pun) he has the *Reine* already. Meſſrs. de Turgot and Maleſherbes certainly totter—but I ſhall tell you no more till I ſee you; for, though this goes by a private hand, it is ſo private, that I don't know it, being an Engliſh merchant's, who lodges in this hotel,

and

and whom I do not know by ſight: ſo perhaps I may bring you word of this letter myſelf. I flatter myſelf lady A——'s arm has recovered its ſtraightneſs and its cunning.

Madame du Deffand ſays I love you better than any thing in the world. If true, I hope you have not leſs penetration: if you have not, or it is not true, what would profeſſions avail?—So I leave that matter in ſuſpenſe. Adieu!

October 7.

MADAME du Deffand was quite well yeſterday; and at near one this morning I left the duc de Choiſeul, the ducheſs de Grammont, the prince and princeſs of Beauveau, princeſs of Poix, the marechale de Luxembourg, ducheſs de Lauzun, ducs de Gontaut et de Chabot, and Caraccioli, round her chaiſe longue; and ſhe herſelf was not a dumb perſonage. I have not heard yet how ſhe has ſlept, and muſt ſend away my letter this moment, as I muſt dreſs to go to dinner with monſieur de Maleſherbes at madame de Villegagnon's. I muſt repoſe a great while after all this living in company; nay, intend to go very little into the world again, as I do not admire the French way of burning one's candle to the very ſnuff in public. Tell Mrs. D——, that the faſhion now is to erect the toupée into a high detached tuft of hair, like a cockatoo's creſt; and this toupée they call *la phyſionomie* —I don't gueſs why.

My laquais is come back from ſaint Joſeph's, and ſays Marie de Vichy[1] has had a very good night and is quite well.—Philip[2], let my chaiſe be ready on Thurſday.

LETTER CV.

Strawberry-hill, June 30, 1776.

I WAS very glad to receive your letter, not only becauſe always moſt glad to hear of you, but becauſe I wiſhed to write to you, and had abſolutely nothing to ſay till I had ſomething to anſwer. I have lain but two nights in town ſince I ſaw you, have been elſe conſtantly here, very

[1] The maiden name of madame du Deffand.
[2] Mr. Walpole's valet de chambre.

much employed, though doing, hearing, knowing exactly nothing. I have had a gothic architect from Cambridge to design me a gallery, which will end in a mouſe, that is, in an hexagon cloſet of ſeven feet diameter. I have been making a beauty-room, which was effected by buying two dozen of ſmall copies of ſir Peter Lely, and hanging them up; and I have been making hay, which is not made, becauſe I put it off for three days, as I choſe it ſhould adorn the landſcape when I was to have company; and ſo the rain is come, and has drowned it.—However, as I can even turn calculator when it is to comfort me for not minding my intereſt, I have diſcovered that it is five to one better for me that my hay ſhould be ſpoiled than not; for, as the cows will eat it if it is damaged, which horſes will not, and as I have five cows and but one horſe, is not it plain that the worſe my hay is, the better? Do not you with your refining head go, and, out of exceſſive friendſhip, find out ſomething to deſtroy my ſyſtem. I had rather be a philoſopher than a rich man; and yet have ſo little philoſophy, that I had much rather be content than be in the right.

Mr. —— and lady —— have been here four or five days—ſo I had both content and exerciſe for my philoſophy. I wiſh lady —— was as fortunate! The Pembrokes, Churchills, Le Texier, as you will have heard, and the Garricks, have been with us. Perhaps, if alone, I might have come to you—but you are all too healthy and harmonious. I can neither walk nor ſing—nor, indeed, am fit for any thing but to amuſe myſelf in a ſedentary trifling way. What I have moſt certainly not been doing, is writing any thing: a truth I ſay to you, but do not deſire you to repeat. I deign to ſatisfy ſcarce any body elſe. Whoever reported that I was writing any thing, muſt have been ſo totally unfounded, that they either blundered by gueſſing without reaſon, or knew they lied—and that could not be with any kind intention; though ſaying I am going to do what I am not going to do, is wretched enough. Whatever is ſaid of me without truth, any body is welcome to believe that pleaſes. In fact, though I have ſcarce a ſettled purpoſe about any thing, I think I ſhall never write any more. I have written a great deal too much, unleſs I had written better, and I know I ſhould now only write ſtill worſe. One's talent, whatever it is, does not improve at near ſixty—yet, if I liked it, I dare to ſay a good reaſon would not ſtop my inclination:—but I am grown moſt indolent in that reſpect, and moſt abſolutely indifferent to every purpoſe of vanity. Yet without vanity I am become ſtill prouder and more contemptuous. I have a con-

tempt

tempt for my countrymen that makes me deſpiſe their approbation. The applauſe of ſlaves and of the fooliſh mad is below ambition. Mine is the haughtineſs of an ancient Briton, that cannot write what would pleaſe this age, and would not if he could. Whatever happens in America, this country is undone. I deſire to be reckoned of the laſt age, and to be thought to have lived to be ſuperannuated, preſerving my ſenſes only for myſelf and for the few I value. I cannot aſpire to be traduced like Algernon Sydney, and content myſelf with ſacrificing to him amongſt my lares. Unalterable in my principles, careleſs about moſt things below eſſentials, indulging myſelf in trifles by ſyſtem, annihilating myſelf by choice, but dreading folly at an unſeemly age, I contrive to paſs my time agreeably enough, yet ſee its termination approach without anxiety. This is a true picture of my mind; and it muſt be true, becauſe drawn for you, whom I would not deceive, and could not if I would. Your queſtion on my being writing drew it forth, though with more ſerioufneſs than the report deſerved—yet talking to one's deareſt friend is neither wrong nor out of ſeaſon. Nay, you are my beſt apology. I have always contented myſelf with your being perfect, or, if your modeſty demands a mitigated term, I will ſay, unexceptionable. It is comical, to be ſure, to have always been more ſolicitous about the virtue of one's friend than about one's own—yet I repeat it, you are my apology—though I never was ſo unreaſonable as to make you anſwerable for my faults in return: I take them wholly to myſelf——But enough of this. When I know my own mind, for hitherto I have ſettled no plan for my ſummer, I will come to you. Adieu!

LETTER CVI.

Thurſday, 31.

THANK you for your letter. I ſend this by the coach. You will have found a new ſcene [1]—not an unexpected one by you and me, though I do not pretend I thought it ſo near. I rather imagined France would have inſtigated or winked at Spain's beginning with us. Here is a ſolution of the Americans declaring themſelves independent. Oh! the folly, the madneſs, the guilt of having plunged us into this abyſs! Were we and a few more endued with any uncommon penetration?—No—They who did

[1] On the opening of the parliament in the year 1776.

not ſee as far, *would* not. I am impatient to hear the complexion of to-day. I ſuppoſe it will on the part of adminiſtration have been a wretched farce of fear daubed over with airs of bullying. You, I do not doubt, have acted like yourſelf, feeling for our ſituation, above inſulting, and unprovoked but at the criminality that has brought us to this paſs. Purſue your own path, nor lean to the court that may be paid to you on either ſide, as I am ſure you will not regard their being diſpleaſed that you do not go as far as their intereſted views may wiſh.

If the court ſhould receive any more of what they call good news, I think the war with France will be unavoidable. It was the victory at Long Iſland, and the frantic preſumption it occaſioned, that has ripened France's meaſures——And now we are to awe them by preſſing—an act that ſpeaks our impotence!—which France did not want to learn!

I would have come to town, but I had declared ſo much I would not, that I thought it would look as if I came to enjoy the diſtreſs of the miniſters—but I do not enjoy the diſtreſs of my country. I think we are undone—I have always thought ſo—whether we enſlaved America or loſt it totally—So we that were againſt the war could expect no good iſſue. If you do return to Park-place to-morrow, you will oblige me much by breakfaſting here: you know it waſtes you very little time.

I am glad I did not know of Mrs. D——'s ſore throat till it is almoſt well. Pray take care and do not catch it.

Thank you for your care of me: I will not ſtay a great deal here, but at preſent I never was better in my life—and here I have no vexatious moments. I hate to diſpute; I ſcorn to triumph myſelf, and it is very difficult to keep my temper when others do. I own I have another reaſon for my retirement, which is prudence. I have thought of it late, but at leaſt I will not run into any new expence. It would coſt me more than I care to afford to buy a houſe in town, unleſs I do it to take ſome of my money out of the ſtocks, for which I tremble a little. My brother is ſeventy; and if I live myſelf, I muſt not build too much on his life; and you know, if he fails, I loſe the moſt ſecure part of my income. I refuſed from lord Holland, and laſt year from lord North, to accept the place for my own life; and having never done a dirty thing, I will not diſgrace

myſelf at fifty-nine. I ſhould like to live as well as I have done; but what I wiſh more, is to ſecure what I have already ſaved for thoſe I would take care of after me. Theſe are the true reaſons of my dropping all thoughts of a better houſe in town, and of living ſo privately here. I will not ſacrifice my health to my prudence; but my temper is ſo violent, that I know the tranquillity I enjoy here in ſolitude, is of much more benefit to my health, than the air of the country is detrimental to it. You ſee I can be reaſonable when I have time to reflect; but philoſophy has a poor chance with me when my warmth is ſtirred—and yet I know, that an angry old man out of parliament, and that can do nothing but be angry, is a ridiculous animal.

LETTER CVII.

Strawberry-hill, July 10, 1777.

DON'T be alarmed at this thouſandth letter in a week. This is more to lady Hamilton[1] than to you. Pray tell her I have ſeen *monſieur la Bataille d'Agincourt*[2]. He brought me her letter yeſterday: and I kept him to ſup, *ſleep* in the modern phraſe, and breakfaſt here this morning; and flatter myſelf he was, and ſhe will be, content with the regard I paid to her letter.

The weather is a thought warmer to-day, and I am as buſy as bees are about their hay. My *hayſſians*[3] have coſt me as much as if I had hired them of the landgrave.

I am glad your invaſion[4] is blown over. I fear I muſt invite thoſe flat-bottomed veſſels hither, as the Swiſſeſs Necker has directed them to the port of Twickenham. Madame de Blot is too fine, and monſieur Schomberg one of the moſt diſagreeable, croſs, contemptuous ſavages I ever ſaw. I have often ſupped with him at the ducheſs de Choiſeul's, and could not bear him; and now I muſt be *charmé* and *penetré* and *comblé* to ſee him:

[1] The firſt wife of ſir William Hamilton, envoy extraordinary at the court of Naples.

[2] M. le chevalier d'Azincourt, a French antiquary, long ſettled in Italy.

[3] Heſſians.

[4] A party of French nobility then in England, who were to have made a viſit at Park-place.

and I ſhall act it very ill, as I always do when I don't do what I like. Madame Necker's letter is as affected and précieuſe, as if Marmontel had written it for a Peruvian milk-maid. She ſays I am a philoſopher, and as like madame de Sevigné as two peas—who was as unlike a philoſopher as a gridiron. As I have none of madame de Sevigné's natural eaſy wit, I am rejoiced that I am no more like a philoſopher neither, and ſtill leſs like a *philoſophe*; which is a being compounded of D'Urfey and Diogenes, a paſtoral coxcomb and a ſupercilious brute.

LETTER CVIII.

Tueſday evening, Sept. 16, 1777.

I HAVE got a delightful plaything, if I had time for play. It is a new ſort of camera-obſcura[1] for drawing the portraits of perſons, or proſpects, or inſides of rooms, and does not depend on the ſun or any thing. The misfortune is, that there is a vaſt deal of machinery and putting together, and I am the worſt perſon living for managing it. You know I am impenetrably dull in every thing that requires a grain of common ſenſe. The inventor is to come to me on Friday, and try if he can make me remember my right hand from my left. I could as ſoon have invented my machine as manage it; yet it has coſt me ten guineas, and may coſt me as much more as I pleaſe for improving it. You will conclude it was the dearneſs tempted me. I believe I muſt keep an aſtronomer, like Mr. Beauclerc, to help me to play with my rattle. The inventor, who ſeems very modeſt and ſimple, but I conclude an able flatterer, was in love with my houſe, and vowed nothing ever ſuited his camera ſo well. To be ſure, the painted windows and the proſpects, and the gothic chimneys, &c. &c. were the delights of one's eyes, when no bigger than a ſilver penny. *You* would know how to manage it, as if you had never done any thing elſe. Had not you better come and ſee it? You will learn how to conduct it, with the pleaſure of correcting my awkwardneſs and *unlearnability*. Sir Joſhua Reynolds and Weſt have each got one; and the duke of Northumberland is ſo charmed with the invention, that I dare ſay he can talk upon and explain it till I ſhould underſtand ten times leſs of the matter than I

[1] The machine called a delineator.

do.

do. Remember, neither lady A. nor you, nor Mrs. D. have ſeen my new divine cloſet, nor the billiard-ſticks with which the counteſs of Pembroke and Arcadia uſed to play with her brother ſir Philip; nor the portrait of la belle Jennings in the ſtate bedchamber. I go to town this day ſe'nnight for a day or two; and as, *to be ſure*, Mount-Edgecumbe has put you out of humour with Park-place, you may deign to leave it for a moment. I never did ſee Cotchel[1], and am ſorry. Is not the old wardrobe there ſtill? There was one from the time of Cain; but Adam's breeches and Eve's under petticoat were eaten by a goat in the ark. Good-night.

LETTER CIX.

October 5, 1777.

YOU are exceedingly good, and I ſhall aſſuredly accept your propoſal in the fulleſt ſenſe, and, to enſure Mrs. D——, beg I may expect you on Saturday next the 11th. If lord and lady William Campbell will do me the honour of accompanying you, I ſhall be moſt happy to ſee them, and expect miſs Caroline[2]. Let me know about them, that the ſtate bedchamber may be aired.

My difficulties about removing from home ariſe from the conſciouſneſs of my own weakneſs. I make it a rule, as much as I can, to conform whereever I go. Though I am threeſcore to-day, I ſhould not think that an age for giving every thing up; but it is for whatever one has not ſtrength to perform. You, though not a vaſt deal younger, are as healthy and ſtrong, thank God, as ever you was: and you cannot have ideas of the mortification of being ſtared at by ſtrangers and ſervants, when one hobbles, or cannot do as others do. I delight in being with you, and the Richmonds, and thoſe I love and know; but the crowds of young people, and Chicheſter folks, and officers, and ſtrange ſervants, make me afraid of Goodwood, I own. My ſpirits are never low, but they will ſeldom laſt out the whole day; and though I dare to ſay I appear to many capricious, and different from the reſt of the world, there is more reaſon in my behaviour than there ſeems. You

[1] The old reſidence of the family of Edgecumbe, 12 miles diſtant from Mount Edgecumbe.

[2] Miſs Caroline Campbell, eldeſt daughter of lord William Campbell.

know in London I ſeldom ſtir out in a morning, and always late; and it is becauſe I want a great deal of reſt. Exerciſe never did agree with me: and it is hard if I do not know myſelf by this time; and what has done ſo well with me will probably ſuit me beſt for the reſt of my life. It would be ridiculous to talk ſo much of myſelf, and to enter into ſuch trifling details, but *you* are the perſon in the world that I wiſh to convince that I do not act merely from humour or ill-humour; though I confeſs at the ſame time that I want your bonhommie, and have a diſpoſition not to care at all for people that I do not abſolutely like. I could ſay a great deal more on this head, but it is not proper; though, when one has pretty much done with the world, I think with lady Blandford that one may indulge one's ſelf in one's own whims and partialities in one's own houſe. I do not mean, ſtill leſs to profeſs, retirement, becauſe it is leſs ridiculous to go on with the world to the laſt, than to return to it: but in a quiet way it has long been my purpoſe to drop a great deal of it. Of all things I am fartheſt from not intending to come often to Park-place, whenever you have little company; and I had rather be with you in November than in July, becauſe I am ſo totally unable to walk farther than a ſnail. I will never ſay any more on theſe ſubjects, becauſe there may be as much affectation in being over-old, as folly in being over-young. My idea of age is, that one has nothing really to do but what one ought, and what is reaſonable. All affectations are pretenſions; and pretending to be any thing one is not, cannot deceive when one is known, as every body muſt be that has lived long. I do not mean that old folks may not have pleaſures, if they can; but then I think thoſe pleaſures are confined to being comfortable, and to enjoying the few friends one has not outlived. I am ſo fair as to own, that one's duties are not pleaſures. I have given up a great deal of my time to nephews and nieces, even to ſome I can have little affection for. I do love my nieces, nay like them; but people above forty years younger are certainly not the ſociety I ſhould ſeek. They can only think and talk of what is, or is to come; I certainly am more diſpoſed to think and talk of what is paſt: and the obligation of paſſing the end of a long life in ſets of totally new company is more irkſome to me than paſſing a great deal of my time, as I do, quite alone. Family love and pride make me intereſt myſelf about the young people of my own family—for the whole reſt of the young world, they are as indifferent to me as puppets or black children. This is my creed, and a key to my whole conduct, and the more likely to remain my creed,

creed, as I think it is *raiſonné*. If I could paint my opinions inſtead of writing them, and I don't know whether it would not make a new ſort of alphabet, I ſhould uſe different colours for different affections at different ages[1]. When I ſpeak of love, affection, friendſhip, taſte, liking, I ſhould draw them roſe colour, carmine, blue, green, yellow, for my cotemporaries: for new comers, the firſt would be of no colour; the others, purple, brown, crimſon, and changeable. Remember, one tells one's creed only to one's confeſſor, that is ſub ſigillo. I write to you as I think; to others as I muſt. Adieu!

LETTER CX.

July 8, 1778.

I HAVE had ſome converſation with a miniſterial perſon, on the ſubject of pacification with France; and he dropped a hint, that as we ſhould not have much chance of a good peace, the oppoſition would make great clamour on it. I ſaid a few words on the duty of miniſters to do what they thought right, be the conſequence what it would. But as honeſt men do not want ſuch lectures, and diſhoneſt will not let them weigh, I waved that theme, to dwell on what is more likely to be perſuaſive, and which I am firmly perſuaded is no leſs true than the former maxim; and that was, that the miniſters are *ſtill* ſo ſtrong, that if they could get a peace that would ſave the nation, though not a brilliant or glorious one, the nation in general would be pleaſed with it, and the clamours of the oppoſition be inſignificant.

I added, what I think true too, that no time is to be loſt in treating; not only for preventing a blow, but from the conſequences the firſt misfortune would have. The nation is not yet alienated from the court, but it is growing ſo; is grown ſo enough, for any calamity to have violent effects. Any internal diſturbance would advance the hoſtile deſigns of France. An inſurrection from diſtreſs would be a double invitation to invaſion; and, I am ſure, much more to be dreaded, even perſonally, by the miniſters, than the ill-humours of oppoſition for even an inglorious peace. To do the oppoſition juſtice, it is not compoſed of incendiaries. Parliamentary ſpeeches

[1] This whimſical appropriation of colours to affections of the mind, can appear appoſite only to thoſe acquainted with Mr. Walpole's particular opinion of particular colours. E.

raiſo

raiſe no tumults; but tumults would be a dreadful thorough baſs to ſpeeches. The miniſters do not know the ſtrength they have left (ſuppoſing they apply it in time), if they are afraid of making any peace. They were too ſanguine in making war; I hope they will not be too timid of making peace.

What do you think of an idea of mine, of offering France a neutrality? that is, to allow her to aſſiſt both us and the Americans. I know ſhe would aſſiſt only them: but were it not better to connive at her aſſiſting them, without attacking us, than her doing both? A treaty with her would perhaps be followed by one with America. We are ſacrificing all the eſſentials we *can* recover, for a few words; and riſking the independence of this country, for the nominal ſupremacy over America. France ſeems to leave us time for treating. She made no ſcruple of begging peace of us in 63, that ſhe might lie by and recover her advantages. Was not that a wiſe precedent? Does not ſhe *now* ſhow that it was? Is not policy the honour of nations? I mean, not morally, but has Europe left itſelf any other honour? And ſince it has really left itſelf no honour, and as little morality, does not the morality of a nation conſiſt in its preſerving itſelf in as much happineſs as it can? The invaſion of Portugal by Spain in the laſt war, the partition of Poland, have abrogated the law of nations. Kings have left no ties between one another. Their duty to their people is ſtill allowed. He is a good king that preſerves his people; and if temporiſing anſwers that end, is it not juſtifiable? You, who are as moral as wiſe, anſwer my queſtions. Grotius is obſolete. Dr. Joſeph [1] and Dr. Frederic [2], with four hundred thouſand commentators, are reading new lectures—and I ſhould ſay, thank God, to one another, if the four hundred thouſand commentators were not in worſe danger than they. Louis XIV. is grown a caſuiſt compared to thoſe partitioners. Well, let us ſimple individuals keep our honeſty, and bleſs our ſtars that we have not armies at our command, leſt we ſhould divide kingdoms that are at our bienſéance! What a dreadful thing it is for ſuch a wicked little imp as man to have abſolute power!—— But I have travelled into Germany, when I meant to talk to you only of England; and it is too late to recall my text. Good-night.

[1] The emperor of Germany.

[2] Frederic II. king of Pruſſia.

LETTER

LETTER CXI.

Saturday, July 18, 1778.

YESTERDAY evening the following notices were fixed up in Lloyd's coffee-houſe:

That a merchant in the City had received an expreſs from France, that the Breſt fleet, conſiſting of 28 ſhips of the line, were ſailed, with orders to burn, ſink, and deſtroy.

That admiral Keppel was at Plymouth, and had ſent to demand three more ſhips of the line to enable him to meet the French.

On theſe notices the ſtocks ſunk $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

An account I have received this morning from a good hand ſays, that on Thurſday the Admiralty received a letter from admiral Keppel, who was off the Land's End, ſaying, that the Worceſter was in ſight; that the Peggy had joined him, and had ſeen the Thunderer making ſail for the fleet; that he was waiting for the Centaur, Terrible, and Vigilant; and that having received advice from lord Shuldham that the Shrewſbury was to ſail from Plymouth on Thurſday, he ſhould likewiſe wait for her. His fleet will then conſiſt of 30 ſhips of the line; and he hoped to have an opportunity of trying his ſtrength with the French fleet on our own coaſt: if not, he would ſeek them on theirs.

The French fleet ſailed on the 7th, conſiſting of 31 ſhips of the line, 2 fifty gun ſhips, and 8 frigates.

This ſtate is probably more authentic than thoſe at Lloyd's.

Thus you ſee how big the moment is! and, unleſs far more favourable to us in its burſt than good ſenſe allows one to promiſe, it muſt leave us greatly expoſed. Can we expect to beat without conſiderable loſs?—and then, where have we another fleet? I need not ſtate the danger from a reverſe.

The Spaniſh ambaſſador certainly arrived on Monday.

I ſhall go to town on Monday for a day or two; therefore, if you write to-morrow, direct to Arlington-ſtreet.

I add no more: for words are unworthy of the ſituation; and to blame now, would be childiſh. It is hard to be gamed for againſt one's conſent; but when one's country is at ſtake, one muſt throw one's ſelf out of the queſtion. When one is old, and nobody, one muſt be whirled with the current, and ſhake one's wings like a fly, if one lights on a pebble. The proſpect is ſo dark, that one ſhall rejoice at whatever does not happen, that may. Thus I have compoſed a ſort of philoſophy for myſelf, that reſerves every poſſible chance. You want none of theſe artificial aids to your reſolution. Invincible courage and immaculate integrity are not dependent on the folly of miniſters or on the events of war. Adieu!

LETTER CXII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 21, 1778.

I THINK it ſo very uncertain whether this letter will find you, that I write it merely to tell you I received yours to-day.

I recollect nothing particularly worth ſeeing in Suſſex that you have not ſeen (for I think you have ſeen Coudray and Stanſted, and I know you have Petworth), but Hurſt Monceaux near Battle; and I don't know whether it is not pulled down. The ſite of Arundel caſtle is fine, and there are ſome good tombs of the Fitzalans at the church, but little remains of the caſtle; in the room of which is a modern brick-houſe; and in the late duke's time the ghoſt of a giant walked there his grace ſaid—but I ſuppoſe the preſent duke has laid it in the Red Sea—of claret.

Beſide Knowle and Penſhurſt, I ſhould think there were ſeveral ſeats of old families in Kent worth ſeeing; but I do not know them. I poked out Summer-hill for the ſake of the *Babylonienne* in Grammont; but it is now a mere farm-houſe. Don't let them perſuade you to viſit Leeds caſtle, which is not worth ſeeing.

You have been near loſing me and half-a-dozen fair couſins to-day. The

Goldſmiths company dined in Mr. Shirley's field, next to Pope's. I went to Ham with my three Waldegrave nieces and miſs Keppel, and ſaw them land, and dine in tents erected for them from the oppoſite ſhore. You may imagine how beautiful the ſight was in ſuch a ſpot and in ſuch a day! I ſtaid and dined at Ham, and after dinner lady Dyſart with lady Bridget Tollemache took our four nieces on the water to ſee the return of the barges, but were to ſet me down at lady Browne's. We were, with a footman and the two watermen, ten in a little boat. As we were in the middle of the river, a larger boat full of people drove directly upon us on purpoſe. I believe they were drunk. We called to them, to no purpoſe; they beat directly againſt the middle of our little ſkiff—but, thank you, did not do us the leaſt harm—no thanks to them. Lady Malpas was in lord Strafford's garden, and gave us for gone. In ſhort, Neptune never would have had ſo beautiful a prize as the four girls.

I hear an expreſs has been ſent to —— to offer him the maſterſhip of the horſe. I had a mind to make you gueſs, but you never can——to lord Exeter.

Pray let me know the moment you return to Park-place.

LETTER CXIII.

October 23, 1778.

———having thus told you all I know, I ſhall add a few words, to ſay I conclude you have known as much, by my not having heard from you. Should the poſt-office or ſecretary's office ſet their wits at work to bring to light all the intelligence contained under the above hiatus, I am confident they will diſcover nothing, though it gives an exact deſcription of all they have been about themſelves.

My perſonal hiſtory is very ſhort. I have had an aſſembly and the rheumatiſm—and am buying a houſe—and it rains—and I ſhall plant the roſes againſt my treillage to-morrow. Thus you know what I have done, ſuffered, am doing, and ſhall do. Let me know as much of you, in quantity, not in quality. Introductions to and concluſions of letters are as much out of faſhion, as *to*, *at*, &c. on letters. This ſublime age reduces every

thing to its quinteſſence: all periphraſes and expletives are ſo much in diſuſe, that I ſuppoſe ſoon the only way of making love will be to ſay "*Lie down.*" Luckily, the lawyers will not part with any ſynonymous words, and will, conſequently, preſerve the redundancies of our language—Dixi.

LETTER CXIV.

Arlington-ſtreet, January 9, 1779.

YOUR flight to Bath would have much ſurpriſed me, if Mr. C. who, I think, heard it from Stanley, had not prepared me for it. Since you was amuſed, I am glad you went, eſpecially as you eſcaped being initiated in Mrs. ———'s follies at ———, which you would have mentioned. She would certainly have ſent ſome trapes of a muſe to preſs you, had ſhe known what good epigrams you write.

I went to Strawberry partly out of prudence, partly from ennui. I thought it beſt to air myſelf before I go in and out of hot rooms here, and had my houſe thoroughly warmed for a week previouſly, and then only ſtirred from the red room to the blue on the ſame floor. I ſtaid five days, and was neither the better nor the worſe for it. I was quite tired with having neither company, books, nor amuſement of any kind. Either from the emptineſs of the town, or that ten weeks of gout have worn out the patience of all my acquaintance, but I do not ſee three perſons in three days. This gives me but an uncomfortable proſpect for my latter days: it is but probable that I may be a cripple in a fit or two more, if I have ſtrength to go through them; and as that will be long life, one outlives one's acquaintance. I cannot make new acquaintance, nor intereſt myſelf at all about the young, except thoſe that belong to me; nor does that go beyond contributing to their pleaſures, without having much ſatisfaction in their converſation——But—one muſt take every thing as it comes, and make the beſt of it. I have had a much happier life than I deſerve, and than millions that deſerve better. I ſhould be very weak, if I could not bear the uncomfortableneſs of old age, when I can afford what comforts it is capable of. How many poor old people have none of them! I am aſhamed whenever I am peeviſh, and recollect that I have fire and ſervants to help me!

I hear

I hear admiral Keppel is in high ſpirits with the great reſpect and zeal expreſſed for him. In my own opinion, his conſtitution will not ſtand the ſtruggle. I am very uneaſy too for the duke of R———, who is at Portſmouth, and will be at leaſt as much agitated.

Sir —— —— has written a large pamphlet, and a very good one. It is to ſhow, that whenever the Grecian republics taxed their dependents, the latter reſiſted, and ſhook off the yoke. He has printed but twelve copies: the duke of G. ſent me one of them. There is an anecdote of my father, on the authority of old Jack White, which I doubt. It ſays, he would not go on with the exciſe ſcheme, though his friends adviſed it. I cannot ſpeak to the particular event, as I was then at ſchool; but it was more like him to have yielded againſt his ſentiments, to Mr. Pelham and his candid—or ſay, plauſible and timid friends. I have heard him ſay, that he never did give up his opinion to ſuch men, but he always repented it. However, the anecdote in the book would be more to his honour. But what a ſtrange man is ſir ——! I ſuppoſe now he has written this book, he will change his opinion, and again be for carrying on the war—or, if he does not know his own mind for two years together, why will he take places, to make every body doubt his honeſty?

LETTER CXV.

Arlington-ſtreet, May 22, 1779.

IF you hear of us no oftener than we of you, you will be as much behind hand in news as my lady Lyttelton. We have ſeen a traveller that ſaw you in your iſland[1], but it ſounds like hearing of Ulyſſes.—Well! we muſt be content. You are not only not dethroned, but owe the ſafety of your dominions to your own ſkill in fortification. If we do not hear of your extending your conqueſts, why, it is not leſs than all our modern heroes have done, whom prophets have foretold and gazettes celebrated—or who have foretold and celebrated themſelves. Pray be content to be cooped up in an iſland that has no neighbours, when the Howes and Clin-

[1] Mr. Conway was now at his government, Jerſey.

tons,

tons, and Dunmores and Burgoynes and Campbells are not yet got beyond the great river—Inquiry[1]! To-day's papers ſay, that the *little* prince of Orange[2] is to invade you again—but we truſt ſir James Wallace has clipped his wings ſo cloſe, that they will not grow again this ſeaſon, though he is ſo ready to *fly*.

Nothing material has happened ſince I wrote laſt—ſo, as every moment of a civil war is precious, every one has been turned to the intereſt of diverſion. There have been three maſquerades, an inſtallation, and the ball of the knights at the Haymarket this week; not to mention Almack's, Feſtino, lady Spencer's, Ranelagh and Vauxhall, operas and plays. The ducheſs of Bolton too ſaw maſks—ſo many, that the floor gave way, and the company in the dining-room were near falling on the heads of thoſe in the parlour, and exhibiting all that has not yet appeared in Doctor's Commons. At the knights' ball was ſuch a profuſion of Strawberries, that people could hardly get into the ſupper-room.—I could tell you more, but I do not love to exaggerate.

Lady A. told me this morning, that lord Briſtol has got a calf with two feet to each leg—I am convinced it is by the ducheſs of Kingſton, who has two of every thing, where others have but one.

Adieu!—I am going to ſup with Mrs. Abington—and hope Mrs. Clive will not hear of it.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The parliamentary inquiry which took place in the houſe of commons on the conduct of the American war.

[2] The prince of Naſſau, who had commanded the attack upon Jerſey, claiming relationſhip to the great houſe of Naſſau, Mr. Walpole calls the "*little prince of Orange.*" E.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday June 5, 1779.

I WRITE to you more ſeldom than I am diſpoſed to do, from having nothing poſitive to tell you, and from being unwilling to ſay and unſay every minute ſomething that is reported poſitively. The confident aſſertions of the victory over D'Eſtaing are totally vaniſhed—and they who invented them, now declaim as bitterly againſt Byron, as if he had deceived them—and as they did againſt Keppel. This day ſe'nnight there was a great alarm about Ireland—which was far from being all invention, though not an abſolute inſurrection, as was ſaid. The caſe, I believe, was this: The court, in order to break the volunteer army eſtabliſhed by the Iriſh themſelves, endeavoured to perſuade a body in lady Blayney's county of Monaghan to inliſt in the militia—which they took indignantly. They ſaid, they had great regard for lady Blayney and lord Clermont; but to act under them, would be acting under the king, and that was by no means their intention. There have ſince been motions for inquiries what ſteps the miniſters have taken to ſatisfy the Iriſh—and theſe they have imprudently rejected—which will not tend to pacification. The miniſters have been puſhed too on the article of Spain, and could not deny that all negotiation is at an end—though they will not own farther. However, the Spaniſh ambaſſador is much out of humour. From Paris they write confidently of the approaching declaration; and lord Sandwich, I hear, has ſaid in a very mixed company, that it was folly not to expect it. There is another million aſked, and given on a vote of credit; and lord North has boaſted of ſuch mines for next year, that one would think he believed next year would never come.

The inquiry[1] goes on, and lord Harrington did himſelf and Burgoyne honour. Barré and governor Johnſtone have had warm words, and Burke has been as frantic for the Roman catholics as lord George Gordon againſt them. The parliament, it is ſaid, is to riſe on the 21ſt.

You will not collect from all this that our proſpect clears up. I fear there is not more diſcretion in the treatment of Ireland than of America.

[1] Into the conduct of the American war.

The

The court ſeems to be infatuated, and to think that nothing is of any conſequence but a majority in parliament—though they have totally loſt all power but that of provoking. Fortunate it had been for the king and kingdom, had the court had no majority for theſe ſix years! America had ſtill been ours!—and all the lives and all the millions we have ſquandered! A majority that has loſt thirteen provinces by bullying and vapouring, and the moſt childiſh menaces, will be a brave countermatch for France and Spain, and a rebellion in Ireland! In ſhort, it is plain that there is nothing a majority in parliament can do, but outvote a minority; and yet by their own accounts one would think they could not do even that. I ſaw a paper t'other day that began with this Iriſciſm, "As the minority have loſt us thirteen provinces, &c." I know nothing the minority have done, or been ſuffered to do, but reſtore the Roman catholic religion—and that too was by the deſire of the court.

This is however the preſent ſtyle. They announced with infinite applauſe a new production of Tickell:—it has appeared, and is a moſt paltry performance. It is called the Caſſette verte of M. de Sartine, and pretends to be his correſpondence with the oppoſition. Nay, they are ſo pitifully mean as to laugh at doctor Franklin, who has ſuch thorough reaſon to ſit and laugh at them. What triumph it muſt be to him to ſee a miſerable pamphlet all the revenge they can take! There is another, ſtill duller, called Oppoſition Mornings, in which you are lugged in. In truth, it is a compliment to any man to except him out of the number of thoſe that have contributed to the ſhocking diſgraces inflicted on this undone country! When lord Chatham was miniſter, he never replied to abuſe but by a victory.

I know no private news: I have been here ever ſince Tueſday, enjoying my tranquillity, as much as an honeſt man can do who ſees his country ruined. It is juſt ſuch a period as makes philoſophy wiſdom. There are great moments when every man is called on to exert himſelf—but when folly, infatuation, deluſion, incapacity and profligacy fling a nation away, and it concurs itſelf, and applauds its deſtroyers, a man who has lent no hand to the miſchief, and can neither prevent nor remedy the maſs of evils, is fully juſtified in ſitting aloof and beholding the tempeſt rage, with ſilent ſcorn and indignant compaſſion. Nay, I have, I own, ſome comfortable

reflections.

reflections. I rejoice that there is ſtill a great continent of Engliſhmen who will remain free and independent, and who laugh at the impotent majorities of a proſtitute parliament. I care not whether general Burgoyne and governor Johnſtone croſs over and figure in, and ſupport or oppoſe; nor whether Mr. Burke, or the ſuperior of the jeſuits, is high commiſſioner to the kirk of Scotland. My ideas are ſuch as I have always had, and are too plain and ſimple to comprehend modern confuſions; and, therefore, they ſuit with thoſe of few men. What will be the iſſue of this chaos, I know not, and, probably, ſhall not ſee. I do ſee with ſatisfaction, *that what was meditated* has failed by the groſſeſt folly; and when one has eſcaped the worſt, leſſer evils muſt be endured with patience.

After this dull effuſion, I will divert you with a ſtory that made me laugh this morning till I cried. You know my Swiſs David, and his incomprehenſible pronunciation. He came to me, and ſaid, "Auh! dar is meſes —— wants ſome of your large flags to put in her great O." With much ado I found out that Mrs. —— had ſent for leave to take up ſome flags out of my meadow for her grotto.

I hope in a few days to ſee lady A—— and miſs J—— here; I have writ to propoſe it.—What are your intentions? Do you ſtay till you have made your iſland impregnable? I doubt it will be our only one that will be ſo.

LETTER CXVII.

Strawberry-hill, June 16, 1779.

YOUR counteſs was here laſt Thurſday, and received a letter from you, that told us how ſlowly you receive ours. When you will receive this I cannot gueſs; but it dates a new æra, which you with reaſon did not care to look at as poſſible. In a word, behold a Spaniſh war! I muſt detail a little to increaſe your wonder. I heard here the day before yeſterday that it was likely; and that night received a letter from Paris, telling me (it was of the 6th) that monſieur de Beauveau was going, they knew not whither, at the head of 25,000 men, with three lieutenant-generals and ſix or eight marechaux de camp under him. Yeſterday I went to town, and T. W. happened

to call on me.—He, who uſed to be informed early, did not believe a word either of a Spaniſh war or a French expedition. I ſaw ſome other perſons in the evening as ignorant. At night I went to ſup at Richmond-houſe. The duke ſaid the Breſt fleet was certainly ſailed, and had got the ſtart of ours by twelve days; that monſieur de Beauveau was on board with a large ſum of money, and with white and *red* cockades; and that there would certainly be a Spaniſh war. He added, that the oppoſition were then preſſing in the houſe of commons to have the parliament continue ſitting, and urging to know if we were not at the eve of a Spaniſh war; but the miniſters perſiſted in the prorogation for to-morrow or Friday, and would not anſwer on Spain.

I ſaid I would make you wonder——But no—Why ſhould the parliament continue to ſit? Are not the miniſters and the parliament the ſame thing? And how has either houſe ſhown that it has any talent for war?

The duke of R. does not gueſs whither the Breſt fleet is gone.—He thinks, if to Ireland, we ſhould have known it by this time. He has heard that the prince of Beauveau has ſaid he was going on an expedition that would be glorious in the eyes of poſterity.—I aſked, if that might not mean Gibraltar? The duke doubts, but hopes it, as he thinks it no wiſe meaſure on their ſide; yet he was very melancholy, as you will be, on this heavy acceſſion to our diſtreſſes.

Well! here we are, aris et focis and all at ſtake! What can we be meaning? Unable to conquer America before ſhe was aſſiſted—ſcarce able to keep France at bay—are we a match for both, and Spain too?—What can be our view? nay, what can be our expectation? I ſometimes think we reckon it will be more creditable to be forced by France and Spain to give up America, than to have the merit with the latter of doing it with grace. —But, as Cato ſays,

I am weary of conjectures—This muſt end them;

that is, the ſword:—and never, I believe, did a country plunge itſelf into ſuch difficulties ſtep by ſtep, and for ſix years together, without once recollecting that each foreign war rendered the object of the civil war more unattainable; and that in both the foreign wars we have not an object in proſpect. Unable to recruit our remnant of an army in America, are we to

make conqueſts on France and Spain? They may chooſe their attacks: we can ſcarce chooſe what we will defend.

Ireland, they ſay, is more temperate than was expected. That is ſome conſolation—yet many fear the Iriſh will be tempted to unite with America, which would throw all that trade into their convenient harbours: and I own I have apprehenſions that the parliament's riſing without taking a ſtep in their favour, may offend them. Surely at leaſt we have courageous miniſters. I thought my father a ſtout man:—he had not a tithe of their ſpirit.

The town has wound up the ſeaſon perfectly in character by a fête at the Pantheon by ſubſcription. Le Texier managed it; but it turned out ſadly. The company was firſt ſhut into the galleries to look down on the ſupper, then let to deſcend to it. Afterwards they were led into the ſubterraneous apartment, which was laid with mould, and planted with trees, and crammed with noſegays: but the freſh earth, and the dead leaves, and the effluvia of breaths made ſuch a ſtench and moiſture, that they were ſuffocated; and when they remounted, the legs and wings of chickens and remnants of ham (for the ſupper was not removed) poiſoned them more. A druid in an arbour diſtributed verſes to the ladies; then the Baccelli and the dancers of the opera danced; and then danced the company; and then it being morning, and the candles burnt out, the windows were opened; and then the ſtewed danced aſſembly were ſuch ſhocking figures, that they fled like ghoſts as they looked.——I ſuppoſe there will be no more balls unleſs the French land, and then we ſhall ſhow we do not mind it.

Thus I have told you all I know. You will ponder over theſe things in your little diſtant iſland, when we have forgotten them. There is another perſon, one doctor Franklin, who, I fancy, is not ſorry that we divert ourſelves ſo well.

LETTER CXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 13, 1779.

I AM writing to you at random; not knowing whether or when this letter will go: but your brother told me laſt night that an officer, whoſe

name I have forgot, was arrived from Jerſey, and would return to you ſoon. I am ſenſible how very ſeldom I have written to you—but you have been few moments out of my thoughts. What *they* have been, you who know me ſo minutely may well gueſs, and why they do not paſs my lips. Senſe, experience, circumſtances, can teach one to command one's ſelf outwardly, but do not diveſt a moſt friendly heart of its feelings. I believe the ſtate of my mind has contributed to bring on a very weak and decaying body my preſent diſorders. I have not been well the whole ſummer; but for theſe three weeks much otherwiſe. It has at laſt ended in the gout, which, to all appearance, will be a ſhort fit.

On public affairs I cannot ſpeak. Every thing is ſo exaggerated on all ſides, that what grains of truth remain in the ſieve would appear cold and inſipid; and the great manœuvres you learn as ſoon as I. In the naval battle between Byron and d'Eſtaing, our captains were worthy of any age in our ſtory.

You may imagine how happy I am at Mrs. D——'s return, and at her not being at Naples, as ſhe was likely to have been, at the dreadful exploſion of Veſuvius. Surely it will have glutted ſir William's rage for volcanos! How poor lady Hamilton's nerves ſtood it I do not conceive.——Oh, mankind! mankind!—Are there not calamities enough in ſtore for us, but muſt deſtruction be our amuſement and purſuit?

I ſend this to Ditton [1], where it may wait ſome days; but I would not ſuffer a ſure opportunity to ſlip without a line. You are more obliged to me for all I do not ſay, than for whatever eloquence itſelf could pen.

P. S. I unſeal my letter to add, that undoubtedly you will come to the meeting of parliament, which will be in October. Nothing can or ever did make me adviſe you to take a ſtep unworthy of yourſelf.—But ſurely you have higher and more ſacred duties than the government of a mole-hill!

[1] Where lord Hertford had then a villa.

LETTER

LETTER CXIX.

January 3, 1781.

AFTER I had written my note to you laſt night, I called on ———, who gave me the diſmal account of Jamaica, that you will ſee in the gazette, and of the damage done to our ſhipping. Admiral Rowley is ſafe; but they are in apprehenſions for Walſingham. He told me too what is not in the gazette; that of the expedition againſt the Spaniſh ſettlements, not a ſingle man ſurvives! The papers to-day, I ſee, ſpeak of great danger to Gibraltar.

——— ——— repeated to me his great deſire that you ſhould publiſh your ſpeech [1], as he told you. I do not conceive why *he* is ſo eager for it; for he profeſſes total deſpair about America. It looks to me as if there was a wiſh of throwing blame ſomewhere—but I profeſs I am too ſimple to dive into the objects of ſhades of intrigues; nor do I care about them. We ſhall be reduced to a miſerable little iſland; and from a mighty empire ſink into as inſignificant a country as Denmark or Sardinia! When our trade and marine are gone, the latter of which we keep up by unnatural efforts, to which our debt will put a ſtop, we ſhall loſe the Eaſt Indies as Portugal did; and then France will dictate to us more imperiouſly than ever we did to Ireland, which is in a manner already gone too! Theſe are mortifying reflections, to which an Engliſh mind cannot eaſily accommodate itſelf——But, alas! we have been purſuing the very conduct that France would have preſcribed, and more than with all her preſumption ſhe could have dared to expect. Could ſhe flatter herſelf that we would take no advantage of the dilatorineſs and unwillingneſs of Spain to enter into the war? that we would reject the diſpoſition of Ruſſia to ſupport us? and that our ſtill more natural friend Holland would be driven into the league againſt us? All this has happened; and, like an infant, we are delighted with having ſet our own frock in a blaze!—I ſit and gaze with aſtoniſhment at our phrenſy ——Yet why? Are not nations as liable to intoxication as individuals? Are not predictions founded on calculation oftener rejected than the prophecies

[1] Introductory of a motion "for leave to "bring in a bill for quieting the troubles that "have for ſome time ſubſiſted between Great "Britain and America, and enabling his ma-"jeſty to ſend out commiſſioners with full "power to treat with America for that pur-"poſe."

of

of dreamers? Do we not act preciſely like C—— F——, who thought he had diſcovered a new truth in figures, when he preached that wiſe doctrine, that nobody could want money, that would pay enough for it?—The conſequence was, that in two years he left himſelf without the poſſibility of borrowing a ſhilling. I am not ſurpriſed at the ſpirits of a boy of parts—I am not ſurpriſed at the people—I do wonder at government, that games away its conſequence. For what are we now really at war with America, France, Spain, and Holland?—Not with hopes of reconquering America, not with the ſmalleſt proſpect of conquering a foot of land from France, Spain, or Holland——No; we are at war on the defenſive, to protect what is left, or more truly to ſtave off, for a year perhaps, a peace that muſt proclaim our nakedneſs and impotence. I would not willingly recur to that womaniſh viſion of, Something may turn up in our favour! That ſomething muſt be a naval victory that will annihilate at once all the ſquadrons of Europe—muſt wipe off forty millions of new debt—reconcile the affections of America, that for ſix years we have laboured to alienate—and that muſt recall out of the grave the armies and ſailors that are periſhed—and that muſt make thirteen provinces willing to receive the law, without the neceſſity of keeping ten thouſand men amongſt them. The gigantic imagination of lord Chatham would not entertain ſuch a chimera. Lord ——— perhaps would ſay he did, rather than not undertake; or Mr. Burke could form a metaphoric viſion, that would ſatisfy no imagination but his own: but I, who am nullius addictus jurare in verba, have no hopes either in our reſources or in our geniuſes, and look on my country already as undone[1]!—It is grievous—but I ſhall not have much time to lament its fall!

LETTER CXX.

Strawberry-hill, Sunday evening, May 6, 1781.

I SUPPED with your counteſs on Friday at lord Frederic Campbell's, where I heard of the relief of Gibraltar by Darby. The Spaniſh fleet kept

[1] It may be ſome comfort, in a moment no leſs portentous and melancholy than the one here deſcribed, to recollect the almoſt unhoped-for recovery of national proſperity, which took place from the peace 1782 to the declaration of war againſt France in the year 1793. May our exertions procure the ſpeedy application of a ſimilar remedy to our preſent evils, and may that remedy be productive of equally good effects! E. March 1798.

cloſe

cloſe in Cadiz:—however, he lifted up his leg, and juſt ſquirted contempt on them. As he is diſembarraſſed of his tranſports, I ſuppoſe their ſhips will ſcramble on ſhore rather than fight. Well, I ſhall be perfectly content with our fleet coming back in a whole ſkin. It will be enough to have out-quixoted Don Quixote's own nation. As I knew your counteſs would write the next day, I waited till ſhe was gone out of town and would not have much to tell you—not that I have either; and it is giving myſelf an air, to pretend to know more at Twickenham than ſhe can at Henley. Though it is a bitter north-eaſt, I came hither to-day to look at my lilacs, though à la glace, and to get from Pharaoh, for which there is a rage. I doted on it above thirty years ago; but it is not decent to ſit up all night now with boys and girls. ———, the banker à la mode, has been demoliſhed. He and his aſſociate ſir —— —— went early t'other night to Brookes's, before C. F. and F. who keep a bank there, were come. But they ſoon arrived, attacked their rivals, broke their bank, and won above 4000*l.* "There," ſaid F. "ſo ſhould all uſurpers be ſerved!"—He did ſtill better; for he ſent for his tradeſmen, and paid as far as the money would go.—In the mornings he continues his war on lord North—but cannot break *that* bank. The court has carried a ſecret committee for India affairs—and it is ſuppoſed that Rumbold is to be the ſacrifice:—but as he is near as rich as lord Clive, I conclude he will eſcape by the ſame golden key.

I told you in my laſt, that Tonton[1] was arrived. I brought him this morning to take poſſeſſion of his new villa; but his inauguration has not been at all pacific. As he has already found out that he may be as deſpotic as at ſaint Joſeph's, he began with exiling my beautiful little cat;—upon which, however, we ſhall not quite agree. He then flew at one of my dogs, who returned it, by biting his foot till it bled; but was ſeverely beaten for it. I immediately rung for Margaret[2] to dreſs his foot; but in the midſt of my tribulation could not keep my countenance; for ſhe cried, "Poor little thing, he does not underſtand my language!"——I hope ſhe will not recollect too that he is a papiſt!

[1] Madame du Deffand's dog, which ſhe left by will to Mr. Walpole.

[2] Mr. Walpole's houſekeeper.

Berkeley-

Berkeley-ſquare, Tueſday, May 8.

I CAME before dinner, and find your long letter of the 3d. You have miſtaken Tonton's ſex, who is a cavalier, and a little of the mouſquetaire ſtill; but if I do not correct his vivacities, at leaſt I ſhall not encourage them like my dear old friend.

You ſay nothing of your health: therefore, I truſt, it is quite re-eſtabliſhed. My own is moſt flouriſhing for me.

They ſay the parliament will riſe by the birth-day—not that it ſeems to be any grievance or confinement to any body. I hope you will ſoon come[1] and enjoy a quiet ſummer under the laurels of your own conſcience. They are at leaſt as ſpreading as any body's elſe; and the ſoil will preſerve their verdure for ever. Methinks we weſtern powers might as well make peace, ſince we make war ſo clumſily.—Yet I doubt the awkwardneſs of our enemies will not have brought down our ſtomach. Well, I wiſh for the ſake of mankind there was an end of their ſufferings! Even ſpectators are not amuſed—the whole war has paſſed like the riotous murmurs of the upper gallery before the play begins—they have pelted the candle-ſnuffers, the ſtage has been ſwept, the muſic has played, people have taken their places—but the deuce a bit of any performance!—And when folks go home, they will have ſeen nothing but a farce, that has coſt fifty times more than the beſt tragedy!

LETTER CXXI.

Berkeley-ſquare, May 28, 1781.

THIS letter, like an embarkation, will not ſet out till it has gotten its complement; but I begin it, as I have juſt received your ſecond letter. I wrote to you two days ago, and did not mean to complain; for you certainly cannot have variety of matter in your ſequeſtered iſle: and ſince you do not diſdain trifling news, this good town, that furniſhes nothing elſe, at leaſt produces weeds, which ſhoot up in ſpite of the *Scotch thiſtles*, that have choked all good fruits. I do not know what lady C. deſigns to do with her play; I hope, act it only in private; for her other was mur-

[1] From Jerſey.

dered, and the audience did not exert the leaſt gallantry to ſo pretty an authoreſs, though ſhe gave them ſo fair an opportunity. For my own play, I was going to publiſh it in my own defence, as a ſpurious edition was advertiſed here, beſides one in Ireland.—My advertiſement has overlaid the former for the preſent, and that tempts me to ſuppreſs mine, as I have a thorough averſion to its appearance. Still, I think I ſhall produce it in the dead of ſummer, that it may be forgotten by winter; for I could not bear having it the ſubject of converſation in a full town. It is printed; ſo I can let it ſteal out in the midſt of the firſt event that engroſſes the public; and as it is not quite a novelty, I have no fear but it will be ſtill-born, if it is twin with any babe that ſqualls and makes much noiſe.——At the ſame time with yours I received a letter from another couſin at Paris, who tells me Necker is on the verge; and in the poſtſcript ſays, he has actually reſigned. I heard ſo a few days ago; but this is a full confirmation. Do you remember a converſation at your houſe, at ſupper, in which a friend of yours ſpoke very unfavourably of Necker, and ſeemed to wiſh his fall? In my own opinion, they are much in the wrong. It is true, Necker laboured with all his ſhoulders to reſtore their finances; yet I am perſuaded that his attention to that great object made him clog all their military operations. They will pay dearer for money; but money they will have—nor is it ſo dear to them; for, when they have gotten it, they have only not to pay. A monſieur Joly de Fleury is comptroller-general. I know nothing of him—but as they change ſo often, ſome able man will prove miniſter at laſt—and there they will have the advantage again.

Lord Cornwallis's courier, Mr. Broderic, is not yet arrived; ſo you are a little precipitate in thinking America ſo much nearer to being ſubdued, which you have often ſwallowed up as if you were a miniſter; and yet, methinks, that æra has been ſo frequently put off, that I wonder you are not cured of being ſanguine—or rather, of believing the magnificent lies that every trifling advantage gives birth to. If a quarter of the Americans had joined the royaliſts, that have been ſaid to join, all the colonies would not hold them. But, at leaſt, they have been like the trick of kings and queens at cards; where one of two goes back every turn to fetch another. However, this is only for converſation for the moment. With ſuch averſion to diſputation, I have no zeal for making converts to my own opinion, not even on points that touch me nearer.

Thurſday, May 31.

IF you ſee the papers, you will find that there was a warm debate yeſterday on a freſh propoſal from Harley for pacification with America; in which the miniſters were roundly reproached with their boaſts of the returning zeal of the colonies; and which, though it ought by their own accounts to be ſo much nearer complete, they could not maintain to be at all effectual; though even yeſterday a report was revived of a ſecond victory of lord Cornwallis. This debate prevented another on the marriage-bill, which C. F. wants to get repealed, and which he told me he was going to labour. I mention this from the circumſtance of the moment when he told me ſo. I had been to ſee if lady A——— was come to town: as I came up St. James's-ſtreet, I ſaw a cart and porters at C——'s door; coppers and old cheſts of drawers loading.—In ſhort, his ſucceſs at Faro has awakened his hoſt of creditors—but unleſs his bank had ſwelled to the ſize of the bank of England, it could not have yielded a ſop apiece for each. Epſom too had been unpropitious—and one creditor has actually ſeized and carried off his goods, which did not ſeem worth removing. As I returned full of this ſcene, whom ſhould I find ſauntering by my own door but C.? He came up and talked to me at the coach-window, on the marriage bill, with as much ſangfroid as if he knew nothing of what had happened. —I have no admiration for inſenſibility to one's own faults, eſpecially when committed out of vanity. Perhaps the whole philoſophy conſiſted in the commiſſion. If *you* could have been as much to blame, the laſt thing you would bear well would be your own reflections. The more marvellous F——'s parts are, the more one is provoked at his follies, which comfort ſo many raſcals and blockheads; and make all that is admirable and amiable in him, only matter of regret to thoſe who like him as I do.

I did intend to ſettle at Strawberry on Sunday; but muſt return on Thurſday, for a party made at Marlborough-houſe for princeſs Amelia. I am continually tempted to retire entirely—and ſhould—if I did not ſee how very unfit Engliſh tempers are for living quite out of the world. We grow abominably peeviſh and ſevere on others, if we are not conſtantly rubbed againſt and poliſhed by them. I need not name friends and relations of yours and mine as inſtances. My prophecy on the ſhort reign of Faro is verified already. The bankers find that all the calculated advantages of the

game do not balance pinchbeck parolis and debts of honourable women.—The bankers, I think, might have had a previous and more generous reaſon, the very bad air of holding a bank:—but this country is as hardened againſt the petite morale, as againſt the greater.—What ſhould I think of the world if I quitted it entirely?

LETTER CXXII.

Strawberry-hill, June 3, 1781.

YOU know I have more philoſophy about *you* than courage; yet for once I have been very brave. There was an article in the papers laſt week that ſaid, a letter from Jerſey mentioned apprehenſions of being attacked by 4000 French.—Do you know that I treated the paragraph with ſcorn?—No, no: I am not afraid for your iſland, when you are at home in it, and have had time to fortify it, and have ſufficient force. No, no: it will not be ſurpriſed when you are there, and when our fleet is returned, and Digby before Breſt.—However, with all my valour, I could not help going to your brother to aſk a few queſtions—but he had heard of no ſuch letter. The French would be fooliſh indeed if they ran their heads a third time againſt your rocks, when watched by the moſt vigilant of all governors. Your nephew G—— is arrived with the fleet: my door opened t'other morning; I looked towards the common horizon of heads, but was a foot and a half below any face. The handſomeſt giant in the world made but one ſtep croſs my room; and, ſeizing my hand, gave it ſuch a robuſt gripe, that I ſqualled; for he cruſhed my poor chalk-ſtones to powder. When I had recovered from the pain of his friendly ſalute, I ſaid, "It muſt be G—— C——: and yet is it poſſible?—Why, it is not fifteen months ago ſince you was but ſix feet high."—In a word, he is within an inch of Robert and Edward, with larger limbs, almoſt as handſome as Hugh, with all the bloom of youth; and—in ſhort, another of thoſe comely ſons of Anak, the breed of which your brother and lady Hertford have piouſly reſtored for the comfort of the daughters of Sion. He is delighted with having tapped his warfare with the ſiege of Gibraltar, and burns to ſtride to America. The town, he ſays, is totally deſtroyed; and between two and three hundred perſons were killed.——Well! it is pity lady Hertford has done breeding: we ſhall want ſuch a race to re-people even the ruins we do not loſe! The

riſing generation does give one ſome hopes.—I confine myſelf to ſome of this year's birds. The young William Pitt has again diſplayed paternal oratory. The other day, on the commiſſion of accounts, he anſwered lord North, and tore him limb from limb. If C. F. could feel, one ſhould think ſuch a rival, with an unſpotted character, would rouſe him——What, if a Pitt and Fox ſhould again be rivals!——A ſtill newer orator has appeared in the India buſineſs, a Mr. Banks, and againſt lord North too—and with a merit, that the very laſt crop of orators left out of their rubric—modeſty. As young Pitt is modeſt too, one would hope ſome genuine Engliſh may revive!

Tueſday, June 5.

THIS is the ſeaſon of opening my cake-houſe. I have choſen a bad ſpot, if I meant to retire; and calculated ill, when I made it a puppet-ſhow.

Laſt week we had two or three maſtiff-days; for they were fiercer than our common dog-days. It is cooled again; but rain is as great a rarity as in Egypt; and father Thames is ſo far from being a Nile, that he is dying for thirſt himſelf.—But it would be prudent to reſerve paragraphs of weather till people are gone out of town; for then I can have little to ſend you elſe from hence.

Berkeley-ſquare, June 6.

As ſoon as I came to town to-day Le Texier called on me, and told me he has miſcarried of Pygmalion. The expence would have mounted to 150*l.* and he could get but 60 ſubſcribers at a guinea apiece. I am glad his experience and ſucceſs have taught him thrift—I did not expect it. Sheridan had a heavier miſcarriage laſt night. The two Veſtris had imagined a fête; and, concluding that whatever they deſigned would captivate the town and its purſes, were at the expence of 1200*l.* and, diſtributing tickets at two guineas apiece, diſpoſed of not two hundred. It ended in a bad opera, that began three hours later than uſual, and at quadruple the price. There were buſhels of dead flowers, lamps, country dances—and a cold ſupper——Yet they are not abuſed as poor Le Texier was laſt year.

June 8.

I CONCLUDE my letter, and I hope our preſent correſpondence, very agreeably; for your brother told me laſt night, that you have written to lord Hillſborough

Hillſborough for leave to return. If all our governors could leave their dominions in as good plight, it were lucky. Your brother owned, what the gazette with all its circumſtances cannot conceal, that lord Cornwallis's triumphs have but increaſed our loſſes, without leaving any hopes. I am told that his army, which when he parted from Clinton amounted to 17,000 men, does not now contain above as many hundred, except the detachments. The gazette, to my ſorrow and your greater ſorrow, ſpeaks of colonel[1] O'Hara having received two dangerous wounds.

Princeſs Amelia was at Marlborough-houſe laſt night, and played at Faro till twelve o'clock—There ends the winter campaign!—I go to Strawberry-hill to-morrow; and I hope, à l'Irlandoiſe, that the next letter I write to you—will be not to write to you any more.

LETTER CXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, September 16, 1781.

I AM not ſurpriſed that ſuch a mind as yours cannot help expreſſing gratitude: it would not be your mind, if it could command that ſenſation as triumphantly as it does your paſſions. Only remember that the expreſſion is unneceſſary. I do know that you feel the entire friendſhip I have for you; nor ſhould I love you ſo well if I was not perſuaded of it. There never was a grain of any thing romantic in my friendſhip for you. We loved one another from children, and as ſo near relations; but my friendſhip grew up with your virtues, which I admired though I did not imitate. We had ſcarce one in common but diſintereſtedneſs. Of the reverſe we have both, I may ſay, been ſo abſolutely clear, that there is nothing ſo natural and eaſy as the little moneyed tranſactions between us; and therefore knowing how perfectly indifferent I am upon that head, and remembering the papers I ſhowed you, and what I ſaid to you when I ſaw you laſt, I am ſure you will have the complaiſance never to mention thanks more.—— Now to anſwer your queſtions.

As to coming to you, as that feu gregeois lord George Gordon has

[1] Now general O'Hara, governor of Gibraltar.

given up the election to my great joy, I can come to you on Sunday next. It is true, I had rather you visited your regiment first, for this reason: I expect summons to Nuneham every day; and besides, having never loved two journeys instead of one, I grow more covetous of my time, as I have little left, and therefore had rather take Park-place, going and coming, on my way to lord Harcourt.

I don't know a word of news public or private. I am deep in my dear old friend's [1] papers. There are some very delectable; and though I believe, nay know, I have not quite all, there are many which I almost wonder, after the little delicacy they [2] have shown, ever arrived to my hands. I dare to say they will not be quite so just to the public; for though I consented that the correspondence with Voltaire should be given to the editors of his works, I am persuaded that there are many passages at least which they will suppress, as very contemptuous to his chief votaries—I mean of the votaries to his sentiments—for, like other hereſiarchs, he despised his tools. If I live to see the edition, it will divert me to collate it with what I have in my hands.

You are the person in the world the fittest to encounter the meeting you mention for the choice of a bridge [3]. You have temper and patience enough to bear with fools and false taste. I, so unlike you, have learnt some patience with both sorts too, but by a more summary method than by waiting to instill reason into them. Mine is only by leaving them to their own vagaries, and by despairing that sense and taste should ever extend themselves. Adieu!

P. S. In Voltaire's letters are some bitter traits on the king of Prussia, which, as he is defender of their no faith, I conclude will be rayés too.

[1] Madame du Deffand, who died in September 1781, and left all her papers to Mr. Walpole.

[2] He means the executors of madame du Deffand.

[3] The bridge over the Thames at Henley, to whose singular beauty the good taste of Mr. Conway materially contributed.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIV.

Berkeley-ſquare, Sunday morning, November 18, 1781.

I HAVE been here again for three days, tending and nurſing and waiting on Mr. Jephſon's play. I have brought it into the world, was well delivered of it, it can ſtand on its own legs—and I am going back to my own quiet hill, never likely to have any thing more to do with theatres. Indeed it has ſeemed ſtrange to me, who for theſe three or four years have not been ſo many times in a play-houſe, nor knew ſix of the actors by ſight, to be at two rehearſals, behind the ſcenes, in the green-room, and acquainted with half the company. The Count of Narbonne was played laſt night with great applauſe, and without a ſingle murmur of diſapprobation. Miſs Young has charmed me. She played with intelligence that was quite ſurpriſing. The applauſe to one of her ſpeeches laſted a minute, and recommenced twice before the play could go on. I am ſure you will be pleaſed with the conduct and the eaſy beautiful language of the play, and ſtruck with her acting.

LETTER CXXV.

Strawberry-hill, September 17, 1782.

I HAD not time yeſterday to ſay what I had to ſay about your coming hither. I ſhould certainly be happy to ſee you and lady Aileſbury at any time; but it would be unconſcionable to expect it when you have ſcarce a whole day in a month to paſs at your own houſe, and to look after your own works. Friends, I know, lay as great ſtreſs upon trifles as upon ſerious points; but as there never was a more ſincere attachment than mine, ſo it is the moſt reaſonable one too, for I always think for you more than myſelf. Do whatever you have to do, and be aſſured, That is what I like beſt that you ſhould do. The preſent hurry cannot laſt always. Your preſent object is to ſhow how much more fit you are for your poſt[1] than

[1] Mr. Conway was now commander in chief.

any

any other man, by which you will do infinite ſervice too; and will throw a great many private acts of good-nature and juſt[illegible]nto the account. Do you think I would ſtand in the way of any of theſe things? and that I am not aware of them? Do not think about me. If it ſuits you at any moment, come. Except Sunday next, when I am engaged to dine abroad, I have nothing to do till the middle of October, when I ſhall go to Nuneham; and, going or coming, may poſſibly catch you at Park-place.

If I am not quite credulous about your turning ſmoke into gold [1], it is perhaps becauſe I am very ignorant. I like Mr. M——— extremely; and though I have lived ſo long that I have little confidence, I think you could not have choſen one more likely to be faithful. I am ſenſible that my kind of diſtruſt would prevent all great enterpriſes—and yet I cannot but fear, that unleſs one gives one's ſelf up entirely to the purſuit of a new object, the riſk muſt be doubled. But I will ſay no more; for I do not even wiſh to diſſuade you, as I am ſure I underſtand nothing of the matter, and therefore mean no more than to keep your diſcretion awake.

The tempeſt of Monday night alarmed me too for the fleet: and as I have nothing to do but to care, I feel for individuals as well as for the public; and think of all thoſe who may be loſt, and of all thoſe who may be made miſerable by ſuch loſs. Indeed I care moſt for individuals—for as to the public, it ſeems to be totally inſenſible to every thing!

I know nothing worth repeating; and having now anſwered all your letter, ſhall bid you good night.

LETTER CXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 15, 1783.

THE addreſs from the volunteers is curious indeed, and upon the firſt face a little Iriſh. What! would they throw off our parliament, and yet

[1] Alluding to the coke ovens, for which Mr. Conway afterwards obtained a patent.

amend

amend it? It is like correcting a queſtion in the houſe of commons, and then voting againſt it. But I ſuppoſe they rather mean to increaſe confuſion here, that we may not be at leiſure to impede their progreſs—at leaſt this may be the intention of the leaders. Large bodies are only led by being in earneſt themſelves, when their leaders are not ſo:—but my head is not clear enough to apply it to different matters—nor could I do any good if it were. Our whole ſyſtem is become a disjointed chaos—and time muſt digeſt it—or blow it up ſhortly.—I ſee no way into it—nor expect any thing favourable but from chance, that often ſtops confuſion on a ſudden. To reſtore us by any ſyſtem, it would require a ſingle head furniſhed with wiſdom, temper, addreſs, fortitude, full and undivided power, and ſincere patriotiſm diveſted of all perſonal views. Where is that prodigy to be found?—and how ſhould it have the power, if it had all the reſt? And if it had the power, how could it be diveſted of that power again? And if it were not, how long would it retain its virtues? Power and wiſdom would ſoon unite, like Antony and Auguſtus, to annihilate their colleague virtue, for being a poor creature like Lepidus. In ſhort, the maſs of matter is too big for me: I am going out of the world, and cannot trouble myſelf about it. I do think of your part in it, and wiſh to preſerve you where you are, for the benefits that you may contribute. I have a high opinion of Mr. F. and believe that by frankneſs you may become real friends; which would be greatly advantageous to the country. There is no competition in my mind where you are concerned: but F. is the miniſter with whom I moſt wiſh you united—indeed, to all the reſt I am indifferent or adverſe—but, beſides his ſuperior abilities, he has a liberality of acting that is to my taſte. It is like my father's plainneſs, and has none of the paltry little fineſſes of a ſtateſman.

Your parties do not tempt me, becauſe I am not well enough to join in them: nor yet will they ſtop me, though I had rather find only you and lady A. and Mrs. D. I am not ſeriouſly ill—nay, am better upon the whole than I was laſt year: but I perceive decays enough in myſelf to be ſenſible that the ſcale may eaſily be inclined to the worſt ſide. This obſervation makes me very indifferent to every thing that is not much at my heart. Conſequently what concerns you is, as it has always been for above forty years, a principal object. Adieu!

LETTER CXXVII.

Berkeley-ſquare, Wedneſday, May 5, 1784.

YOUR cherries, for aught I know, may, like Mr. Pitt, be half ripe before others are in bloſſom; but at Twickenham, I am ſure, I could find dates and pomegranates on the quickſet hedges, as ſoon as a cherry in ſwaddling-clothes on my walls. The very leaves on the horſe-cheſnuts are little ſnotty-noſed things, that cry and are afraid of the north-wind, and cling to the bough as if *old poker* was coming to take them away. For my part, I have ſeen nothing like ſpring but a chimney-ſweeper's garland; and yet I have been three days in the country—and the conſequence was, that I was glad to come back to town. I do not wonder that you feel differently. Any thing is warmth and verdure when compared to poring over memorials. In truth, I think you will be much happier for being out of parliament. You could do no good there; you have no views of ambition to ſatisfy:—and when neither duty nor ambition calls (I do not condeſcend to name avarice, which never is to be ſatisfied, nor deſerves to be reaſoned with, nor has any place in your breaſt) I cannot conceive what ſatisfaction an elderly man can have in liſtening to the paſſions or follies of others: nor is eloquence ſuch a banquet, when one knows that, whoever the cooks are, whatever the ſauces, one has eaten as good beef or mutton before—and, perhaps, as well dreſſed. It is ſurely time to live for one's ſelf, when one has not a vaſt while to live; and you, I am perſuaded, will live the longer for leading a country life. How much better to be planting, nay, making experiments on ſmoke (if not too dear), than reading applications from officers, a quarter of whom you could not ſerve, nor content three quarters! You had not time for neceſſary exerciſe; and, I believe, would have blinded yourſelf. In ſhort, if you will live in the air all day, be totally idle, and not read or write a line by candle-light, and retrench your ſuppers, I ſhall rejoice in your having nothing to do but that dreadful puniſhment, pleaſing yourſelf. Nobody has any claims on you; you have ſatisfied every point of honour; you have no cauſe for being particularly grateful to the oppoſition; and you want no excuſe for living for yourſelf. Your reſolutions on œconomy are not only prudent, but juſt—and, to ſay the truth, I believe that if you had continued at the head of the army you would have ruined yourſelf. You have too much gene-

roſity to have curbed yourſelf, and would have had too little time to attend to doing ſo. I know by myſelf how pleaſant it is to have laid up a little for thoſe I love, for thoſe that depend on me, and for old ſervants. Moderate wiſhes may be ſatisfied—and, which is ſtill better, are leſs liable to diſappointment. I am not preaching, nor giving advice—but congratulating you:—and it is certainly not being ſelfiſh, when I rejoice at your being thrown by circumſtances into a retired life, though it will occaſion my ſeeing leſs of you. But I have always preferred what was moſt for your own honour and happineſs; and as you taſte ſatisfaction already, it will not diminiſh, for they are the firſt moments of paſſing from a buſy life to a quiet one that are the moſt irkſome. You have the felicity of being able to amuſe yourſelf with what the grave world calls trifles—but as gravity does not happen to be wiſdom, trifles are full as important as what is reſpected as ſerious; and more amiable, as generally more innocent. Moſt men are bad or ridiculous, ſometimes both:—at leaſt my experience tells me, what my reading had told me before, that they are ſo in a great capital of a ſinking country. If immortal fame is his object, a Cato may die—but he will do no good. If only the preſervation of his virtue had been his point, he might have lived comfortably at Athens, like Atticus—who, by the way, happens to be as immortal; though I will give him credit for having had no ſuch view. Indeed, I look on this country as ſo irrecoverably on the verge of ruin, from its enormous debt, from the loſs of America, from the almoſt as certain proſpect of loſing India, that my pride would diſlike to be an actor when the craſh may happen.

You ſeem to think that I might ſend you more news. So I might, if I would talk of elections: but thoſe, you know, I hate; as, in general, I do all details. How Mr. Fox has recovered ſuch a majority I do not gueſs; ſtill leſs do I comprehend how there could be ſo many that had not voted, after the poll had laſted ſo long. Indeed, I ſhould be ſorry to underſtand ſuch myſteries.—Of new peers, or new elevations, I hear every day, but am quite ignorant which are to be true. Rumour always creates as many as the king, when he makes ſeveral. In fact, I do know nothing.

Adieu!

P. S. The ſummer is come to town, but I hope is gone into the country too.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 21, 1784.

I AM perfectly ſatisfied with your epitaph [1], and would not have a ſyllable altered. It tells exactly what it means to ſay, and, that truth being an encomium, wants no addition or amplification. Nor do I love late language for modern facts, nor will European tongues periſh ſince printing has been diſcovered. I ſhould approve French leaſt of all. It would be a kind of inſult to the vanquiſhed: and beſides, the example of a hero ſhould be held out to his countrymen rather than to their enemies. You muſt take care to have the word *cauſed*, in the laſt line but one, ſpelt rightly, and not *caus'd*.

I know nothing of the parliament but what you ſaw in the papers. I came hither yeſterday, and am tranſported, like you, with the beauty of the country; aye, and with its perfumed air too. The *lilac-tide* ſcents even the inſides of the rooms.

I deſired lady A——— to carry you lord Melcombe's Diary. It is curious indeed, not ſo much from the ſecrets it blabs, which are rather characteriſtic than novel, but from the wonderful folly of the author, who was ſo fond of talking of himſelf, that he tells all he knew of himſelf, though ſcarce an event that does not betray his profligacy; and (which is ſtill more ſurpriſing that he ſhould diſcloſe) almoſt every one expoſes the contempt in which he was held, and his conſequential diſappointments and diſgraces!—Was ever any man the better for another's experience?—What a leſſon is here againſt verſatility!

I, who have lived through all the ſcenes unfolded, am entertained—but I ſhould think that to younger readers half the book muſt be unintelligible. He explains nothing but the circumſtances of his own ſituation; and though he touches on many important periods, he leaves them undeveloped, and often undetermined. It is diverting to hear him rail at lord Halifax and others, for the very kind of double-dealing which he relates coolly of himſelf in the next page. Had he gone backwards, he might

[1] An epitaph for the monument, erected by the States of Jerſey, to the memory of major Pearſon, killed in the attack of that iſland by the French, in January 1781.

have given half-a-dozen volumes of his own life with ſimilar anecdotes and variations.

I am moſt ſurpriſed, that when ſelf-love is the whole ground-work of the performance, there ſhould be little or no attempt at ſhining as an author, though he was one. As he had ſo much wit too, I am amazed that not a feature of it appears. The diſcuſſion in the Appendix, on the late prince's queſtion for increaſe of allowance, is the only part in which there is ſenſe or honeſty.

There is, in the imperfect account of Rochfort, a ſtrong circumſtance or two that pleaſed me much. There are many paſſages that will diſpleaſe ſeveral others throughout.

Mr. Coxe's Travels are very different: plain, clear, ſenſible, inſtructive, and entertaining. It is a noble work, and precious to me who delight in quartos: the two volumes contain twelve hundred pages—I have already devoured a quarter, though I have had them but three days.

[The reſt of this letter is loſt.]

LETTER CXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, June 25, 1784.

I CAN anſwer you very readily in your own tone, that is, about weather and country grievances, and without one word of news or politics; for I know neither, nor enquire of them. I am very well content to be a Strulbrug, and to *exiſt* after I have done *being:* and I am ſtill better pleaſed that you are in the ſame way of thinking, or of not thinking; for I am ſure both your health and your mind will find the benefits of living for yourſelf and family only. It were not fit that the young ſhould concentre themſelves in ſo narrow a circle—nor do the young ſeem to have any ſuch intention. Let them mend or mar the world as they pleaſe—the world takes its own way upon the whole; and though there may be an uncommon ſwarm of animalculæ for a ſeaſon, things return into their own channel from their own bias, before any effectual noſtrum of fumigation is diſcovered. In the mean time I am for giving all due weight to

to local grievances, though with no natural turn towards attending to them:—but they ſerve for converſation. We have no newly-invented grubs to eat our fruit—indeed I have no fruit to be eaten—but I ſhould not lament if the worms would eat my gardener, who, you know, is ſo bad an one, that I never have any thing in my garden. I am now waiting for dry weather to cut my hay—though nature certainly never intended hay ſhould be cut dry, as it always rains all June.—But here is a worſe calamity: one is never ſafe by day or night: Mrs. Walſingham, who has bought your brother's late houſe at Ditton, was robbed a few days ago in the high road, within a mile of home, at *ſeven* in the evening. The dii minorum gentium pilfer every thing. Laſt night they ſtole a couple of yards of lead off the pediment of the door of my cottage. A gentleman at Putney, who has three men ſervants, had his houſe broken open laſt week, and loſt ſome fine miniatures, which he valued ſo much, that he would not hang them up. You may imagine what a pain this gives me in my bawbles! I have been making the round of my fortifications this morning, and ordering new works.

I am concerned for the account you give me of —— ——. Life does not appear to be ſuch a jewel as to preſerve it carefully for its own ſake. I think the ſame of its *good things:* if they do not procure amuſement or comfort, I doubt they only produce the contrary.—Yet it is ſilly to refine; for, probably, whatever any man does by choice, he knows will pleaſe him beſt, or at leaſt will prevent greater uneaſineſs. I, therefore, rather retract my concern; for with a vaſt fortune ——— might certainly do what he would—and if, at his age, he can wiſh for more than that fortune will obtain, I may pity his taſte or temper: but I ſhall think that you and I are much happier who can find enjoyments in an humbler ſphere, nor envy thoſe who have no time for trifling. I, who have never done any thing elſe, am not at all weary of my occupation. Even three days of continued rain have not put me out of humour or ſpirits. C'eſt beaucoup dire for an Anglois. Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER CXXX.

Strawberry-hill, June 30, 1784.

INSTEAD of coming to you, I am thinking of packing up and going to town for winter, ſo deſperate is the weather! I found a great fire at Mrs. Clive's this evening, and Mr. Raſtor hanging over it like a ſmoked ham. They tell me my hay will be all ſpoiled for want of cutting; but I had rather it ſhould be deſtroyed by ſtanding than by being mowed, as the former will coſt me nothing but the crop, and 'tis very dear to make nothing but a water ſouchy of it.

You know I have loſt a niece, and found another nephew: he makes the fifty-fourth, reckoning both ſexes. We are certainly an affectionate family, for of late we do nothing but marry one another.

Have not you felt a little twinge in a remote corner of your heart on lady ———'s death? She dreaded death ſo extremely, that I am glad ſhe had not a moment to be ſenſible of it. I have a great affection for ſudden deaths—They ſave one's ſelf and every body elſe a deal of ceremony.

The duke and ducheſs of M——— breakfaſted here on Monday, and ſeemed much pleaſed, though it rained the whole time with an Egyptian darkneſs. I ſhould have thought there had been deluges enough to deſtroy all Egypt's other plagues; but the newſpapers talk of locuſts—I ſuppoſe, relations of your beetles, though probably not ſo fond of green fruit; for the ſcene of their campaign is Queen-ſquare, Weſtminſter, where there certainly has not been an orchard ſince the reign of Canute.

I have, at laſt, ſeen an air balloon—juſt as I once did ſee a tiny review, by paſſing one accidentally on Hounſlow-heath. I was going laſt night to lady Onſlow at Richmond, and over Mr. Cambridge's field I ſaw a bundle in the air not bigger than the moon, and ſhe herſelf could not have deſcended with more compoſure if ſhe had expected to find Endymion faſt aſleep. It ſeemed to 'light on Richmond-hill; but Mrs. H—— was going by, and her coiffeure prevented my ſeeing it alight. The papers ſay, that a balloon has been made at Paris, repreſenting the caſtle of Stockholm, in compliment to the king of Sweden, but that they were afraid to let

let it off—So, I ſuppoſe, it will be ſerved up to him in a deſſert. No great progreſs ſurely is made in theſe airy navigations, if they are ſtill afraid of riſking the necks of two or three ſubjects for the entertainment of a viſiting ſovereign. There is ſeldom a feu de joie for the birth of a dauphin that does not coſt more lives. I thought royalty and ſcience never haggled about the value of blood when experiments are in queſtion.

I ſhall wait for ſummer before I make you a viſit. Though I dare to ſay that you have converted your ſmoke-kilns into a manufacture of balloons, pray do not erect a Strawberry caſtle in the air for my reception, if it will coſt a piſmire a hair of its head. Good-night!—I have ordered my bed to be heated as hot as an oven, and Tonton and I muſt go into it.

LETTER CXXXI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 14, 1784.

AS lady C. offers to be poſtman, I cannot reſiſt writing a line, though I have not a word to ſay. In good ſooth, I know nothing, hear of nothing but robberies and houſe-breaking; conſequently never think of miniſters, India directors, and ſuch honeſt men. Mrs. Clive has been broken open, and Mr. Raftor miſcarried and died of the fright. Lady ——— has loſt all her liveries and her temper, and lady ——— has cried her eyes out on loſing a lurch and almoſt her wig.—In ſhort, as I do not love exaggeration, I do not believe there have been above threeſcore highway robberies within this week, fifty-ſeven houſes that have been broken open, and two hundred and thirty that are to be ſtripped on the firſt opportunity. We are in great hopes, however, that the king of Spain, now he has demoliſhed Algiers, the metropolitan ſee of thieves, will come and bombard Richmond, Twickenham, Hampton-court, and all the ſuffragan cities that ſwarm with pirates and banditti, as he has a better knack at deſtroying vagabonds than at recovering his own.

Ireland is in a bleſſed way; and as if the climate infected every body that ſets foot there, the viceroy's aides de camp have *blundered* into a riot, that will ſet all the humours afloat.

I wiſh

I wiſh you joy of the ſummer being come now it is gone, which is better than not coming at all. I hope lady C. will return with an account of your all being perfectly well. Adieu!

LETTER CXXXII.

Strawberry-hill, October 15, 1784.

AS I have heard nothing from you, I flatter myſelf lady A. mends, or I think you would have brought her again to the phyſicians: you will, I conclude, next week, as towards the end of it the ten days they named will be expired. I muſt be in town myſelf about Thurſday on ſome little buſineſs of my own.

As I was writing this, my ſervants called me away to ſee a balloon—I ſuppoſe Blanchard's, that was to be let off from Chelſea this morning. I ſaw it from the common field before the window of my round tower. It appeared about a third of the ſize of the moon, or leſs, when ſetting, ſomething above the tops of the trees on the level horizon. It was then deſcending; and after riſing and declining a little, it ſunk ſlowly behind the trees, I ſhould think about or beyond Sunbury, at five minutes after one. But you know I am a very inexact gueſſer at meaſures and diſtances, and may be miſtaken in many miles; and you know how little I have attended to thoſe *airgonauts*: only t'other night I diverted myſelf with a ſort of meditation on future *airgonation*, ſuppoſing that it will not only be perfected, but will depoſe navigation. I did not finiſh it, becauſe I am not ſkilled, like the gentleman that uſed to write political ſhip-news, in that ſtyle, which I wanted to perfect my eſſay: but in the prelude I obſerved how ignorant the ancients were in ſuppoſing Icarus melted the wax of his wings by too near acceſs to the ſun, whereas he would have been frozen to death before he made the firſt poſt on that road. Next, I diſcovered an alliance between biſhop Wilkins's art of flying and his plan of an univerſal language, the latter of which he no doubt calculated to prevent the want of an interpreter when he ſhould arrive at the moon.

But I chiefly amuſed myſelf with ideas of the change that would be made in the world by the ſubſtitution of balloons to ſhips. I ſuppoſed our ſea-

ports to become *deſerted villages*, and Saliſbury-plain, Newmarket-heath, (another canvas for alteration of ideas), and all downs (but *the* Downs) ariſing into dock-yards for aërial veſſels. Such a field would be ample in furniſhing new ſpeculations——But to come to my ſhip-news.

The good balloon Dædalus, capt. Wing-ate, will fly in a few days for China; he will ſtop at the top of the Monument to take in paſſengers.

Arrived on Brand-ſands, the Vulture, capt. Nabob; the Tortoiſe ſnow, from Lapland; the Pet-en-l'air, from Verſailles; the Dreadnought, from mount Etna, ſir W. Hamilton commander; the Tympany, Mongolfier; and the Mine-A-in-a-bandbox, from the cape of Good Hope. Foundered in a hurricane, the Bird of Paradiſe, from mount Ararat. The Bubble, Sheldon, took fire, and was burnt to her gallery; and the Phœnix is to be cut down to a ſecond rate.—In thoſe days Old Sarum will again be a town and have houſes in it. There will be fights in the air with wind-guns and bows and arrows; and there will be prodigious increaſe of land for tillage, eſpecially in France, by breaking up all public roads as uſeleſs.——But enough of my fooleries, for which I am ſorry you muſt pay double poſtage.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Sunday night, Nov. 28, 1784.

I HAVE received the parcel of papers you ſent me[1], which I conclude come from lord Strafford, and will apply them as well as I poſſibly can, you may be ſure—but with little of doing any good: humanity is no match for cruelty. There are now and then ſuch angelic beings as Mr. Hanway and Mr. Howard; but our race in general is peſtilently bad and malevolent. I have been theſe two years wiſhing to promote my excellent Mr. Porter's plan for alleviating the woes of chimney-ſweepers, but never could make impreſſion on three people; on the contrary, have generally cauſed a ſmile.

G—— C——'s intelligence of hoſtilities commenced between the Dutch

[1] Againſt cruelty to dogs.

and Imperialiſts makes me ſuppoſe that France will ſupport the former—or could they reſiſt? Yet I had heard that France would not. Some have thought, as I have done, that a combination of partition would happen between Auſtria, France, and Pruſſia, the modern law of nations for avoiding wars. I know nothing: ſo my conjectures may all be erroneous; eſpecially as one argues from reaſon; a very inadequate judge, as it leaves paſſions, caprices, and accidents, out of its calculation. It does not ſeem the intereſt of France, that the emperor's power ſhould increaſe in their neighbourhood and extend to the ſea. Conſequently it is France's intereſt to protect Holland in concert with Pruſſia. This laſt is a tranſient power, and may determine on the death of the preſent king; but the Imperial is a permanent force, and muſt be the enemy of France, however preſent connections may incline the ſcale.

In any caſe, I hope we ſhall no way be hooked into the quarrel; not only from the impotence of our circumſtances, but as I think it would decide the loſs of Ireland, which ſeems tranquillizing: but ſhould we have any bickering with France, ſhe would renew the manœuvres ſhe practiſed ſo fatally in America. Theſe are my politics; I do not know with whoſe they coincide or diſagree, nor does it ſignify a ſtraw. Nothing will depend on my opinion; nor have I any opinion about them, but when I have nothing at all to do that amuſes me more, or nothing elſe to fill a letter.

I can give you a ſample of my idleneſs, which may divert lady A——— and your academy of arts and ſciences for a minute in the evening. It came into my head yeſterday to ſend a card to lady Lyttelton, to aſk when ſhe would be in town—here it is in an heroic epiſtle:

From a caſtle as vaſt—as the caſtles on ſigns;
From a hill that all Africa's—mole-hills outſhines,
This epiſtle is ſent to a cottage ſo ſmall,
That the door cannot ope, if you ſtand in the hall,
To a lady, who would be fifteen, if her knight
And old ſwain were as young as Methuſalem quite:
It comes to inquire—not whether her eyes
Are as radiant as ever—but how many ſighs
He muſt vent to the rocks and the echos around,
(Though nor echo nor rock in the pariſh is found)

Before ſhe obdurate his paſſion will meet—
His paſſion to ſee her in Portugal-ſtreet.

As the ſixth line goes rather too near the core, do not give a copy of it: however, I ſhould be ſorry if it diſpleaſed; though I do not believe it will, but be taken with good-humour as it was meant [1].

LETTER CXXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, October 6, 1785.

I WONDERED I did not hear from you, as I concluded you returned. You have made me good amends by the entertaining ſtory of your travels. If I were not too disjointed for long journeys, I ſhould like to ſee much of what you have ſeen; but if I had the agility of Veſtris, I would not purchaſe all that pleaſure for my eyes at the expence of my unſociability, which could not have borne the hoſpitality you experienced. It was always death to me, when I did travel England, to have lords and ladies receive me and ſhew me their caſtles, inſtead of turning me over to their houſekeeper: it hindered my ſeeing any thing, and I was the whole time meditating my eſcape: but lady A. and you are not ſuch ſenſitive plants, nor ſhrink and cloſe up if a ſtranger holds out a hand.

I don't wonder you was diſappointed with Jarvis's windows at New College: I had foretold their miſcarriage: the old and the new are as miſmatched as an orange and a lemon, and deſtroy each other; nor is there room enough to retire back and ſee half of the new; and ſir Joſhua's waſhy Virtues make the Nativity a dark ſpot from the darkneſs of the Shepherds, which happened, as I knew it would, from moſt of Jarvis's colours not being tranſparent.

[1] It was taken in perfect good humour; and ſhe returned the following anſwer, which Mr. Walpole owned was better than his addreſs: E.

Remember'd (tho' old) by a wit and a beau!
I ſhall fancy, ere long, I'm a Ninon l'Enclos.
I muſt feel impatient ſuch kindneſs to meet,
And ſhall haſten my flight into Portugal-ſtreet.

Ripley cottage, 28th Nov.

I have not ſeen the improvements at Blenheim. I uſed to think it one of the ugliеſt places in England; a giant's caſtle who had laid waſte all the country round him. Every body now allows the merit of Brown's achievements there.

Of all your ſurvey I wiſh moſt to ſee Beau Deſert. Warwick-caſtle, and Stowe, I know by heart:—the firſt I had rather poſſeſs than any ſeat upon earth—not that I think it the moſt beautiful of all, though charming, becauſe I am ſo intimate with all its proprietors for the laſt thouſand years.

I have often and often ſtudied the new plan of Stowe: it is pompous; but though the wings are altered, they are not lengthened. Though three parts of the edifices in the garden are bad, they enrich that inſipid country, and the vaſtneſs pleaſes me more than I can defend.

I rejoice that your jaunt has been ſerviceable to lady A. The *charming-man*[1] is actually with me; but neither he nor I can keep our promiſe incontinently. He expects two ſons of his brother ſir William, whom he is to pack up and ſend to the Peres de l'Oratoire at Paris. I expect lord and lady W. to-morrow, who are to paſs a few days with me: but both the *charming-man* and I will be with you ſoon. I have no objection to a wintry viſit: as I can neither ride nor walk, it is more comfortable when moſt of my time is paſſed within doors. If I continue perfectly well, as I am, I ſhall not ſettle in town till after Chriſtmas: there will not be half a dozen perſons there for whom I care a ſtraw.

I know nothing at all. The peace between the Auſtrian harpy and the frogs is made. They were ſtout, and preferred being gobbled to parting with their money. At laſt, France offered to pay the money for them. The harpy bluſhed—for the firſt time—and would not take it, but ſigned the peace—and will plunder ſomebody elſe.

Have you got Boſwell's moſt abſurd enormous book?—The beſt thing in it is a bon mot of lord Pembroke. The more one learns of Johnſon, the more prepoſterous aſſemblage he appears of ſtrong ſenſe, of the loweſt

[1] Edward Jerningham, eſq.

bigotry,

bigotry and prejudices, of pride, brutality, fretfulneſs, and vanity—and Boſwell is the ape of moſt of his faults, without a grain of his ſenſe. It is the ſtory of a mountebank and his zany.

I forgot to ſay, that I wonder how, with your turn and knowledge and enterpriſe in ſcientific exploits, you came not to viſit the duke of Bridgwater's operations—or did you omit them, becauſe I ſhould not have underſtood a word you told me? Adieu!

LETTER CXXXV.

Sunday night, June 18, 1786.

I SUPPOSE you have been ſwearing at the eaſt wind for parching your verdure, and are now weeping for the rain that drowns your hay. I have theſe calamities in common, and my conſtant and particular one, people that come to ſee my houſe, which unfortunately is more in requeſt than ever. Already I have had twenty-eight ſets, have five more tickets given out, and yeſterday before I had dined three German barons came. My houſe is a torment, not a comfort!

I was ſent for again to dine at Gunnerſbury on Friday, and was forced to ſend to town for a dreſs-coat and a ſword. There were the prince of Wales, the prince of Mecklenburg, the duke of Portland, lord Clanbraſſil, lord and lady Clermont, lord and lady Southampton, lord Pelham, and Mrs. Howe. The prince of Mecklenburg went back to Windſor after coffee; and the prince and lord and lady Clermont to town after tea to hear ſome new French players at lady William Gordon's. The princeſs, lady Barrymore, and the reſt of us, played three pools at commerce till ten. I am afraid I was tired and gaped. While we were at the dairy, the princeſs inſiſted on my making ſome verſes on Gunnerſbury. I pleaded being ſuperannuated. She would not excuſe me. I promiſed ſhe ſhould have an ode on her next birth-day; which diverted the prince—but all would not do—So, as I came home, I made the following ſtanzas, and ſent them to her breakfaſt next morning:

I. In

I.

In deathleſs odes for ever green
  Auguſtus' laurels blow;
Nor e'er was grateful duty ſeen
  In warmer ſtrains to flow.

II.

Oh! why is Flaccus not alive
  Your fav'rite ſcene to ſing?
To Gunnerſbury's charms could give
  His lyre immortal ſpring.

III.

As warm as his my zeal for you,
  Great princeſs, could I ſhow it:
But though you have a Horace too—
  Ah, madam, he's no poet.

If they are but poor verſes, conſider I am ſixty-nine, was half aſleep, and made them almoſt extempore—and by command! However, they ſucceeded, and I received this gracious anſwer:

"I wiſh I had a name that could anſwer your pretty verſes. Your yawning yeſterday opened your vein for pleaſing me; and I return you my thanks, my good Mr. Walpole, and remain ſincerely your friend,

AMELIA."

I think this is very genteel at ſeventy-five.

Do you know that I have bought the Jupiter Serapis as well as the Julio Clovio[1]! Mr. ——— aſſures me he has ſeen ſix of the hand, and not one of them ſo fine or ſo well preſerved. I am glad ſir Joſhua Reynolds ſaw no more excellence in the Jupiter than in the Clovio; or the duke of Portland, I ſuppoſe, would have purchaſed it, as he has the vaſe for a thouſand pounds. I would not change. I told ſir W. Hamilton and the late ducheſs, when I never thought it would be mine, that I had rather have the head than the vaſe. I ſhall long for Mrs. D—— to make a buſt to it,

[1] At the ſale of the ducheſs dowager of Portland.

and

and then it will be ſtill more valuable. I have depoſited both the Illumination and the Jupiter in lady Di's cabinet [1], which is worthy of them—— And here my collection winds up—I will not purchaſe trumpery after ſuch jewels. Beſides, every thing is much dearer in old age, as one has leſs time to enjoy. Good-night!

LETTER CXXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, October 29, 1786.

I WAS ſorry not to be appriſed of your intention of going to town, where I would have met you; but I knew it too late, both as I was engaged, and as you was to return ſo ſoon. I mean to come to Park-place in a week or fortnight: but I ſhould like to know what company you expect, or do not expect; for I had rather fill up your vacancies, than be a ſupernumerary.

Lady O—— has ſent me two charades made by col. F——: the firſt ſhe ſays is very eaſy, the ſecond very difficult. I have not come within ſight of the eaſy one; and though I have a gueſs at the other, I do not believe I am right; and ſo I ſend them to you, who are maſter-general of the Œdipuſes.

The firſt, that is ſo eaſy:

In concert, ſong, or ſerenade,
My firſt requires my ſecond's aid.
To thoſe reſiding near the pole
I would not recommend my whole.

The two laſt lines, I conclude, neither connect with the two firſt, nor will help one to decyphering them.

The difficult one:

Charades of all things are the worſt,
But yet my beſt have been my firſt.
Who with my ſecond are concern'd
Will to deſpiſe my whole have learn'd.

[1] A cabinet at Strawberry-hill, ornamented with drawings by lady Diana Beauclerc.

This

This ſounds like a good one, and therefore I will not tell you my ſolution; for, if it is wrong, it might lead you aſtray; and if it is right, it would prove the charade is not a good one.

Had I any thing better, I would not ſend you charades, unleſs for the name of the author.

I have had a letter from your brother, who tells me that he has his grandſon S——— with him, who is a prodigy.——I ſay to myſelf,

——Prodigies are grown ſo frequent,
That they have loſt their name———

I have ſeen prodigies in plenty of late—aye, and formerly too—but, divine as they have all been, each has had a mortal heel, and has trodden back a vaſt deal of their celeſtial path! I beg to be excuſed from any more credulity.

I am ſorry you have loſt your fac-totum ———. I ſuppoſe he had diſcovered that he was too neceſſary to you. Every day cures one of reliance on others; and we acquire a prodigious ſtock of experience by the time that we ſhall ceaſe to have occaſion for any. Well! I am not clear, but making or ſolving charades is as wiſe as any thing we can do. I ſhould pardon profeſſed philoſophers, if they would allow that their wiſdom is only trifling, inſtead of calling their trifling, wiſdom. Adieu!

LETTER CXXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, June 17, 1787.

I HAVE very little to tell you ſince we met but diſappointments, and thoſe of no great conſequence.

On Friday night lady P——— wrote to me that princeſs Lubomirſki was to dine with her the next day, and deſired to come in the morning to ſee Strawberry.—Well, my caſtle put on its robes, breakfaſt was prepared, and I ſhoved another company out of the houſe, who had a ticket for ſeeing it. The ſun ſhone, my hay was cocked, we looked divinely—and at half an hour after two nobody came but a ſervant from lady P———, to ſay her

Poliſh altitude had ſent her word ſhe had another engagement in town that would keep her too late:—ſo lady P———'s dinner was addled; and we had nothing to do, but, like good chriſtians, if we choſe it, to compel every body on the road, whether they choſe it or not, to come in and eat our ſoup and biſcuits. Methinks this *liberum veto* was rather impertinent, and I begin to think that the partition of Poland was very right.

Your brother has ſent me a card for a ball on Monday, but I have excuſed myſelf. I have not yet compaſſed the whole circuit of my own garden, and I have had an inflammation in one of my eyes, and don't think I look as well as my houſe and my verdure; and had rather ſee my hay-cocks, than the ducheſs of Polignac and madame Lubomirſki. *The way to keep him*[1] had the way to get me, and I could crawl to it, becauſe I had an inclination; but I have a great command of myſelf when I have no mind to do any thing. Lady Conſtant was worth an hundred *acs* and *irſkis*.

Let me hear of you when you have nothing elſe to do; though I ſuppoſe you have as little to tell as you ſee I had.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Berkeley-ſquare, Nov. 11, 1787.

FROM violent contrary winds[2], and by your letter going to Strawberry-hill, whence I was come, I have but juſt received it, and perhaps ſhall only be able to anſwer it by ſnatches, being up to the chin in nephews and nieces. * * * *

I find you knew nothing of the pacification when you wrote. When I ſaw your letter, I hoped it would tell me you was coming back, as your iſland is as ſafe as if it was ſituated in the Pacific Ocean, or at leaſt as iſlands there uſed to be, till ſir Joſeph Banks choſe *to put them up*. I ſent you the good news on the very day before you wrote, though I imagined you would learn it by earlier intelligence. Well, I enjoy both your ſafety and your great ſucceſs, which is enhanced by its being owing to your character and

[1] The firſt comedy repreſented at the theatre in Richmond-houſe.
[2] Mr. Conway was now in Jerſey.

abilities. I hope the latter will be allowed to operate by thoſe who have not quite ſo much of either.

I ſhall be wonderful glad to ſee little maſter Stonehenge[1] at Park-place: it will look in character there; but your own bridge is ſo ſtupendous in compariſon, that hereafter the latter will be thought to have been a work of the Romans. Dr. Stukeley will burſt his cerements to offer miſletoe in your temple—and Maſon, on the contrary, will die of vexation and ſpite that he cannot have Caractacus acted on the ſpot——Peace to all ſuch!—

——— but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires,

he would immortalize you, for all you have been carrying on in Jerſey, and for all you ſhall carry off. Inigo Jones, or Charlton, or ſomebody, I forget who, called Stonehenge chorea gigantum—this will be the chorea of the pigmies—and as I forget too what is Latin for Lilliputians, I will make a bad pun, and ſay,

——— portantur avari
Pigmalionis opes———

Pygmalion is as well-ſounding a name for ſuch a monarch as Oberon.—Pray do not diſappoint me, but tranſport the cathedral[2] of your iſland to your domain on our *continent*. I figure unborn antiquaries making pilgrimages to viſit your bridge, your daughter's bridge[3], and the druidic temple; and if I were not too old to have any imagination left, I would add a ſequel to Mi Li[4]. Adieu!

[1] Mr. Walpole thus calls the ſmall druidic temple diſcovered in Jerſey, which the ſtates of that iſland had preſented to their governor general Conway to be tranſported to and erected at Park-place, with the following inſcription: E

Pour des ſiecles caché aux regards des mortels,
Cet ancien monument, ces pierres, ces autels,
Où le ſang des humains offert en ſacrifice
Ruiſſela pour des dieux qu'enſanta le caprice;
Ce monument ſans prix par ſon antiquité
Temoignera pour nous à la poſtcrité,
Que dans tous les dangers Ceſarée eût un pere
Attentif et vaillant, genereux et proſpere,
Et redira CONWAY, aux ſiecles à venir,
Qu'en vertu du reſpect dû à ce ſouvenir,
Elle te fit ce don acquis à ta vaillance
Comme un juſte tribut de ſa reconnoiſſance.

[2] The druidic temple.

[3] The key ſtones of the centre arch of the bridge at Henley are ornamented with heads of the Thames and Iſis, deſigned by the hon. Mrs. Damer, and executed by her in Portland ſtone. E.

[4] One of the Hieroglyphic Tales, containing a deſcription of Park-place.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, Wedneſday night.

I WRITE a few lines only to confirm the truth of much of what you will read in the papers from Paris. Worſe may already be come, or is expected every hour.

Mr. ——— and lady ——— called on me before dinner, after the poſt was gone out; and he ſhowed me a letter from D———, who ſaid two couriers arrived yeſterday from the duke of Dorſet and the ducheſs of Devonſhire, the latter of whom was leaving Paris directly. Necker had been diſmiſſed, and was thought to be ſet out for Geneva. Breteuil, who was at his country-houſe, had been ſent for to ſucceed him. Paris was in an uproar; and, after the couriers had left it, firing of cannon was heard for four hours together. That muſt have been from the Baſtile, as probably the tiers état were not ſo provided. It is ſhocking to imagine what may have happened in ſuch a thronged city!

One of the couriers was ſtopped twice or thrice, as ſuppoſed to paſs from the king; but redeemed himſelf by pretending to be diſpatched by the tiers état. Madame de Calonne told D——— that the newly encamped troops deſert by hundreds.

Here ſeems the egg to be hatched, and imagination runs away with the idea. I may fancy I ſhall hear of the king and queen leaving Verſailles, like Charles I.—and then ſkips imagination ſix-and-forty years lower, and figures their fugitive majeſties taking refuge in this country.

I have beſides another idea. If the Baſtile conquers, ſtill is it impoſſible, conſidering the general ſpirit in the country, and the numerous fortified places in France, but ſome may be ſeized by the *diſſidents*, and whole provinces be torn from the crown?—On the other hand, if the king prevails, what heavy deſpotiſm will the états, by their want of temper and moderation, have drawn on their country! They might have obtained many capital points, and removed great oppreſſion——No French monarch will ever ſummon états again, if this moment has been thrown away.

Though I have ſtocked myſelf with ſuch a ſet of viſions for the event either way, I do not pretend to foreſee what will happen. Penetration argues from reaſonable probabilities; but chance and folly are apt to contradict calculation, and hitherto they ſeem to have full ſcope for action. One hears of no genius on either ſide, nor do ſymptoms of any appear. There will perhaps: ſuch times and tempeſts bring forth, at leaſt bring out, great men. I do not take the duke of Orleans or Mirabeau to be built du bois dont on les fait—no; nor monſieur Necker. He may be a great traitor, if he made the confuſion deſignedly:—but it is a woful evaſion, if the promiſed financier ſlips into a black politician. I adore liberty, but I would beſtow it as honeſtly as I could; and a civil war, beſides being a game of chance, is paying a very dear price for it.

For us, we are in moſt danger of a deluge; though I wonder we ſo frequently complain of long rains. The ſaying about St. Swithin is a proof of how often they recur; for proverbial ſentences are the children of experience, not of prophecy. Good-night!—In a few days I ſhall ſend you a beautiful little poem [1] from the Strawberry preſs.

LETTER CXL.

Strawberry-hill, September 5, 1789.

YOU ſpeak ſo unperemptorily of your motions, that I muſt direct to you at random: the moſt probable place where to hit you, I think, will be Goodwood; and I do addreſs this thither, becauſe I am impatient to thank you for your tale, which is very pretty and eaſy and genteel. It has made me make a reflection, and that reflection made ſix lines; which I ſend you, not as good, but as expreſſing my thoughts on your writing ſo well in various ways which you never practiſed when you was much younger.—Here they are:

The muſe moſt wont to fire a youthful heart,
To gild *your* ſetting ſun reſerv'd her art;

[1] This was Bonner's Ghoſt.

To

To crown a life in virtuous labours paſt,
Beſtow'd her numbers, and her wit at laſt;
And when your ſtrength and eloquence retire,
Your voice in notes harmonious ſhall expire.

The *ſwan* was too common a thought to be directly ſpecified—and, perhaps, even to be alluded to——No matter—ſuch a trifle is below criticiſm.

I am ſtill here, in no uncertainty, God knows, about poor lady Dyſart, of whom there are not the ſmalleſt hopes. She grows weaker every day, and does actually ſtill go out for the air, and may languiſh many days, though moſt probably will go off in a moment, as the water riſes. She retains her ſenſes perfectly, and as perfectly her unalterable calmneſs and patience, though fully ſenſible of her ſituation. At your return from Goodwood, I ſhall like to come to you, if you are unengaged, and ready to receive me. For the beauties of Park-place, I am too well acquainted with them, not, like all old perſons about their cotemporaries, to think it preſerves them long after they are faded; and I am ſo *unwalking*, that proſpects are more agreeable to me when framed and glazed, and I look at them through a window. It is yourſelves I want to viſit, not your verdure. Indeed, except a parentheſis of ſcarce all Auguſt, there has been no temptation to walk abroad; and the tempter himſelf would not have perſuaded me, if I could, to have climbed that long-loſt mountain whence he could ſhow one even the antipodes. It rained inceſſantly all June and all July; and now again we have torrents every day.

J———'s brother, the chevalier, is arrived from Paris, and does not diminiſh the horrors one hears every day. They are now in the capital dreading the ſixteen thouſand deſerters who hover about them. I conclude, that when in the character of banditti the whole diſbanded army have plundered and deſtroyed what they can, they will congregate into ſeparate armies under different leaders, who will hang out different principles, and the kingdom will be a theatre of civil wars; and, inſtead of liberty, the nation will get petty tyrants—perhaps petty kingdoms:—and when millions have ſuffered, or been ſacrificed, the government will be no better than it was—all owing to the intemperance of the états, who might have obtained a good conſtitution, or at leaſt one much meliorated, if they had ſet out with diſ-

cretion

cretion and moderation. They have left too a ſad leſſon to deſpotic princes, who will quote this precedent of frantic états againſt aſſembling any more, and againſt all the examples of ſenates and parliaments that have preſerved rational freedom.

Let me know when it will be convenient to you to receive me. Adieu!

LETTER CXLI.

Strawberry-hill, Wedneſday night, July 1790.

IT is certainly not from having any thing to tell you, that I reply ſo ſoon, but as the moſt agreeable thing I can do in my confinement. The gout came into my heel the night before laſt, perhaps from the deluge and damp. I increaſed it yeſterday by limping about the houſe with a party I had to breakfaſt. To-day I am lying on the ſettee, unable to walk alone, or even to put on a ſlipper. However, as I am much eaſier this evening, I truſt it will go off.

I do not love diſputes, and ſhall not argue with you about Bruce; but if you like him, you ſhall not chooſe an author for me. It is the moſt abſurd, obſcure, and tireſome book I know. I ſhall admire if you have a clear conception about moſt of the perſons and matters in his work—but, in fact, I do not believe you have. Pray, can you diſtinguiſh between his *cock* and *hen* Heghes, and between all Yaſouſes and Ozoros?—and do you firmly believe that an old man and his ſon were ſent for and put to death, becauſe the king had run into a thorn-buſh, and was forced to leave his clothes behind him? Is it your faith, that one of their Abyſſinian majeſties pleaded not being able to contribute towards ſending for a new Abuna, becauſe he had ſpent all his money at Venice in looking-glaſſes? And do you really think that Peter Paez was a Jack-of-all-trades, and built palaces and convents without aſſiſtance, and furniſhed them with his own hands? You, who are a little apt to conteſt moſt aſſertions, muſt have ſtrangely let out your credulity! I could put forty queſtions to you as wonderful, and, for my part, could as ſoon credit *****.

I am tired of railing at French barbarity and folly. They are more puerile now

now ſerious, than when in the long paroxyſm of gay levity. Legiſlators, a ſenate, to neglect laws, in order to annihilate coats of arms and liveries! to pull down a king, and ſet up an emperor! They are haſtening to eſtabliſh the tribunal of the prætorian guards; for the ſovereignty, it ſeems, is not to be hereditary. One view of their fête of the 14th I ſuppoſe is to draw money to Paris—and the conſequence will be, that the deputies will return to the provinces drunk with independence and ſelf-importance, and will commit fifty times more exceſſes, maſſacres, and devaſtations, than laſt year. George Selwyn ſays, that *monſieur*, the king's brother, is the only man of rank from whom they cannot take a title.

How franticly have the French acted, and how rationally the Americans!—But Franklin and Waſhington were great men. None have appeared yet in France; and Necker has only returned to make a wretched figure! He is become as inſignificant as his king; his name is never mentioned, but now and then as diſapproving ſomething that is done. Why then does he ſtay? Does he wait to ſtrike ſome great ſtroke, when every thing is demoliſhed? His glory, which conſiſted in being miniſter though a proteſtant, is vaniſhed by the deſtruction of popery; the honour of which, I ſuppoſe, he will ſcarce aſſume to himſelf.

I have vented my budget, and now good night! I feel almoſt as if I could walk up to bed.

LETTER CXLII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 9, at night.

MR. N—— has offered to be poſtman to you; *whereof*, though I have nothing, or as little as nothing, to ſay, I thought *as how* it would look kinder to ſend nothing in writing than by word of mouth.

Nothing the firſt. So the peace is made, and the ſtocks drank its health in a bumper; but when they waked the next morning, they found they had reckoned without their hoſt, and that their majeſties the king of big Britain and the king of little Spain have agreed to make peace ſome time or other, if they can agree upon it; and ſo the ſtocks drew in their horns: but having great

great truſt in ſome time or other, they only fell two pegs lower. I, who never believed there would be war, keep my prophetic ſtocks up to par, and my conſol—ation ſtill higher; for when Spaniſh pride truckles, and Engliſh pride has had the honour of bullying, I dare to ſay we ſhall be content with the oſtenſible triumph, as Spain will be with ſome ſecret article that will leave her much where ſhe was before.—Vide Falkland's iſland.

Nothing the ſecond. Miſs ——'s match with lord ——. You aſſerted it ſo peremptorily, that, though I doubted it, I quoted you. Lo! it took its riſe ſolely in poor old ——'s dotage, that ſtill harps on conjunctions copulative—but now diſavows it, as they ſay, on a remonſtrance from her daughter.

Nothing the third. Nothing will come of nothing, ſays king Lear, and

Your humble ſervant

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXLIII.

Strawberry-hill, September 27, 1791.

YOUR letter was moſt welcome, as yours always are, and I anſwer it immediately, though our poſt comes in ſo late that this will not go away till to-morrow.—Nay, I write, though I ſhall ſee you on Sunday, and have not a tittle to tell you. I lead ſo inſipid a life, that, though I am content with it, it can furniſh me with nothing but repetitions. I ſcarce ever ſtir from home in a morning, and moſt evenings go and play at loto with the French at Richmond, where I am heartily tired of hearing of nothing but their abſurd countrymen, abſurd both democrates and ariſtocrates. Calonne ſends them groſs lies, that raiſe their hopes to the ſkies: and in two days they hear of nothing but new horrors and diſappointments; and then, poor ſouls! they are in deſpair. I can ſay nothing to comfort them, but what I firmly believe, which is, that total anarchy muſt come on rapidly.—Nobody pays the taxes that are laid, and which, intended to produce eighty millions a month, do not bring in ſix. The new

aſſembly will fall on the old, probably plunder the richeſt, and certainly diſapprove of much they have done; for can eight hundred new ignorants approve of what has been done by twelve hundred almoſt as ignorant, and who were far from half agreeing?—And then their immortal conſtitution (which, beſides, is to be mightily mended nine years hence) will die before it has cut any of its teeth but its grinders. The exiles are enraged at their poor king for ſaving his own life by a forced acceptance; and yet I know no obligation he has to his nobleſſe, who all ran away to ſave their own lives; not a gentleman, but the two poor gendarmes at Verſailles, having loſt their lives in his defence. I ſuppoſe La Fayette, Barnave, the Lameths, &c. will run away too, when the new tinkers and coblers, of whom the preſent elect are and will be compoſed, proceed on the levelling ſyſtem taught them by their predeceſſors, who, like other levellers, have taken good care of themſelves. Good Dr. Prieſtley's friend, good monſieur Condorcet, has got a place in the treaſury of 1000*l.* a year:—ex uno diſce omnes!—And thus a ſet of raſcals, who might, with temper and diſcretion, have obtained a very wholeſome conſtitution, witneſs Poland! have committed infinite miſchief, infinite cruelty, infinite injuſtice, and left a ſhocking precedent againſt liberty, unleſs the Poles are as much admired and imitated as the French ought to be deteſted.

I do not believe the emperor will ſtir—yet. He, or his miniſters, muſt ſee that it is the intereſt of Germany to let France deſtroy itſelf. His interference yet might unite and conſolidate—at leaſt check farther confuſion:—and though I rather think that twenty thouſand men might march from one end of France to the other, as, though the officers often rallied, French ſoldiers never were ſtout; yet having no officers, no diſcipline, no ſubordination, little reſiſtance might be expected. Yet the enthuſiaſm that has been ſpread might turn into courage. Still it were better for Cæſar to wait. Quarrels amongſt themſelves will diſſipate enthuſiaſm; and if they have no foreign enemy, they will ſoon have ſpirit enough to turn their ſwords againſt one another, and what enthuſiaſm remains will ſoon be converted into the inveteracy of faction. This is ſpeculation, not prophecy:—I do not pretend to gueſs what will happen:—I do think I know what will not: I mean, the ſyſtem of experiments that they call a conſtitution, cannot laſt. Marvellous indeed would it be, if a ſet of military noble lads, pedantic academicians, curates of villages, and country advocates, could in two years, amidſt the utmoſt confuſion and altercation amongſt

amongſt themſelves, dictated to or thwarted by obſtinate clubs of various factions, have achieved what the wiſdom of all ages and all nations has never been able to compoſe—a ſyſtem of government that would ſet four-and-twenty millions of people free, and contain them within any bounds! This too without one great man amongſt them.—If they had had, as Mirabeau ſeemed to promiſe to be—but as we know that he was too—a conſummate villain, there would ſoon have been an end of their viſion of liberty. And ſo there will be ſtill, unleſs, after a civil war, they ſplit into ſmall kingdoms or commonwealths.—A little nation may be free; for it can be upon its guard. Millions cannot be ſo; becauſe, the greater the number of men that are one people, the more vices, the more abuſes there are, that will either require or furniſh pretexts for reſtraints; and if vices are the mother of laws, the execution of laws is the father of power:—and of ſuch parents one knows the progeny.

I did not think of writing ſuch a rhapſody when I began—it ſhows how idle I am—I hope you will be ſo when you receive it. Adieu! I have tired my hand.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. The king of the French has written to the king of France and Great Britain, to notify his acceſſion to the throne of Fontainebleau, where he is determined to reign as long as he is permitted, and obey all the laws that have been made to dethrone him.

N. B. The cardinal de Lomenie, whom they call the cardinal de *l'Ignominie* with much reaſon, is the only gentleman elected for the new chaos, and he has declined.

LETTER CXLIV.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 31, 1792.

YOUR long letter and my ſhort one croſſed one another upon the road. I knew I was in your debt: but I had nothing to ſay but what you

you know better than I; for you read all the French papers, and I read none, as they have long put me out of all patience: and beſides, I hear ſo much of their horrific proceedings, that they quite diſturb me, and have given me what I call *the French diſeaſe*; that is, a barbarity that I abhor, for I cannot help wiſhing deſtruction to thouſands of human creatures whom I never ſaw.—But when men have worked themſelves up into tigers and hyænas, and labour to communicate their appetite for blood, what ſignifies whether they walk on two legs or four, or whether they dwell in cities, or in foreſts and dens?—Nay, the latter are the more harmleſs wild beaſts; for they only cranch a poor traveller now and then, and when they are famiſhed with hunger:—the others, though they have dined, cut the throats of ſome hundreds of poor Swiſs for an afternoon's luncheon. Oh! the execrable nation!

I cannot tell you any new particulars, for meſdames de Cambis and d'Hennin, my chief informers, are gone to Goodwood to the poor ducheſſe de Biron, of whoſe recovery I am impatient to hear—and ſo I am of the cauſe of her very precipitate flight and panic. She muſt, I think, have had ſtrong motives; for two years ago I feared ſhe was much too courageous, and diſplayed her intrepidity too publicly. If I did not always condemn the calling *b*ad people *m*ad people, I ſhould ſay all Paris is gone diſtracted: they furniſh provocation to every ſpecies of retaliation, by publiſhing rewards for aſſaſſination of kings and generals, and cannot reſt without incenſing all Europe againſt them.

The ducheſs of York gave a great entertainment at Oatlands on her duke's birth-day, ſent to his tradeſmen in town to come to it, and allowed two guineas apiece to each for their carriage—gave them a dance, and opened the ball herſelf with the prince of Wales. A company of ſtrollers came to Weybridge to act in a barn: ſhe was ſolicited to go to it, and did out of charity, and carried all her ſervants. Next day a methodiſt teacher came to preach a charity ſermon in the ſame theatre, and ſhe conſented to hear it on the ſame motive—but her ſervants deſired to be excuſed, on not underſtanding Engliſh.—"Oh!" ſaid the ducheſs, "but you went to the comedy, which you underſtood leſs, and you ſhall go to the ſermon;" to which ſhe gave handſomely, and for them. I like this.

Tack

Tack this to my other fragment, and then, I truſt, I ſhall not be a defaulter in correſpondence. I own I am become an indolent poor creature: —but is that ſtrange? With ſeventy-five years over my head, or on the point of being ſo; with a chalk-ſtone in every finger; with feet ſo limping, that I have been but twice this whole ſummer round my own ſmall garden, and ſo much weaker than I was, can I be very comfortable, but when ſitting quiet and doing nothing? All my ſtrength conſiſts in my ſleep, which is as vigorous as at twenty:—but with regard to letter-writing, I have ſo many to write on buſineſs which I do not underſtand, ſince the unfortunate death of my nephew, that, though I make them as brief as poſſible, half-a-dozen ſhort ones tire me as much as a long one to an old friend; and as the buſy ones muſt be executed, I treſpaſs on the others, and remit them to another day. Norfolk has come very mal-à-propos into the end of my life, and certainly never entered into my views and plans; and I, who could never learn the multiplication table, was not intended to tranſact leaſes, direct repairs of farm-houſes, ſettle fines for church lands, negotiate for lowering intereſt on mortgages, &c. In ſhort, as I was told formerly, though I know ſeveral things, I never underſtood any thing uſeful. A-propos, the letter of which lady C——— told you is not at all worth your ſeeing. It was an angry one to a parſon who oppreſſes my tenants, and will go to law with them about tythes. She came in as I was writing it; and as I took up the character of parſon myſelf, and preached to him as paſtor of a flock, which it did not become him to lead into the paths of law, inſtead of thoſe of peace, I thought it would divert, and ſhowed it to her.

Adieu! I have been writing to you till midnight, and my poor fingers ache.

Yours ever,

ORFORD.

LETTER CXLV.

Strawberry-hill, June 13, 1793.

I THANK you much for all your information—ſome parts made me ſmile:—yet, if what you heard of ——— proves true, I rather think it deplorable!

deplorable! How can love of money, or the ſtill vainer of all vanities, ambition of wearing a high but moſt inſignificant office, which even poor lord ——— could execute, tempt a very old man, who loves his eaſe and his own way, to ſtoop to wait like a footman behind a chair, for hours, and in a court whence he had been caſt ignominiouſly? I believe I have more pride than moſt men alive: I could be flattered by honours acquired by merit, or by ſome ſingular action of eclat—but for titles, ribbands, offices of no buſineſs, which any body can fill, and muſt be given to many, I ſhould juſt as ſoon be proud of being the top 'ſquire in a country village. It is only worſe to have waded to diſtinction through dirt, like lord ———.

All this ſhifting of ſcenes may, as you ſay, be food to the Fronde——Sed defendit numerus. It is perfectly ridiculous to uſe any diſtinction of parties but the *ins* and the *outs*. Many years ago I thought that the wiſeſt appellations for contending factions ever aſſumed, were thoſe in the Roman empire, who called themſelves *the greens and the blues:* it was ſo eaſy, when they changed ſides, to ſlide from one colour to the other—and then a blue might plead that he had never been *true blue*, but always a *greeniſh blue*; and vice verſâ.

I allow that the ſteadieſt party man may be ſtaggered by novel and unforeſeen circumſtances. The outrageous proceedings of the French republicans have wounded the cauſe of liberty, and will, I fear, have ſhaken it for centuries; for Condorcet and ſuch fiends are worſe than the imperial and royal dividers of Poland.—But I do not ſee why deteſtation of anarchy and aſſaſſination muſt immediately make one fall in love with garters and ſeals.

I am ſitting by the fire, as I have done ever ſince I came hither; and ſince I do not expect warm weather in June, I am wiſhing for rain, or I ſhall not have a mouthful of hay, nor a noſeful of roſes.—Indeed, as I have ſeen ſeveral fields of hay cut, I wonder it has not brought rain, as uſual. My creed is, that rain is good for hay, as I conclude every climate and its productions are ſuited to each other. Providence did not trouble itſelf about its being more expenſive to us to make our hay over and over; it only took care it ſhould not want water enough. Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER CXLVI.

Strawberry-hill, Wedneſday night, late, July 17, 1793.

I AM juſt come from dining with the biſhop of London at Fulham, where I found lord and lady F. C. who told me of the alarm you had from hearing ſome ſcreams that you thought lady A.'s, and the diſorder brought upon you by flying to aſſiſt her. I do not at all wonder at your panic, and rejoice it was not founded, and that you recovered ſo ſoon. I am not going to preach againſt your acting ſo naturally:—but as you have ſome complaint on your breaſt, I muſt hope you will remember this accident, and be upon your guard againſt both ſudden and rapid exertions, when you have not a tantamount call. I conclude the exceſſive heat we have had for twelve complete days contributed to overpower you.

It is much cooler to-day, yet ſtill delicious; for be it known to you that I have enjoyed weather worthy of Africa, and yet without ſwallowing mouthfuls of muſketos, nor expecting to hear hyænas howl in the village, nor to find ſcorpions in my bed. Indeed, all the way I came home, I could but gaze at the felicity of my countrymen. The road was one ſtring of ſtage-coaches loaded within and without with noiſy jolly folks, and chaiſes and gigs that had been pleaſuring in clouds of duſt; every door and every window of every houſe was open, lights in every ſhop, every door with women ſitting in the ſtreet, every inn crowded with jaded horſes, and every ale-houſe full of drunken topers; for you know the Engliſh always announce their ſenſe of heat or cold by drinking.——Well! it was impoſſible not to enjoy ſuch a ſcene of happineſs and affluence in every village, and amongſt the loweſt of the people—and who are told by villainous ſcribblers that they are oppreſſed and miſerable.—New ſtreets, new towns are riſing every day and every where; the earth is covered with gardens and crops of grain.

How bitter to turn from this Elyſium to the Temple at Paris! The fiends there have now torn her ſon from the queen! Can one believe that they are human beings, who 'midſt all their confuſions ſit coolly meditating new

tortures, new anguiſh for that poor, helpleſs, miſerable woman, after four years of unexampled ſufferings? Oh! if ſuch crimes are not made a dreadful leſſon, this world might become a theatre of canibals!

I hope the checks in Bretagne are legends coined by miſcreants at Paris. What can one believe? Well, I will go to bed, and try to dream of peace and plenty; and though my lawn is burnt, and my peas and beans, and roſes and ſtrawberries parched, I will bear it with patience till the harveſt is got in. Saint Swithin can never hold his water for forty days, though he can do the contrary. Good-night!

Yours ever,

O.

LETTER CXLVII.

Berkeley-ſquare, January 10, 1794.

I CERTAINLY ſympathize with you on the reverſed and gloomy proſpect of affairs, too extenſive to detail in a letter; nor indeed do I know any thing more than I collect from newſpapers and public reports; and thoſe are ſo overcharged with falſehoods on all ſides, that, if one waits for truth to emerge, one finds new ſubjects to draw one's attention before firm belief can ſettle its truſt on any. That the maſs and reſult are bad, is certain; and though I have great alacrity in ſearching for comforts and grounds of new hopes, I am puzzled as much in ſeeking reſources, as in giving preſent credit. Reaſoning is out of the queſtion: all calculation is baffled: nothing happens that ſenſe or experience ſaid was probable. I wait to ſee what will happen, without a gueſs at what is to be expected. A ſtorm, when the parliament meets, will no doubt be attempted. How the miniſters are prepared to combat it, I don't know—but I hope ſufficiently—if it ſpreads no farther:—at leaſt I think they have no cauſe to fear the new leader who is to make the attack. * * * *

I have neither ſeen Mr. Wilſon's book nor his anſwerers. So far from reading political pamphlets, I hunt for any books, except modern novels, that will not bring France to my mind, or that at leaſt will put it out for a

time. But every freſh perſon one ſees, revives the converſation: and excepting a long ſucceſſion of fogs, nobody talks of any thing elſe; nor of private news do I know a tittle. Adieu!

Yours ever,

O.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Strawb. July 2, 1795.

I *WILL* write a word to you, though ſcarce time to write one, to thank you for your great kindneſs about the ſoldier, who ſhall get a ſubſtitute if he can.

As you are, or have been in town, your daughter will have told you in what a buſtle I am, preparing—not to reſiſt, but to receive an invaſion of royalties to-morrow—and cannot even eſcape them like admiral Cornwallis, though ſeeming to make a ſemblance; for I am to wear a ſword, and have appointed two aides de camp, my nephews, George and Horace C———. If I *fall*, as ten to one but I do, to be ſure it will be a ſuperb tumble, at the feet of a queen and eight daughters of kings; for, beſides the ſix princeſſes, I am to have the ducheſs of York and the princeſs of Orange! Woe is me, at 78, and with ſcarce a hand and foot to my back! Adieu!

Yours, &c.

A POOR OLD REMNANT.

LETTER CXLIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 7, 1795.

I AM not dead of fatigue with my royal viſitors, as I expected to be, though I was on my poor lame feet three whole hours. Your daughter, who kindly aſſiſted me in doing the honours, will tell you the particulars, and how proſperouſly I ſucceeded. The queen was uncommonly condeſcending and gracious, and deigned to drink my health when I preſented her with the laſt glaſs, and to thank me for all my attentions.—Indeed my

memory de vieille cour was but once in default. As I had been aſſured that her majeſty would be attended by her chamberlain, yet was not, I had no glove ready when I received her at the ſtep of her coach: yet ſhe honoured me with her hand to lead her up ſtairs; nor did I recollect my omiſſion when I led her down again. Still, though gloveleſs, I did not ſqueeze the royal hand, as vice-chamberlain Smith did to queen Mary [1].

You will have ſtared, as I did, at the elector of Hanover deſerting his ally the king of Great Britain, and making peace with the monſters. But Mr. F——, whom I ſaw at my ſiſter's on Sunday, laughs at the article in the newſpapers, and ſays it is not an unknown practice for ſtock-jobbers to hire an emiſſary at the rate of five hundred pounds, and diſpatch to Franckfort, whence he brings forged atteſtations of ſome marvellous political event, and ſpreads it on 'Change; which produces ſuch a fluctuation in the ſtocks, as amply overpays the expence of his miſſion.

This was all I learnt in the ſingle night I was in town. I have not redde the new French conſtitution, which ſeems longer than probably its reign will be. The five ſovereigns will, I ſuppoſe, be the firſt guillotined. Adieu!

Yours ever,

O.

[1] It is ſaid that queen Mary aſked ſome of her attendant ladies, what a ſqueeze of the hand was ſuppoſed to intimate?—They ſaid, "Love." —"Then," ſaid the queen, "my vice-chamberlain muſt be violently in love with me, for he always ſqueezes my hand."

[Marſhal Conway died three days after the date of this letter.]

Eccardt pinxt. Heath Sculp.s

Richard Bentley.

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

From the Year 1752 to the Year 1756.

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TO

RICHARD BENTLEY[1], ESQ.

From the Year 1752 to the Year 1756.

LETTER I.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.

Battel, Wedneſday, Auguſt 5, 1752.

HERE we are, my dear ſir, in the middle of our pilgrimage; and leſt we ſhould never return from this holy land of abbeys and Gothic caſtles, I begin a letter to you, that I hope ſome charitable monk, when he has buried our bones, will deliver to you. We have had piteous diſtreſſes, but then we have ſeen glorious ſights! You ſhall hear of each in their order.

Monday, Wind S. E.—at leaſt that was our direction.—While they were changing our horſes at Bromley, we went to ſee the biſhop of Rocheſter's palace; not for the ſake of any thing there was to be ſeen, but becauſe there was a chimney, in which had ſtood a flower-pot, in which was put the counterfeit plot againſt biſhop Sprat. 'Tis a paltry parſonage, with nothing of antiquity but two panes of glaſs, purloined from Iſlip's chapel in Weſtmin-

[1] Only ſon of doctor Bentley, the celebrated commentator.

ſter-abbey,

ſter-abbey, with that abbot's rebus, an eye and a ſlip of a tree. In the garden there is a clear little pond, teeming with gold fiſh. The biſhop is more prolific than I am.

From Sevenoak we went to Knowle. The park is ſweet, with much old beech, and an immenſe ſycamore before the great gate, that makes me more in love than ever with ſycamores. The houſe is not near ſo extenſive as I expected: the outward court has a beautiful decent ſimplicity that charms one. The apartments are many, but not large. The furniture throughout, ancient magnificence; loads of portraits, not good, nor curious; ebony cabinets, emboſſed ſilver in vaſes, diſhes, &c. embroidered beds, ſtiff chairs, and ſweet bags lying on velvet tables, richly worked in ſilk and gold. There are two galleries, one very ſmall; an old hall, and a ſpacious great drawing-room. There is never a good ſtair-caſe. The firſt little room you enter has ſundry portraits of the times; but they ſeem to have been beſpoke by the yard, and drawn all by the ſame painter: one ſhould be happy if they were authentic; for among them there is Dudley duke of Northumberland, Gardiner of Wincheſter, the earl of Surry the poet, when a boy, and a Thomas duke of Norfolk; but I don't know which. The only fine picture is of lord Goring and Endymion Porter by Vandyke. There is a good head of the queen of Bohemia, a whole length of duc d'Eſpernon, and another good head of the Clifford counteſs of Dorſet, who wrote that admirable haughty letter to ſecretary Williamſon, when he recommended a perſon to her for member for Appleby: "*I have been bullied by an uſurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a ſubject:—your man ſha'n't ſtand. Ann Dorſet, Pembroke and Montgomery.*" In the chapel is a piece of ancient tapeſtry: ſaint Luke in his firſt profeſſion is holding an urinal. Below ſtairs is a chamber of poets and players, which is proper enough in that houſe; for the firſt earl wrote a play, and the laſt earl was a poet, and I think married a player. Major Mohun and Betterton are curious among the latter, Cartwright and Flatman among the former. The arcade is newly encloſed, painted in freſco, and with modern glaſs of all the family matches. In the gallery is a whole length of the unfortunate earl of Surry, with his device a broken column, and the motto *Sat ſupereſt.* My father had one of them, but larger, and with more emblems, which the duke of Norfolk bought at my brother's ſale. There is one good head of Henry VIII. and divers of Cranfield earl of Middleſex, the citizen who

came

came to be lord treaſurer, and was very near coming to be hanged. His counteſs, a bouncing kind of lady mayoreſs, looks pure awkward amongſt ſo much good company. A viſto cut through the wood has a delightful effect from the front; but there are ſome trumpery fragments of gardens that ſpoil the view from the ſtate apartments.

We lay that night at Tunbridge town, and were ſurpriſed with the ruins of the old caſtle. The gateway is perfect, and the incloſure formed into a vineyard by a Mr. Hooker to whom it belongs, and the walls ſpread with fruit, and the mount on which the keep ſtood, planted in the ſame way. The proſpect is charming, and a breach in the wall opens below to a pretty Gothic bridge of three arches over the Medway. We honoured the man for his taſte—not but that we wiſhed the committee at Strawberry-hill were to ſit upon it, and ſtick cypreſſes among the hollows——But, alas! he ſometimes makes eighteen ſour hogſheads, and is going to diſrobe *the ivy-mantled tower*, becauſe it harbours birds!

Now begins our chapter of woes. The inn was full of farmers and tobacco; and the next morning, when we were bound for Penſhurſt, the only man in the town who had two horſes would not let us have them, becauſe the roads, as he ſaid, were ſo bad. We were forced to ſend to the Wells for others, which did not arrive till half the day was ſpent—we all the while up to the head and ears in a market of ſheep and oxen. A mile from the town we climbed up a hill to ſee Summer-hill, the reſidence of Grammont's princeſs of Babylon. There is now ſcarce a road to it: the Paladins of thoſe times were too valorous to fear breaking their necks; and I much apprehend that *la Monſery* and the fair mademoiſelle Hamilton muſt have mounted their palfreys and rode behind their gentlemen-uſhers upon pillions to the Wells. The houſe is little better than a farm, but has been an excellent one, and is entire, though out of repair. I have drawn the front of it to ſhow you, which you are to draw over again to ſhow me. It ſtands high, commands a vaſt landſcape beautifully wooded, and has quantities of large old trees to ſhelter itſelf, ſome of which might be well ſpared to open views.

From Summer-hill we went to Lamberhurſt to dine; near which, that is,

at the diſtance of three miles, up and down impracticable hills, in a moſt retired vale, ſuch as Pope deſcribes in the laſt Dunciad,

Where ſlumber abbots, purple as their vines,

we found the ruins of Bayham abbey, which the Barrets and Hardings bid us viſit. There are ſmall but pretty remains, and a neat little Gothic houſe built near them by their nephew Pratt. They have found a tomb of an abbot, with a croſier, at length on the ſtone.

Here our woes increaſe. The roads grew bad beyond all badneſs, the night dark beyond all darkneſs, our guide frightened beyond all frightfulneſs. However, without being at all killed, we got up, or down, I forget which, it was ſo dark, a famous precipice called Silver-hill, and about ten at night arrived at a wretched village called Rotherbridge. We had ſtill ſix miles hither, but determined to ſtop, as it would be a pity to break our necks before we had ſeen all we intended. But, alas! there was only one bed to be had: all the reſt were inhabited by ſmugglers, whom the people of the houſe called mountebanks; and with one of whom the lady of the den told Mr. Chute he might lie. We did not at all take to this ſociety, but, armed with links and lanthorns, ſet out again upon this impracticable journey. At two o'clock in the morning we got hither to a ſtill worſe inn, and that crammed with exciſe officers, one of whom had juſt ſhot a ſmuggler. However, as we were neutral powers, we have paſſed ſafely through both armies hitherto, and can give you a little farther hiſtory of our wandering through theſe mountains, where the young gentlemen are forced to drive their curricles with a pair of oxen. The only morſel of good road we have found, was what even the natives had aſſured us was totally impracticable; theſe were eight miles to Hurſt Monceaux. It is ſeated at the end of a large vale, five miles in a direct line to the ſea, with wings of blue hills covered with wood, one of which falls down to the houſe in a ſweep of 100 acres. The building for the convenience of water to the moat ſees nothing at all; indeed it is entirely imagined on a plan of defence, with draw-bridges actually in being, round towers, watch-towers mounted on them, and battlements pierced for the paſſage of arrows from long bows. It was built in the time of Henry VI. and is as perfect as the firſt day. It

does

does not ſeem to have been ever quite finiſhed, or at leaſt that age was not arrived at the luxury of white-waſh; for almoſt all the walls, except in the principal chambers, are in their native *brickhood*. It is a ſquare building, each ſide about two hundred feet in length; a porch and cloiſter, very like Eton-college; and the whole is much in the ſame taſte, the kitchen extremely ſo, with three vaſt funnels to the chimneys going up on the inſide. There are two or three little courts for offices, but no magnificence of apartments. It is ſcarcely furniſhed with a few neceſſary beds and chairs: one ſide has been faſhed, and a drawing-room and dining-room and two or three rooms wainſcoted by the earl of Suſſex, who married a natural daughter of Charles II. Their arms with delightful carvings by Gibbons, particularly two pheaſants, hang over the chimneys. Over the great drawing-room chimney is the coat armour of the firſt Leonard lord Dacre, with all his alliances. Mr. Chute was tranſported, and called couſin with ten thouſand quarterings. The chapel is ſmall, and mean: the Virgin and ſeven long lean ſaints, ill done, remain in the windows. There have been four more, but ſeem to have been removed for light; and we actually found St. Catherine, and another gentlewoman with a church in her hand, exiled into the buttery. There remain two odd cavities, with very ſmall wooden ſcreens on each ſide the altar, which ſeem to have been confeſſionals. The outſide is a mixture of grey brick and ſtone, that has a very venerable appearance. The drawbridges are romantic to a degree; and there is a dungeon, that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of ſoccage and under ſuch goodly tenures. They ſhowed us a diſmal chamber which they called *Drummer*'s-hall, and ſuppoſe that Mr. Addiſon's comedy is deſcended from it. In the windows of the gallery over the cloiſters, which leads all round to the apartments, is the device of the Fienneses, a wolf holding a baton with a ſcroll, *Le roy le veut*—an unlucky motto, as I ſhall tell you preſently, to the laſt peer of that line. The eſtate is two thouſand a year, and ſo compact as to have but ſeventeen houſes upon it. We walked up a brave old avenue to the church, with ſhips ſailing on our left hand the whole way. Before the altar lies a lank braſs knight, hight William Fienis, chevalier, who obiit c.c.c.c.v. that is in 1405. By the altar is a beautiful tomb, all in our trefoil taſte, varied into a thouſand little canopies and patterns, and two knights repoſing on their backs. Theſe were Thomas lord Dacre, and his only ſon Gregory, who died ſans iſſue. An old grey-headed beadſman of the family talked to us of a blot in the

ſcutcheon; and we had obſerved that the field of the arms was green inſtead of blue, and the lions ramping to the right, contrary to order. This and the man's imperfect narrative let us into the circumſtances of the perſonage before us; for there is no inſcription. He went in a Chevy-chace ſtyle to hunt in *a Mr. Pelham's*[1] park at Lawton: the keepers oppoſed, a fray enſued, a man was killed. The haughty baron took the death upon himſelf, as moſt ſecure of pardon: but however, though there was no chancellor of the exchequer in the queſtion, he was condemned to be hanged: *Le roy le vouloiſt.*

Now you are fully maſter of Hurſt Monceaux, I ſhall carry you on to Battel——By the way, we bring you a thouſand ſketches, that you may ſhow us what we have ſeen. Battel-abbey ſtands at the end of the town exactly as Warwick-caſtle does of Warwick; but the houſe of Webſter have taken due care that it ſhould not reſemble it in any thing elſe. A vaſt building, which they call the old refectory, but which I believe was the original church, is now barn, coach-houſe, &c. The ſituation is noble, above the level of abbeys: what does remain of gateways and towers is beautiful, particularly the flat ſide of a cloiſter, which is now the front of the manſion-houſe. A miſs of the family has clothed a fragment of a portico with cockle-ſhells! The grounds, and what has been a park, lie in a vile condition. In the church is the tomb of ſir Antony Browne, maſter of the horſe for life to Harry VIII. from whoſe deſcendants the eſtate was purchaſed[2]. The head of John Hammond, the laſt abbot, is ſtill perfect in one of the windows. Mr. Chute ſays, What charming things we ſhould have done if Battel-abbey had been to be ſold at Mrs. Chenevix's, as Strawberry was! Good-night!

Tunbridge, Friday.

We are returned hither, where we have eſtabliſhed our head quarters. On our way, we had an opportunity of ſurveying that formidable mountain, Silver-hill, which we had floundered down in the dark: it commands a whole horizon of the richeſt blue proſpect you ever ſaw. I take it to be the individual ſpot to which the duke of Newcaſtle carries the ſmugglers,

[1] At the date of this letter Mr. Pelham was prime miniſter. E.

[2] It is ſaid on the tomb of the firſt lord Montacute, at Coudray in Suſſex, that he built the magnificent houſe at Battel, of which I ſuppoſe the ruinous apartment ſtill remaining was part.

and,

and, ſhowing them Suſſex and Kent, ſays, All this will I give you, if you will fall down and worſhip me. Indeed one of them, who exceeded the tempter's warrant, hangs in chains on the very ſpot where they finiſhed the life of that wretched cuſtom-houſe officer whom they were two days in murdering.

This morning we have been to Penſhurſt—but, oh! how fallen!—The park ſeems to have never anſwered its character: at preſent it is forlorn; and inſtead of Sachariſſa's cypher carved on the beeches, I ſhould ſooner have expected to have found the milk-woman's ſcore. Over the gate is an inſcription, purporting the manor to have been a boon from Edward VI. to ſir William Sydney. The apartments are the grandeſt I have ſeen in any of theſe old palaces, but furniſhed in a tawdry modern taſte. There are loads of portraits; but moſt of them ſeem chriſtened by chance, like children at a foundling-hoſpital. There is a portrait of Languet, the friend of ſir Philip Sydney; and divers of himſelf and all his great kindred, particularly his ſiſter-in-law with a vaſt lute, and Sachariſſa, charmingly handſome. But there are really four very great curioſities, I believe as old portraits as any extant in England: they are, Fitzallen archbiſhop of Canterbury, Humphry Stafford the firſt duke of Buckingham, T. Wentworth, and John Foxle; all four with the dates of their commiſſions as conſtables of Queenborough-caſtle, from whence I ſuppoſe they were brought. The laſt is actually receiving his inveſtiture from Edward the third, as Wentworth is in the dreſs of Richard the third's time. They are really not very ill done [1]. There are ſix more, only heads; and we have found ſince we came home, that Penſhurſt belonged for a time to that duke of Buckingham. There are ſome good tombs in the church, and a very Vandal one, called *ſir Stephen of Penchеſter*. When we had ſeen Penſhurſt, we borrowed ſaddles, and, beſtriding the horſes of our poſt-chaiſe, ſet out for Hever to viſit a tomb of ſir Thomas Bullen earl of Wiltſhire, partly with a view to talk of it in Anna Bullen's walk at Strawberry-hill. But the meaſure of our woes was not full; we could not find our way, and were forced to return; and again loſt ourſelves in coming

[1] In Harris's Hiſtory of Kent, he gives from Philpot a liſt of the conſtables of Queenborough-caſtle, p. 376; the laſt but one of whom, ſir Edward Hobby, is ſaid to have collected all their portraits, of which number moſt probably were theſe ten.

from Penſhurſt, having been directed to what they called a better road than the execrable one we had gone.

Since dinner we have been to lord Weſtmorland's at Mereworth, which is ſo perfect in a Palladian taſte, that I muſt own it has recovered me a little from Gothic. It is better ſituated than I had expected from the bad reputation it bears, and has ſome proſpect, though it is in a moat, and mightily beſprinkled with ſmall ponds. The deſign, you know, is taken from the Villa del Capra by Vicenza, but on a larger ſcale; yet, though it has coſt an hundred thouſand pounds, it is ſtill only a fine villa: the finiſhing of in and outſide has been exceedingly expenſive. A wood that runs up a hill behind the houſe is broke like an Albano landſcape with an octagon temple and a triumphal arch; but then there are ſome diſmal clipt hedges, and a pyramid, which by a moſt unnatural copulation is at once a grotto and a greenhouſe. Does it not put you in mind of the propoſal for your drawing a garden-ſeat, Chineſe on one ſide and Gothic on the other? The chimneys, which are collected to a centre, ſpoil the dome of the houſe, and the hall is a dark well. The gallery is eighty-two feet long, hung with green velvet and pictures, among which is a fine Rembrandt, and a pretty La Hire. The ceilings are painted, and there is a fine bed of ſilk and gold tapeſtry. The attic is good, and the wings extremely pretty, with porticos formed on the ſtyle of the houſe. The earl has built a new church, with a ſteeple which ſeems deſigned for the latitude of Cheapſide, and is ſo tall, that the poor church curtſies under it, like Mary Rich[1] in a vaſt high-crown hat: it has a round portico like St. Clement's, with vaſt Doric pillars ſupporting a thin ſhelf. The inſide is the moſt abominable piece of tawdrineſs that ever was ſeen, ſtuffed with pillars painted in imitation of verd antique, as all the ſides are like Siena marble: but the greateſt abſurdity is a Doric frieze, between the triglyphs of which is the Jehovah, the I. H. S. and the dove. There is a little chapel with Nevil tombs, particularly of the firſt Fane earl of Weſtmorland, and of the founder of the old church, and the heart of a knight who was killed *in the wars*. On the Fane tomb is a pedigree of braſs in relief, and a genealogy of virtues to anſwer it. There is an entire window of painted-glaſs arms, chiefly modern, in the chapel, and another over the high altar. The hoſ-

[1] Daughter of ſir Robert Rich, and elder ſiſter of Elizabeth Rich lady Lyttelton. E.

pitality

pitality of the houſe was truly Gothic; for they made our poſtillion drunk, and he overturned us cloſe to a water, and the bank did but juſt ſave us from being in the middle of it. Pray, whenever you travel in Kentiſh roads, take care of keeping your driver ſober.

Rocheſter, Sunday.

We have finiſhed our progreſs ſadly! Yeſterday, after twenty miſhaps, we got to Siſſinghurſt to dinner. There is a park in ruins, and a houſe in ten times greater ruins, built by ſir John Baker, chancellor of the exchequer to queen Mary. You go through an arch of the ſtables to the houſe, the court of which is perfect and very beautiful. The duke of Bedford has a houſe at Cheneys in Buckinghamſhire, which ſeems to have been very like it, but is more ruined. This has a good apartment, and a fine gallery a hundred and twenty feet by eighteen, which takes up one ſide: the wainſcot is pretty and entire; the ceiling vaulted, and painted in a light genteel groteſque. The whole is built for ſhow; for the back of the houſe is nothing but lath and plaſter. From thence we went to Boſton-Malherbe, where are remains of a houſe of the Wottons, and their tombs in the church: but the roads were ſo exceedingly bad, that it was dark before we got thither—and ſtill darker before we got to Maidſtone. From thence we paſſed this morning to Leeds caſtle. Never was ſuch diſappointment! There are ſmall remains: the moat is the only handſome object, and is quite a lake, ſupplied by a caſcade which tumbles through a bit of a romantic grove. The Fairfaxes have fitted up a pert bad apartment in the fore-part of the caſtle, and have left the only tolerable rooms for offices. They had a gleam of Gothic in their eyes; but it ſoon paſſed off into ſome modern windows, and ſome that never were ancient. The only thing that at all recompenſed the fatigues we have undergone, was a picture of the ducheſs of Buckingham, *la Ragotte*, who is mentioned in Grammont——I ſay us; for I truſt that Mr. Chute is as true a bigot to Grammont as I am. Adieu! I hope you will be as weary with reading our hiſtory, as we have been in travelling it.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Wentworth-caſtle, Auguſt.

I ALWAYS dedicate my travels to you. My preſent expedition has been very amuſing: ſights are thick ſown in the counties of York and Nottingham: the former is more hiſtoric, and the great lords live at a prouder diſtance: in Nottinghamſhire there is a very heptarchy of little kingdoms elbowing one another, and the barons of them want nothing but ſmall armies to make inroads into one another's parks, murder deer, and maſſacre park-keepers.—But to come to particulars: The great road as far as Stamford is ſuperb: in any other country it would furniſh medals, and immortalize any drowſy monarch in whoſe reign it was executed. It is continued much farther, but is more rumbling. I did not ſtop at Hatfield and Burleigh to ſee the palaces of my great-uncle-miniſters, having ſeen them before. Bugden-palace ſurpriſes one prettily in a little village; and the remains of Newark-caſtle, ſeated pleaſantly, began to open a vein of hiſtoric memory. I had only tranſient and diſtant views of lord Tyrconnel's at Belton, and of Belvoir. The borders of Huntingdonſhire have churches inſtead of mile-ſtones—but the richneſs and extent of Yorkſhire quite charmed me. —Oh! what quarries for working in Gothic! This place is one of the very few that I really like: the ſituation, woods, views, and the improvements are perfect in their kinds: nobody has a truer taſte than lord Strafford. The houſe is a pompous front ſcreening an old houſe: it was built by the laſt lord on a deſign of the Pruſſian architect Bott, who is mentioned in the King's Memoires de Brandenburg, and is not ugly: the one pair of ſtairs is entirely engroſſed by a gallery of 180 feet, on the plan of that in the Colonna-palace at Rome: it has nothing but four modern ſtatues, and ſome bad portraits; but, on my propoſal, is going to have books at each end. The hall is pretty, but low; the drawing-room handſome: there wants a good eating-room, and ſtaircaſe; but I have formed a deſign for both, and I believe they will be executed——That my plans ſhould be obeyed when yours are not! I ſhall bring you a ground plot for a Gothic building, which I have propoſed that you ſhould draw for a little wood, but in the manner of an ancient market-croſs. Without doors all is pleaſing: there is a beautiful (artificial) river with a fine ſemicircular wood overlooking it, and the temple of Tivoli placed happily on a riſing towards the end. There are

obeliſks, columns, and other buildings, and above all, a handſome caſtle, in the true ſtyle, on a rude mountain, with a court and towers: in the caſtle-yard, a ſtatue of the late lord who built it. Without the park is a lake on each ſide, buried in noble woods.—Now contraſt all this, and you may have ſome idea of lord Rockingham's. Imagine a moſt extenſive and moſt beautiful modern front erected before the great lord Strafford's old houſe, and this front almoſt blocked up with hills, and every thing unfiniſhed round it, nay within it. The great apartment, which is magnificent, is untouched: the chimney-pieces lie in boxes unopened. The park is traverſed by a common road between two high hedges—not from neceſſity—Oh! no; this lord loves nothing but horſes, and the incloſures for them take place of every thing. The bowling-green behind the houſe contains no leſs than four obeliſks, and looks like a Brobdignag nine-pin-alley: on a hill near, you would think you ſaw the York-buildings water-works invited into the country. There are temples in corn-fields; and in the little wood, a window-frame mounted on a bunch of laurel, and intended for an hermitage. In the inhabited part of the houſe, the chimney-pieces are like tombs; and on that in the library is the figure of this lord's grandfather in a night-gown of plaſter and gold. Amidſt all this litter and bad taſte, I adored the fine Vandyck of lord Strafford and his ſecretary, and could not help reverencing his bed-chamber. With all his faults and arbitrary behaviour one muſt worſhip his ſpirit and eloquence: where one eſteems but a ſingle royaliſt, one need not fear being too partial. When I viſited his tomb in the church (which is remarkably neat and pretty, and enriched with monuments) I was provoked to find a little mural cabinet, with his figure three feet high kneeling. Inſtead of a ſtern buſt (and his head would furniſh a nobler than Bernini's Brutus) one is peeviſh to ſee a plaything that might have been bought at Chenevix's. There is a tender inſcription to the ſecond lord Strafford's wife, written by himſelf—but his genius was fitter to coo over his wife's memory, than to ſacrifice to his father's.

Well! you have had enough of magnificence; you ſhall repoſe in a deſert.—Old Wortley Montague lives on the very ſpot where the dragon of Wantley did—only I believe the latter was much better lodged.—You never ſaw ſuch a wretched hovel, lean, unpainted, and half its nakedneſs barely ſhaded with harateen ſtretched till it cracks.—Here the miſer hoards health and money, his only two objects: he has chronicles in behalf of the air;

and

and battens on Tokay, his ſingle indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly ſalutary. But the ſavageneſs of the ſcene would charm your Alpine taſte: it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world. One ſcrambles over a huge terraſs, on which mountain aſhes and various trees ſpring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not ſpacious enough for ſuch an inmate. However, I am perſuaded it furniſhed Pope with this line, ſo exactly it anſwers to the picture:

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes.

I wanted to aſk if Pope had not viſited lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy—but could one put that queſtion to *Avidien* himſelf? There remains an ancient odd inſcription here, which has ſuch a whimſical mixture of devotion and romanticneſs that I muſt tranſcribe it:

Preye for the ſoul of ſir Thomas Wortley, knight of the body to the kings Edward IV. Richard III. Henry VII. Henry VIII. whoſe faults God pardon. He cauſed a lodge to be built on this crag in the midſt of Wharncliff (the old orthography) to hear the harts bell, in the year of our Lord 1510.——It was a chaſe, and what he meant to hear was the noiſe of the ſtags.

During my reſidence here I have made two little excurſions; and I aſſure you it requires reſolution: the roads are inſufferable: they mend them—I ſhould call it ſpoil them—with large pieces of ſtone. At Pomfret I ſaw the rēmains of that memorable caſtle "where Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey lay ſhorter by the head;" and on which Gray ſays,

And thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls ſhalt ſend
A groan, and envy oft thy happy grandſire's end!

The ruins are vaniſhing, but well ſituated; there is a large demoliſhed church, and a pretty market-houſe. We croſſed a Gothic bridge of eight arches at Ferrybridge, where there is a pretty view, and went to a large old houſe of lord Huntingdon's at Ledſtone, which has nothing remarkable but a lofty terrace, a whole-length portrait of his grandfather in tapeſtry, and the having belonged to the great lord Strafford. We ſaw

that monument of part of poor ſir John ——'s extravagance, his houſe and garden, which he left orders to make without once looking at either plan. The houſe is a baſtard Gothic, but of not near the extent I had heard. We lay at Leeds, a dingey large town; and through very bad black roads, for the whole country is a colliery, or a quarry, we went to Kirkſtall-abbey, where are vaſt Saxon ruins, in a moſt pictureſque ſituation, on the banks of a river that falls in a caſcade among rich meadows, hills and woods: it belongs to lord Cardigan: his father pulled down a large houſe here, leſt it ſhould interfere with the family ſeat, Deane. We returned through Wakefield, where is a pretty Gothic chapel on a bridge, erected by Edward IV. in memory of his father, who lived at Sandal-caſtle juſt by, and periſhed in the battle here. There is ſcarce any thing of the caſtle extant, but it commanded a rich proſpect.

By permiſſion from their graces of Norfolk, who are at Tunbridge, lord Strafford carried us to Workſop, where we paſſed two days. The houſe is huge, and one of the magnificent works of old Beſs of Hardwicke, who guarded the queen of Scots here for ſome time in a wretched little bedchamber within her own lofty one: there is a tolerable little picture of Mary's needle-work. The great apartment is vaſt and triſt, the whole leanly furniſhed: the great gallery, of above two hundred feet, at the top of the houſe, is divided into a library, and into nothing. The chapel is decent. There is no proſpect, and the barren face of the country is richly furred with evergreen plantations, under the direction of the late lord Petre.

On our way we ſaw Kiveton, an ugly neglected ſeat of the duke of Leeds, with noble apartments and ſeveral good portraits—Oh! portraits!—I went to Welbeck—It is impoſſible to deſcribe the bales of Cavendiſhes, Harleys, Holleses, Veres, and Ogles: every chamber is tapeſtried with them; nay, and with ten thouſand other fat morſels; all their hiſtories inſcribed; all their arms, creſts, devices, ſculptured on chimneys of various Engliſh marbles in ancient forms (and, to ſay truth, moſt of them ugly). Then ſuch a Gothic hall, with pendent fret-work in imitation of the old, and with a chimney-piece extremely like mine in the library! ſuch water-colour pictures! ſuch hiſtoric fragments! In ſhort, ſuch and ſo much of every thing I like, that my party thought they ſhould never get me away again.

There is Prior's portrait, and the column and Varelſt's flower on which he wrote; and the authoreſs ducheſs of Newcaſtle in a theatric habit, which ſhe generally wore, and, conſequently, looking as mad as the preſent ducheſs; and dukes of the ſame name, looking as fooliſh as the preſent duke; and lady Mary Wortley, drawn as an authoreſs, with rather better pretenſions; and cabinets and glaſſes wainſcoted with the Greendale oak, which was ſo large, that an old ſteward wiſely cut a way through it to make a triumphal paſſage for his lord and lady on their wedding, and only killed it!—But it is impoſſible to tell you half what there is. The poor woman who is juſt dead [1], paſſed her whole widowhood, except in doing ten thouſand right and juſt things, in collecting and monumenting the portraits and reliques of all the great families from which ſhe deſcended, and which centred in her. The duke and ducheſs of Portland are expected there to-morrow, and we ſaw dozens of cabinets and coffers with the ſeals not yet taken off. What treaſures to revel over! The horſeman duke's manege is converted into a lofty ſtable, and there is ſtill a grove or two of magnificent oaks that have eſcaped all theſe great families, though the laſt lord Oxford cut down above an hundred thouſand pounds worth. The place has little pretty, diſtinct from all theſe reverend circumſtances.

LETTER III.

Arlington-ſtreet, September 1753.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM going to ſend you another volume of my travels; I don't know whether I ſhall not, at laſt, write a new *Camden's Britannia*; but leſt you ſhould be afraid of my itinerary, I will at leaſt promiſe you that it ſhall not be quite ſo dry as moſt ſurveys, which contain nothing but liſts of impropriations and glebes, and carucates, and tranſcripts out of Domeſday, and tell one nothing that is entertaining, deſcribe no houſes nor parks, mention no curious pictures, but are fully ſatisfied if they inform you, that they believe that ſome nameleſs old tomb belonged to a knight-templar, or one of the cruſado, becauſe he lies croſs-legged. Another promiſe I will make you is, that my love of abbeys ſhall not make me hate the Reformation till that makes me grow a Jacobite like the reſt of my antiquarian predeceſſors; of whom, Dart in particular wrote billingſgate againſt Cromwell

1 Lady Oxford, widow of the ſecond earl of Oxford, and mother to the ducheſs of Portland.

and

and the regicides; and ſir Robert Atkins concludes his ſummary of the Stuarts with ſaying, *that it is no reaſon, becauſe they have been ſo, that this family ſhould always continue unfortunate.*

I have made my viſit at Hagley as I intended. On my way I dined at Park-place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to ſee any thing; but as ſoon as it was dark I ventured out, and the moon roſe as I was wandering among the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic ſcene, which was not leſſened by the monkiſh appearance of the old fellows ſtealing to their pleaſures. Birmingham is large, and ſwarms with people and trade, but did not anſwer my expectation from any beauty in it: yet new as it is, I perceived how far I was got back from the London hegira; for every ale-houſe is here written *mug-houſe*, a name one has not heard of ſince the riots in the late king's time.

As I got into Worceſterſhire, I opened upon a landſcape of country which I prefer even to Kent, which I had reckoned the moſt beautiful county in England: but this, with all the richneſs of Kent, is bounded with mountains. Sir George Lyttelton's houſe is immeaſurably bad and old: one room at the top of the houſe, which was reckoned a *conceit* in thoſe days, projects a vaſt way into the air. There are two or three curious pictures, and ſome of them extremely agreeable to me for their relation to Grammont: there is *le ſerieux Lyttelton*, but too old for the date of that book; mademoiſelle Stuart, lord Brounker, and lady Southeſk; beſides, a portrait of lord Clifford the treaſurer, with his ſtaff, but drawn in armour (though no ſoldier) out of flattery to Charles the ſecond, as he ſaid the moſt glorious part of his life was attending the king at the battle of Worceſter. He might have ſaid that it was as *glorious* as any part of his majeſty's life. You might draw, but I can't deſcribe the enchanting ſcenes of the park: it is a hill of three miles, but broke into all manner of beauty; ſuch lawns, ſuch wood, rills, caſcades, and a thickneſs of verdure quite to the ſummit of the hill, and commanding ſuch a vale of towns and meadows, and woods extending quite to the Black mountain in Wales, that I quite forgot my favourite Thames!—Indeed, I prefer nothing to Hagley but mount Edgecumbe. There is extreme taſte in the park: the ſeats are not the beſt, but there is not one abſurdity. There is a ruined caſtle, built by Miller, that would get him his freedom even of Strawberry: it has the true ruſt

of the barons' wars. Then there is a ſcene of a ſmall lake with caſcades falling down ſuch a Parnaſſus! with a circular temple on the diſtant eminence; and there is ſuch a fairy dale, with more caſcades guſhing out of rocks! and there is a hermitage, ſo exactly like thoſe in Sadeler's prints, on the brow of a ſhady mountain, ſtealing peeps into the glorious world below! and there is ſuch a pretty well under a wood, like the Samaritan woman's in a picture of Nicolò Pouſſin! and there is ſuch a wood without the park, enjoying ſuch a proſpect! and there is ſuch a mountain on t'other ſide of the park commanding all proſpects, that I wore out my eyes with gazing, my feet with climbing, and my tongue and my vocabulary with commending! The beſt notion I can give you of the ſatisfaction I ſhowed, was, that ſir George propoſed to carry me to dine with my lord Foley; and when I ſhowed reluctance, he ſaid, *Why, I thought you did not mind any ſtrangers, if you were to ſee any thing!* Think of my not minding ſtrangers! I mind them ſo much, that I miſſed ſeeing Hartlebury-caſtle, and the biſhop of Worceſter's chapel of painted glaſs there, becauſe it was his public day when I paſſed by his park.—Miller has built a Gothic houſe in the village at Hagley for a relation of ſir George: but there he is not more than Miller; in his caſtle he is almoſt Bentley. There is a genteel tomb in the church to ſir George's firſt wife, with a Cupid and a pretty urn in the Roman ſtyle.

You will be diverted with my diſtreſſes at Worceſter. I ſet out boldly to walk down the high-ſtreet to the cathedral: I found it much more peopled than I intended, and, when I was quite embarked, diſcovered myſelf up to the ears in a conteſted election. A new candidate had arrived the night before, and turned all their heads. Nothing comforted me, but that the oppoſition is to Mr. T——; and I purchaſed my paſſage very willingly with crying *No T——! No Jews!* However, the inn where I lay was Jeruſalem itſelf, the very head-quarters, where T—— the phariſee was expected; and I had ſcarce got into my room, before the victorious mob of his enemy, who had routed his advanced guard, broke open the gates of our inn, and almoſt murdered the oſtler—and then carried him off to priſon for being murdered.

The cathedral is pretty, and has ſeveral tombs, and cluſters of light pillars of Derbyſhire marble, lately cleaned. Gothiciſm and the reſtoration of that architecture, and not of the baſtard breed, ſpreads extremely in this

part of the world. Prince Arthur's tomb, from whence we took the paper for the hall and ſtair-caſe, to my great ſurpriſe, is on a leſs ſcale than the paper, and is not of braſs but ſtone, and that wretchedly white-waſhed. The niches are very ſmall, and the long ſlips in the middle are divided every now and then with the trefoil. There is a fine tomb for biſhop Hough, in the Weſtminſter-abbey ſtyle; but the obeliſk at the back is not loaded with a globe and a human figure, like Mr. Kent's deſign for ſir Iſaac Newton: an abſurdity which nothing but himſelf could ſurpaſs, when he placed three buſts at the foot of an altar—and, not content with that, placed them at the very angles—where they have as little to do as they have with Shakeſpeare.

From Worceſter I went to ſee Malvern-abbey. It is ſituated half way up an immenſe mountain of that name: the mountain is very long, in ſhape like the prints of a whale's back: towards the larger end lies the town. Nothing remains but a beautiful gateway and the church, which is very large: every window has been glutted with painted glaſs, of which much remains, but it did not anſwer: blue and red there is in abundance, and good faces; but the portraits are ſo high, I could not diſtinguiſh them. Beſides, the woman who ſhowed me the church would peſter me with Chriſt and king David, when I was hunting for John of Gaunt and king Edward. The greateſt curioſity, at leaſt what I had never ſeen before, was, the whole floor and far up the ſides of the church has been, if I may call it ſo, wainſcoted with red and yellow tiles, extremely poliſhed, and diverſified with coats of arms, and inſcriptions, and moſaic. I have ſince found the ſame at Gloceſter, and have even been ſo fortunate as to purchaſe from the ſexton about a dozen, which think what an acquiſition for Strawberry! They are made of the natural earth of the country, which is a rich red clay, that produces every thing. All the lanes are full of all kind of trees, and enriched with large old apple-trees, that hang over from one hedge to another. Worceſter city is large and pretty. Gloceſter city is ſtill better ſituated, but worſe built, and not near ſo large. About a mile from Worceſter you break upon a ſweet view of the Severn. A little farther on the banks is Mr. Lechmere's houſe; but he has given ſtrict charge to a troop of willows never to let him ſee the river: to his right hand extends the faireſt meadow covered with cattle that ever you ſaw: at the end of it is the town of Upton,

ton, with a church half ruined, and a bridge of ſix arches, which I believe with little trouble he might ſee from his garden.

The vale increaſes in riches to Gloceſter. I ſtaid two days at George Selwyn's houſe called Matſon, which lies on Robin Hood's-hill: it is lofty enough for an alp, yet is a mountain of turf to the very top, has wood ſcattered all over it, ſprings that long to be caſcades in twenty places of it; and from the ſummit it beats even ſir G. Lyttelton's views, by having the city of Gloceſter at its foot, and the Severn widening to the horizon. His houſe is ſmall, but neat. King Charles lay here at the ſiege; and the duke of York, with typical fury, hacked and hewed the window-ſhutters of his chamber, as a memorandum of his being there. Here is a good picture of Dudley earl of Leiceſter in his later age, which he gave to ſir Francis Walſingham, at whoſe houſe in Kent it remained till removed hither; and what makes it very curious, is, his age marked on it, 54 in 1572. I had never been able to diſcover before in what year he was born. And here is the very flower-pot and counterfeit aſſociation, for which biſhop Sprat was taken up, and the duke of Marlborough ſent to the Tower. The reſervoirs on the hill ſupply the city. The late Mr. Selwyn governed the borough by them—and I believe by ſome wine too. The biſhop's houſe is pretty, and reſtored to the Gothic by the laſt biſhop. Price has painted a large chapel-window for him, which is ſcarce inferior for colours, and is a much better picture than any of the old glaſs. The eating-room is handſome. As I am a proteſtant Goth, I was glad to worſhip biſhop Hooper's room, from whence he was led to the ſtake: but I could almoſt have been a Hun, and ſet fire to the front of the houſe, which is a ſmall pert portico, like the conveniencies at the end of a London garden. The outſide of the cathedral is beautifully light; the pillars in the nave outrageouſly plump and heavy. There is a tomb of one Abraham Blackleach, a great curioſity; for, though the figures of him and his wife are cumbent, they are very graceful, deſigned by Vandyck, and well executed. Kent deſigned the ſcreen; but knew no more there than he did any where elſe how to enter into the true Gothic taſte. Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who built the tower of the great gate-way at Chriſtchurch, has catched the graces of it as happily as you could do: there is particularly a niche between two compartments of a window, that is a maſter-piece.

But

But here is a *modernity*, which beats all antiquities for curioſity: Juſt by the high altar is a ſmall pew hung with green damaſk, with curtains of the ſame; a ſmall corner-cupboard, painted, carved and gilt, for books, in one corner, and two troughs of a bird-cage, with ſeeds and water. If any mayoreſs on earth was ſmall enough to incloſe herſelf in this tabernacle, or abſtemious enough to feed on rape and canary, I ſhould have ſworn that it was the ſhrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton, who, having loſt a favourite daughter, is convinced her ſoul is tranſmigrated into a robin-red-breaſt; for which reaſon ſhe paſſes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloceſter. The chapter indulge this whim, as ſhe contributes abundantly to glaze, whitewaſh and ornament the church.

King Edward the ſecond's tomb is very light and in good repair. The old wooden figure of Robert, the conqueror's unfortunate eldeſt ſon, is extremely genteel, and, though it may not be ſo ancient as his death, is in a taſte very ſuperior to any thing of much later ages. Our Lady's chapel has a bold kind of portal, and ſeveral ceilings of chapels, and tribunes in a beautiful taſte: but of all delight, is what they call the abbot's cloiſter. It is the very thing that you would build, when you had extracted all the quinteſſence of trefoils, arches, and lightneſs. In the church is a ſtar-window of eight points, that is prettier than our roſe-windows.

A little way from the town are the ruins of Lantony Priory: there remains a pretty old gate-way, which G. Selwyn has begged, to erect on the top of his mountain, and it will have a charming effect.

At Burford I ſaw the houſe of Mr. Lenthal, the deſcendant of the Speaker. The front is good; and a chapel connected by two or three arches, which let the garden appear through, has a pretty effect; but the inſide of the manſion is bad and ill-furniſhed. Except a famous picture of ſir Thomas More's family, the portraits are rubbiſh, though celebrated. I am told that the Speaker, who really had a fine collection, made his peace by preſenting them to Cornbury, where they were, well known, till the duke of Marlborough bought that ſeat.

I can't go and deſcribe ſo known a place as Oxford, which I ſaw pretty well on my return. The whole air of the town charms me; and what re-

mains of the true Gothic *un-Gibbs'd*[1], and the profuſion of painted glaſs, were entertainment enough to me. In the picture-gallery are quantities of portraits; but in general they are not only not ſo much as copies, but *proxies*—ſo totally unlike they are to the perſons they pretend to repreſent. All I will tell you more of Oxford is, that Faſhion has ſo far prevailed over her collegiate ſiſter, Cuſtom, that they have altered the hour of dinner from twelve to one. Does not it put one in mind of reformations in religion? One don't aboliſh Mahommediſm; one only brings it back to where the impoſtor himſelf left it.—I think it is at the South-ſea-houſe, where they have been forced to alter the hours of payment, inſtead of from ten to twelve, to from twelve to two; ſo much do even moneyed citizens fail with the current of idleneſs!

Was not I talking of religious ſects? Methodiſm is quite decayed in Oxford, its cradle. In its ſtead, there prevails a delightful fantaſtic ſyſtem, called the ſect of the Hutchinſonians, of whom one ſeldom hears any thing in town. After much enquiry, all I can diſcover is, that their religion conſiſts in driving Hebrew to its fountain head, till they find ſome word or other in every text of the Old Teſtament, which may ſeem figurative of ſomething in the New, or at leaſt of ſomething that may happen God knows when, in conſequence of the New. As their doctrine is novel, and requires much ſtudy, or at leaſt much invention, one ſhould think that they could not have ſettled half the canon of what they are to believe—and yet they go on zealouſly, trying to make and ſucceeding in making converts.—I could not help ſmiling at the thoughts of *etymological ſalvation*[2]; and I am ſure you will ſmile when I tell you, that according to their graveſt doctors, *Soap is an excellent type of Jeſus Chriſt, and the York-buildings waterworks of the Trinity*.—I don't know whether this is not as entertaining as the paſſion of the Moravians for the *little ſide-hole!* Adieu! my dear ſir!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Mr. Walpole means, unaltered by the architect Gibbs.

[2] Alluding to what he has ſaid above of driving Hebrew to its fountain head, and ſo making ſalvation to depend upon the meaning or etymology of ſome particular word. E.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Arlington-ſtreet, December 19, 1753.

I LITTLE thought when I parted with you, my dear ſir, that your abſence[1] could indemnify me ſo well for itſelf; I ſtill leſs expected that I ſhould find you improving daily: but your letters grow more and more entertaining, your drawings more and more pictureſque; you write with more wit, and paint with more *melancholy*, than ever any body did: your woody mountains hang down *ſomewhat ſo poetical*, as Mr. Aſhe[2] ſaid, that your own poet Gray will ſcarce keep tune with you. All this refers to your caſcade ſcene and your letter. For the library, it cannot have the Strawberry imprimatur: the double arches and double pinnacles are moſt ungraceful; and the doors below the book-caſes in Mr. Chute's deſign had a conventual look, which yours totally wants. For this time, we ſhall put your genius in commiſſion, and, like ſome other regents, execute our own plan without minding our ſovereign. For the chimney, I do not wonder you miſſed our inſtructions: we could not contrive to underſtand them ourſelves; and therefore, determining nothing but to have the old picture ſtuck in a thicket of pinnacles, we left it to you to find out *the how*. I believe it will be a little difficult; but as I ſuppoſe *facere quia impoſſibile eſt*, is full as eaſy as *credere*, why—you muſt do it.

The preſent journal of the world and of me ſtands thus: King George II. does not go abroad—Some folks fear nephews[3], as much as others hate uncles. The caſtle of Dublin has carried the Armagh election by one vote only—which is thought equivalent to loſing it by twenty. Mr. Pelham has been very ill, I thought of St. Patrick's fire[4], but it proved St. Antony's. Our houſe of commons, mere poachers, are piddling with the torture of Leheup, who extracted ſo much money out of the lottery.

[1] Mr. Bentley was now in the iſland of Jerſey, whither he had retired on account of the derangement of his affairs; and whither all the following letters are addreſſed to him. E.

[2] A nurſery-man at Twickenham. He had ſerved Pope. Mr. Walpole telling him he would have his trees planted irregularly, he ſaid, "Yes, ſir, I underſtand: you would have them hang down ſomewhat poetical."

[3] Frederic II. king of Pruſſia, nephew to George II. Mr. Walpole alludes to himſelf, who was upon bad terms with his uncle Horace Walpole, afterwards lord Walpole of Wolterton. E.

[4] Alluding to the diſturbances and oppoſition to government, which took place in Ireland during the viceroyalty of Lionel duke of Dorſet.

The robber of *Po Yang* [1] is diſcovered, and I hope will be put to death, without my pity interfering, as it has done for Mr. Shorter's ſervant [2], or lady ——— ———'s, as it did for Maclean [3]. In ſhort, it was a heron. I like this better than thieves, as I believe the gang will be more eaſily deſtroyed, though not mentioned in the king's ſpeech or Fielding's treatiſes.

Lord Clarendon, lord Thanet, and lord Burlington, are dead. The ſecond ſent for his taylor, and aſked him if he could make him a ſuit of mourning in eight hours: if he could, he would go into mourning for his brother Burlington [4]—but that he did not expect to live twelve hours himſelf.

There are two more volumes come out of Sir Charles Grandiſon. I ſhall detain them till the laſt is publiſhed, and not think I poſtpone much of your pleaſure. For my part, I ſtopped at the fourth; I was ſo tired of ſets of people getting together, and ſaying, *Pray, miſs, with whom are you in love?* and of mighty good young men that convert your *Mr. M———s* in the twinkling of a ſermon!—You have not been much more diverted, I fear, with Hogarth's book [5]—'Tis very ſilly!—Palmyra is come forth, and is a noble book; the prints finely engraved, and an admirable diſſertation before it. My wonder is much abated: the Palmyrene empire which I had figured, ſhrunk to a ſmall trading city with ſome magnificent public buildings out of proportion to the dignity of the place.

The operas ſucceed pretty well; and muſic has ſo much recovered its power of charming, that there is ſtarted up a burletta at Covent-garden, that has half the vogue of the old Beggar's opera: indeed there is a ſoubrette, called the Nicolina, who, beſides being pretty, has more vivacity and variety of humour than ever exiſted in any creature.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Mr. Walpole had given this Chineſe name to a pond of gold fiſh at Strawberry-hill.

[2] A Swiſs ſervant of Eraſmus Shorter's, maternal uncle to Mr. Walpole, who was not without ſuſpicion of having haſtened his maſter's death. E.

[3] A celebrated highwayman.

[4] The counteſſes of Thanet and Burlington were ſiſters.

[5] The Analyſis of Beauty.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Arlington-ſtreet, March 2, 1754.

AFTER calling two or three times without finding him, I wrote yeſterday to lord Granville [1], and received a moſt gracious anſwer, but deſiring to ſee me. I went. He repeated all your hiſtory with him, and mentioned your vivacity at parting; however, conſented to give you the apartment, with great good humour, and ſaid he would write to his bailiff; and added, laughing, that he had an old croſs houſekeeper, who had regularly quarrelled with all his grantees. It is well that ſome of your deſires, though unfortunately the moſt trifling, depend on me alone, as thoſe at leaſt are ſure of being executed. By Tueſday's coach there will go to Southampton, two orange-trees, two Arabian jaſmines, ſome tuberoſe roots, and plenty of cypreſs ſeeds, which laſt I ſend you in lieu of the olive-trees, none of which are yet come over.

The weather grows fine, and I have reſumed little flights to Strawberry. I carried G. Montagu thither, who was in raptures, and ſcreamed, and hooped and hollaed, and danced, and croſſed himſelf a thouſand times over. He returns to-morrow to Greatworth, and I fear will give himſelf up entirely to country *'ſquirehood.* But what will you ſay to greater honour which Strawberry has received? Nolkejumſkoi [2] has been to ſee it, and liked the windows and ſtaircaſe. I can't conceive how he entered it. I ſhould have figured him like Gulliver cutting down ſome of the largeſt oaks in Windſor foreſt to make joint-ſtools, in order to ſtraddle over the battlements and peep in at the windows of Lilliput. I can't deny myſelf this reflection (even though he liked Strawberry), as he has not employed you as an architect.

Still there is little news. To-day it is ſaid that lord George Sackville is ſummoned in haſte from Ireland, where the grand juries are going to petition for the re-ſitting of the parliament. Hitherto they have done nothing but invent ſatirical healths, which I believe gratify a taſte more peculiar to Ire-

[1] John earl Granville, then ſecretary of ſtate, had an eſtate in Jerſey.
[2] Cant name for William duke of Cumberland.

land than politics, drinking. We have had one conſiderable day in the houſe of commons here. Lord Egmont, in a very long and fine ſpeech, oppoſed a new mutiny-bill for the troops going to the Eaſt Indies (which I believe occaſioned the reports with you of an approaching war). Mr. Conway got infinite reputation by a moſt charming ſpeech in anſwer to him, in which he diſplayed a ſyſtem of military learning, which was at once new, ſtriking, and entertaining. I had carried monſieur de Giſors thither, who began to take notes of all I explained to him: but I begged he would not; for, the queſtion regarding French politics, I concluded the Speaker would never have done ſtorming at the Gaul's collecting intelligence in the very ſenate-houſe. Lord Holderneſs made a magnificent ball for theſe foreigners laſt week: there were 140 people, and moſt ſtaid ſupper. Two of my Frenchmen learnt country-dances, and ſucceeded very well. T'other night they danced minuets for the entertainment of the king at the maſquerade; and then he ſent for lady Coventry to dance: it was quite like Herodias—and I believe if he had offered her a boon, ſhe would have choſen the head of *St. John*—I believe I told you of her paſſion for the young lord B.

Dr. Meade is dead, and his collection going to be ſold—I fear I have not virtue enough to reſiſt his miniatures—I ſhall be ruined!

I ſhall tell you a new inſtance of the Sortes Walpolianæ: I lately bought an old volume of pamphlets; I found at the end a hiſtory of the dukes of Lorrain, and with that an account of a ſeries of their medals, of which, ſays the author, there are but two ſets in England. It ſo happens that I bought a ſet above ten years ago at lord Oxford's ſale; and on examination I found the ducheſs, wife of duke René, has a head-dreſs, allowing for being moderniſed, as the medals are modern, which is evidently the ſame with that figure in my marriage of Henry VI. which I had imagined was of her. It is ſaid to be taken from her tomb at Angiers; and that I might not decide too quickly en connoiſſeur, I have ſent to Angiers for a draught of the tomb.

Poor Mr. Chute was here yeſterday, the firſt going out after a confinement of thirteen weeks; but he is pretty well. We have determined upon the plan for the library[1], which we find will fall in exactly with the proportions of the room, with no variations from the little door-caſe of St.

[1] At Strawberry-hill.

Paul's,

Paul's, but widening the larger arches. I believe I ſhall beg your aſſiſtance again about the chimney-piece and ceiling; but I can decide nothing till I have been again at Strawberry. Adieu! my dear ſir,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VI.

Arlington-ſtreet, March 6, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU will be ſurpriſed at my writing again ſo very ſoon; but, unpleaſant as it is to be the bearer of ill news [1], I flattered myſelf that you would endure it better from me, than to be ſhocked with it from an indifferent hand, who would not have the ſame management for your tenderneſs and delicacy as I naturally ſhall, who always feel for you, and on this occaſion with you! You are very unfortunate: you have not many real friends, and you loſe—for I muſt tell it you, the chief of them! indeed, the only one who could have been of real uſe to you—for what can *I* do, but wiſh, and attempt, and miſcarry?—or from whom could I have hoped aſſiſtance for you, or warmth for myſelf and my friends, but from the friend I have this morning loſt?—But it is too ſelfiſh to be talking of our loſſes, when Britain, Europe, the world, the king, Jack Roberts [2], lord Barnard [3], have loſt their guardian angel.—What are private misfortunes to the affliction of one's country? or how inglorious is an Engliſhman to bewail himſelf, when a true patriot ſhould be acting for the good of mankind!—Indeed, if it is poſſible to feel any comfort, it is from ſeeing how many true Engliſhmen, how many *true Scotchmen*, are zealous to replace the loſs, and ſnatch at the rudder of the ſtate, amidſt this ſtorm and danger! Oh! my friend, how will your heart glow with melancholy admiration, when I tell you, that even the poor duke of Newcaſtle himſelf conquers the torrent of his

[1] This is an ironic letter on the death of Henry Pelham, firſt lord of the treaſury and chancellor of the exchequer, with whom Mr. Walpole was on ill terms.

[2] John Roberts, eſquire, ſecretary to Mr. Pelham.

[3] Henry Vane, afterwards earl of Darlington.

grief, and has promiſed Mrs. Betty Spence [1], and Mr. Graham the apothecary, that, rather than abandon England to its evil genius, He will even ſubmit to be lord treaſurer himſelf! My lord chancellor [2], too, is ſaid to be willing to devote himſelf in the ſame manner for the good of his country. Lord Hartington [3] is the moſt inconſolable of all; and when Mrs. Molly Bodens [4] and Mrs. G. were entreated by ſome of the cabinet council to aſk him whom he wiſhed to have miniſter, the only anſwer they could draw from him was, *A Whig! a Whig!* As for lord B. I may truly ſay, he is humbled and licks the duſt; for his tongue, which never uſed to hang below the waiſtband of his breeches, is now dropped down to his ſhoe-buckles; and had not Mr. Stone aſſured him, that if the worſt came to the worſt, they could but make their fortunes under another family, I don't know whether he would not have deſpaired of the commonwealth. But though I ſincerely pity ſo good a citizen, I cannot help feeling moſt for poor lord Holderneſs, who ſees a ſcheme of glory daſhed which would have added new luſtre to the Britiſh annals, and have tranſmitted the name of D'Arcy down to lateſt poſterity. He had but juſt taken Mr. Maſon the poet into his houſe *to write his deſſerts*; and he had juſt reaſon to expect that the ſecretary's office would have gained a ſuperiority over that of France and Italy, which was unknown even to Walſingham.

I had written thus far, and perhaps ſhould have elegized on for a page or two farther, when Harry, who has no idea of the dignity of grief, blundered in, with ſatisfaction in his countenance, and thruſt two pacquets from you into my hand.—Alas! he little knew that I was incapable of taſting any ſatisfaction but in the indulgence of my concern.—I was once going to commit them to the devouring flames, leſt any light or vain ſentence ſhould tempt me to ſmile; but my turn for true philoſophy checked my hand, and made me determine to prove that I could at once launch into the boſom of pleaſure and be inſenſible to it.——I have conquered; I have read your letters, and yet think of nothing but Mr. Pelham's death! Could lady —— do thus? Could ſhe receive a love-letter from Mr. ———, and yet think only on her breathleſs lord?

[1] Companion to the ducheſs of Newcaſtle.

[2] Philip earl of Hardwicke.

[3] William, afterwards fourth duke of Devonſhire.

[4] Companion of lady Burlington, lord Hartington's mother-in-law.

Thurſday 7.

I WROTE the above laſt night, and have ſtaid as late as I could this evening, that I might be able to tell you who the perſon is in whom all the world is to diſcover the proper qualities for replacing the national loſs. But, alas! the experience of two whole days has ſhowed that the misfortune is irreparable; and I don't know whether the elegies on his death will not be finiſhed before there be any occaſion for congratulations to his ſucceſſor. The myſtery is profound. How ſhocking it will be if things ſhould go on juſt as they are! I mean by that, how mortifying, if it is diſcovered, that when all the world thought Mr. Pelham did and could alone maintain the calm and carry on the government, even he was not neceſſary, and that it was the calm and the government that carried on themſelves! However, this is not my opinion.—I believe all this *will make a party* [1].

Good-night! There are two more new plays: Conſtantine, the better of them, expired the fourth night at Covent-garden. Virginia, by Garrick's acting and popularity, flouriſhes ſtill: he has written a remarkably good epilogue to it. Lord Bolingbroke is come forth in five pompous quartos, two and a half new and moſt unorthodox. Warburton is reſolved to anſwer, and the biſhops not to anſwer him. I have not had a moment to look into it. Good-night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VII.

Arlington-ſtreet, March 17, 1754.

IN the confuſion of things, I laſt week hazarded a free letter to you by the common poſt. The confuſion is by no means ceaſed. However, as ſome circumſtances may have rendered a deſire of intelligence neceſſary, I

[1] Mr. Walpole, when young, loved faction; and Mr. Bentley one day ſaying, "that he believed certain opinions would make a ſect," Mr. W. ſaid eagerly, "Will they make a party?"

ſend

ſend this by the coach, with the laſt volume of Sir Charles Grandiſon, for its chaperon.

After all the world had been named for chancellor of the exchequer, and my lord chief juſtice Lee, who is no part of the world, really made ſo pro tempore; lord Hartington went to notify to Mr. Fox, that the cabinet council having given it as their unanimous opinion to the king, that the duke of Newcaſtle ſhould be at the head of the treaſury, and he (Mr. Fox) ſecretary of ſtate with the management of the houſe of commons; his grace, who had ſubmitted to ſo *oracular* a ſentence, hoped Mr. Fox would not refuſe to concur in ſo ſalutary a meaſure; and aſſured him, that *though* the duke would reſerve the ſole diſpoſition of the ſecret ſervice-money, his grace would beſtow his entire confidence on Mr. Fox, and acquaint him with the moſt minute details of that ſervice. Mr. Fox bowed and obeyed—and, as a preliminary ſtep, received the chancellor's[a] abſolution. From thence he attended his—and our new maſter.—But either grief for his brother's death, or joy for it, had ſo intoxicated the new *maire du palais*, that he would not ratify any one of the conditions he had impoſed: and though my lord Hartington's virtue interpoſed, and remonſtrated on the purport of the meſſage he had carried, the duke perſiſted in aſſuming the whole and undivided power himſelf, and left Mr. Fox no choice, but of obeying or diſobeying, as he might chooſe. This produced the next day a letter from Mr. Fox, carried by my lord Hartington, in which he refuſed ſecretary of ſtate, and pinned down the lye with which the new miniſtry is to commence. It was tried to be patched up at the chancellor's on Friday night, though ineffectually; and yeſterday morning Mr. Fox in an audience deſired to remain ſecretary at war. The duke immediately kiſſed hands—declared, in the moſt unuſual manner, univerſal miniſter. Legge was to be chancellor of the exchequer; but I can't tell whether that diſpoſition will hold, as lord Duplin is proclaimed the acting favourite. The German ſir Thomas Robinſon was thought on for the ſecretary's ſeals; but has juſt ſenſe enough to be unwilling to accept them under ſo ridiculous an adminiſtration.——This is the firſt act of the comedy.

On Friday this auguſt remnant of the Pelhams went to court for the

[a] With whom he was at variance.

firſt

firſt time. At the foot of the ſtairs he cried and ſunk down: the yeomen of the guard were forced to drag him up under the arms. When the cloſet-door opened, he flung himſelf at his length at the king's feet, ſobbed, and cried "God bleſs your majeſty! God preſerve your majeſty!" and lay there howling and embracing the king's knees, with one foot ſo extended, that my lord C———, who was *luckily* in waiting, and begged the ſtanders-by to retire, with "For God's ſake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in diſtreſs," endeavouring to ſhut the door, caught his grace's foot, and made him roar out with pain.

You can have no notion of what points of ceremony have been agitated about the tears of the family. George Selwyn was told that my lady Catherine had not ſhed one tear: "And pray," ſaid he, "don't ſhe intend it?" It is ſettled that Mrs. ——— is not to cry till ſhe is brought-to-bed.

You love George Selwyn's bons-mots: this criſis has redoubled them: here is one of his beſt. My lord chancellor is to be earl of Clarendon:—"Yes," ſaid Selwyn, from the very ſummit of the whites of his demure eyes; "and I ſuppoſe he will get the title of Rocheſter for his ſon-in-law, my lord A——." Do you think he will ever loſe the title of lord Rocheſter?

I expected that we ſhould have been over-run with elegies and panegyrics: indeed I comforted myſelf, that one word in all of them would atone for the reſt—the *late* Mr. Pelham. But the world ſeems to allow that their univerſal attachment and ſubmiſſion was univerſal intereſtedneſs: there has not been publiſhed a ſingle encomium: orator Henley alone has held forth in his praiſe:—yeſterday it was on *charming lady Catherine*. Don't you think it ſhould have been in theſe words, in his uſual ſtyle?

Oratory-chapel.—Right reaſon; madneſs; charming lady Catherine; hell-fire, &c.

Monday, March 18.

ALMOST as extraordinary news as our political, is, that it has ſnowed ten days ſucceſſively, and moſt part of each day: it is living in Muſcovy, amid ice and revolutions: I hope lodgings will begin to let a little dear in Siberia!

Beckford and Delaval, two celebrated partiſans, met lately at Shafteſbury, where they oppoſe one another: the latter ſaid,

"Art thou the man, whom men fam'd Beckford call?"

T'other replied,

"Art thou the much more famous Delaval?"

But to leave politics, and change of miniſtries, and to come to ſomething of *real* conſequence, I muſt apply you to my library ceiling; of which I ſend you ſome rudiments. I propoſe to have it all painted by Clermont; the principal part in chiaro ſcuro, on the deſign which you drew for the Paraclete: but as that pattern would be ſurfeiting ſo often repeated in an extenſion of 20 feet by 30, I propoſe to break and enliven it by compartments in colours, according to the encloſed ſketch, which you muſt adjuſt and dimenſion. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, May 18, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

UNLESS you will be exact in dating your letters, you will occaſion me much confuſion. Since the undated one which I mentioned in my laſt, I have received another as unregiſtered, with the fragment of the rock, telling me of one which had ſet ſail on the eighteenth, I ſuppoſe of laſt month, and been driven back: this I conclude was the former undated. Yeſterday I received a longer, tipped with May 8th. You muſt ſubmit to this lecture, and I hope will amend by it. I cannot promiſe that I ſhall correct myſelf much in the intention I had of writing to you ſeldomer and ſhorter at this time of year. If you could be perſuaded how inſignificant I think all I do, how little important it is even to myſelf, you would not wonder that I have not much empreſſement to give the detail of it to any body elſe. Little excurſions

curſions to Strawberry, little parties to dine there, and many jaunts to hurry Bromwich, and the carver, and Clermont, are my material occupations. Think of ſending theſe 'croſs the ſea !—The times produce nothing : there is neither party, nor controverſy, nor gallantry, nor faſhion, nor literature—the whole proceeds like farmers regulating themſelves, their buſineſs, their views, their diverſions, by the almanac. Mr. Pelham's death has ſcarce produced a change ; the changes in Ireland, ſcarce a murmur. Even in France the ſquabbles of the parliament and clergy are under the ſame opiate influence.—I don't believe that mademoiſelle Murphy [1] (who is delivered of a prince, and is lodged openly at Verſailles) and madame Pompadour, will mix the leaſt grain of ratſbane in one another's tea. I, who love to ride in the whirlwind, cannot record the yawns of ſuch an age !

The little that I believe you would care to know relating to the Strawberry annals, is, that the great tower is finiſhed on the outſide, and the whole whitened, and has a charming effect, eſpecially as the verdure of this year is beyond what I have ever ſeen it : the grove neareſt the houſe comes on much : you know I had almoſt deſpaired of its ever making a figure. The bow-window room over the ſupper-parlour is finiſhed ; hung with a plain blue paper, with a chintz bed and chairs ; my father and mother over the chimney in the Gibbons frame, about which you know we were in diſpute what to do. I have fixed on black and gold, and it has a charming effect over your chimney with the two dropping points, which is executed exactly ; and the old grate of Henry VIII. which you bought, is within it. In each pannel round the room is a ſingle picture ; Grey's, ſir Charles Williams's, and yours, in their black and gold frames ; mine is to match yours ; and on each ſide the door are the pictures of Mr. Churchill and lady Mary, with their ſon, on one ſide, Mr. Conway and lady Aileſbury on the other. You can't imagine how new and pretty this furniture is.—I believe I muſt get you to ſend me an atteſtation under your hand that you knew nothing of it, that Mr. Rigby may allow that at leaſt this one room was by my own direction. As the library and great parlour grow finiſhed, you ſhall have exact notice.

[1] An Iriſhwoman for a ſhort time miſtreſs to Louis XV.

From Mabland [1] I have little news to ſend you, but that the obeliſk is danced from the middle of the rabbit-warren into his neighbour's garden, and he pays a ground-rent for looking at it there. His ſhrubs are hitherto unmoleſted,

Et Maryboniacos [2] gaudet revireſcere lucos!

The town is as buſy again as ever on the affair of Canning, who has been tried for perjury. The jury would have brought her in guilty of perjury, but not wilful, till the judge informed them that that would rather be an Iriſh verdict: they then brought her in ſimply guilty, but recommended her. In ſhort, nothing is diſcovered: the moſt general opinion is that ſhe was robbed, but by ſome other gipſy. For my own part, I am not at all brought to believe her ſtory, nor ſhall, till I hear that living ſeven-and-twenty days without eating is among one of thoſe ſecrets for doing impoſſibilities, which I ſuppoſe will be at laſt found out. You know my ſyſtem is, that every thing will be found out, and about the time that I am dead, even ſome art of living for ever.

You was in pain for me, and indeed I was in pain for myſelf, on the proſpect of the ſale of Dr. Meade's miniatures. You may be eaſy; it is more than I am quite; for it is come out that the late prince of Wales had bought them every one.

I have not yet had time to have your granite examined, but will next week. If you have not noticed to your ſiſters any preſent of Ormer ſhells, I ſhall contradict myſelf, and accept them for my lady Lyttelton, who is making a grotto. As many as you can ſend conveniently, and any thing for the ſame uſe, will be very acceptable. You will laugh when I tell you that I am employed to reconcile ſir George and Moore [3]: the latter has been very flippant, ſay impertinent, on the latter's giving a little place to Bower, in preference to him.—Think of my being the mediator!

[1] A cant name which Mr. Walpole had given to lord Radnor's whimſical houſe and grounds at Twickenham. E.

[2] Lord Radnor's garden was full of ſtatues, &c. like that at Marybone.

[3] Author of The World, and ſome plays and poems. Moore had written in defence of lord Lyttelton againſt the Letters to the Whigs, which were not known to be Mr. Walpole's.

The

The parliament is to meet for a few days the end of this month, to give perfection to the regency-bill. If the king dies before the end of this month, the old parliament revives, which would make tolerable confuſion, conſidering what ſums have been laid out on ſeats in this.—Adieu! This letter did not come kindly; I reckon it rather extorted from me, and therefore hope it will not amuſe. However, I am in tolerable charity with you, and

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IX.

Strawberry-hill, July 9, 1754.

I ONLY write a letter for company to the incloſed one. Mr. Chute is returned from the Vine, and gives you a thouſand thanks for your letter; and if ever he writes, I don't doubt but it will be to you. Gray and he come hither to-morrow, and I am promiſed Montagu and the [1] colonel in about a fortnight——How naturally my pen adds, but when does Mr. Bentley come? I am ſure Mr. Wicks wants to aſk me the ſame queſtion every day—*Speak to it, Horatio!*—Sir Charles Williams brought his eldeſt daughter hither laſt week: ſhe is one of your real admirers, and, without its being propoſed to her, went on the bowling-green, and drew a perſpective view of the caſtle from the angle, in a manner to deſerve the thanks of the *committee* [2]: ſhe is to be married to my lord Eſſex in a week, and I begged ſhe would make you overſeer of the works at Caſhiobury. Sir Charles told me, that on the duke of Bedford's wanting a Chineſe houſe at Woburn, he ſaid, "Why don't your grace ſpeak to Mr. Walpole? He has the prettieſt plan in the world for one."—"Oh," replied the duke, "but then it would be too dear!" I hope this was very great œconomy, or I am ſure ours would be very great extravagance——Only think of a plan for poor little Strawberry giving the alarm to thirty thouſand pounds a year!—My dear ſir, it is time

[1] Charles Montagu, brother of George, and afterwards general, and knight of the bath.

[2] Mr. Walpole in theſe letters calls the Strawberry committee, thoſe of his friends who had aſſiſted in the plans and Gothic ornaments of Strawberry-hill. E.

to retrench! Pray ſend me a ſlice of granite[1] no bigger than a Naples biſcuit.

The monument for my mother is at laſt erected: it puts me in mind of the manner of interring the kings of France: when the reigning one dies, the laſt before him is buried. Will you believe that I have not yet ſeen the tomb? None of my acquaintance were in town, and I literally had not courage to venture alone among the Weſtminſter-boys at the abbey; they are as formidable to me as the ſhip-carpenters at Portſmouth. I think I have ſhowed you the inſcription, and therefore I don't ſend it you.

I was reading t'other day the Life of colonel Codrington, who founded the library at All Souls: he left a large eſtate for the propagation of the goſpel, and ordered that three hundred negroes ſhould conſtantly be employed upon it: did one ever hear a more truly chriſtian charity, than keeping up a perpetuity of three hundred ſlaves to look after the goſpel's eſtate? How could one intend a religious legacy, and miſs the diſpoſition of that eſtate for delivering three hundred negroes from the moſt ſhocking ſlavery imaginable? Muſt devotion be twiſted into the unfeeling intereſts of trade? I muſt revenge myſelf for the horror this fact has given me, and tell you a ſtory of Gideon[2]. He breeds his children chriſtians: he had a mind to know what proficience his ſon had made in his new religion; ſo, ſays he, I began, and aſked him, who made him? He ſaid, God. I then aſked him, who redeemed him? He replied very readily, Chriſt. Well, then I was at the end of my interrogatories, and did not know what other queſtion to put to him—I ſaid, Who—who—I did not know what to ſay—at laſt I ſaid, Who gave you that hat? The holy ghoſt, ſaid the boy.—Did you ever hear a better catechiſm?—The great cry againſt Nugent at Briſtol was for having voted for the Jew bill: one old woman ſaid, "What, muſt we be repreſented by a Jew and an Iriſhman?" He replied with great quickneſs, "My good dame, if you will ſtep aſide with me into a corner, I will ſhow you that I am *not* a Jew, and that *I am* an Iriſhman."

[1] Mr. Walpole had commiſſioned Mr. Bentley to ſend him a piece of the granite found in the iſland of Jerſey, for a ſide-board in his dining-room. It is now at Strawberry-hill. E.

[2] Sampſon Gideon, a noted rich Jew.

[3] Of Wales.

The

The princeſs [1] has breakfaſted at the long ſir Thomas Robinſon's at Whitehall: my lady T——— will never forgive it. The ſecond [2] dowager of Somerſet is gone to know whether all her letters from the living to the dead have been received. Before I bid you good-night, I muſt tell you of an admirable curioſity: I was looking over one of our antiquarian volumes, and in the deſcription of Leeds is an account of Mr. Thoreſby's famous muſeum there—What do you think is one of the rarities? *A knife taken from one of the Mohocks!* Whether *tradition is infallible or not*, as you ſay, I think ſo authentic a relique will make their hiſtory indiſputable—Caſtles, Chineſe houſes, tombs, negroes, Jews, Iriſhmen, princeſſes, and Mohocks—what a farrago do I ſend you! I truſt that a letter from England to Jerſey has an impoſing air, and that you don't preſume to laugh at any thing that comes from your mother iſland. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER X.

Strawberry-hill, November 3, 1754.

I HAVE finiſhed all my parties, and am drawing towards a concluſion here: the parliament meets in ten days: the houſe, I hear, will be extremely full—curioſity drawing as many to town as party uſed to do. The miniſter [3] in the houſe of lords is a new ſight in theſe days.

Mr. Chute and I have been at Mr. Barret's [4] at Belhouſe; I never ſaw a place for which one did not wiſh, ſo totally void of faults. What he has done is in Gothic, and very true, though not up to the perfection of the committee. The hall is pretty; the great dining-room hung with good family pictures; among which is his anceſtor, the lord Dacre, who was hanged. I remember, when Barret was firſt initiated in the college of arms by the preſent dean of Exeter [5] at Cambridge, he was overjoyed at

[1] Of Wales.
[2] Frances Thynne.
[3] The duke of Newcaſtle.
[4] Afterwards lord Dacre.
[5] Dr. Charles Lyttelton.

the

the firſt anceſtor he *put up*, who was one of the murderers of Thomas Becket. The chimney-pieces, except one little miſcarriage into total Ionic (he could not reſiſt ſtatuary and Siena marble), are all of a good king James the firſt Gothic. I ſaw the heronry ſo fatal to Po Yang, and told him that I was perſuaded they were deſcended from Becket's aſſaſſin, and I hoped from my lord Dacre too. He carried us to ſee the famous plantations and buildings of the laſt lord Petre. They are the Brobdignag of bad taſte. The unfiniſhed houſe is execrable, maſſive, and ſplit through and through: it ſtands on the brow of a hill, rather to ſee *for* a proſpect than to ſee one, and turns its back upon an outrageous avenue, which is cloſed with a ſcreen of tall trees, becauſe he would not be at the expence of beautifying the back front of his houſe. The clumps are gigantic, and very ill placed.

George Montagu and the colonel have at laſt been here, and have ſcreamed with approbation through the whole *Cu*-gamut[1]. Indeed the library is delightful. They went to the Vine, and approved as much. Do you think we wiſhed for you? I carried down incenſe and maſs-books, and we had moſt catholic enjoyment of the chapel. In the evenings, indeed, we did *touch a card*[2] a little to pleaſe George—ſo much, that truly I have ſcarce an idea left that is not ſpotted with clubs, hearts, ſpades and diamonds. There is a vote of the Strawberry committee for great embelliſhments to the chapel, of which it will not be long before you hear ſomething. It will not be longer than the ſpring, I truſt, before you ſee ſomething of it. In the mean time, to reſt your impatience, I have incloſed a ſcratch of mine, which you are to draw out better, and try if you can give yourſelf a perfect idea of the place. All I can ſay is, that my ſketch is at leaſt more intelligible than Gray's was of Stoke, from which you made ſo like a picture.

Thank you much for the box of Guernſey lilies, which I have received. I have been packing up a few ſeeds, which have little merit but the merit they will have with you, that they come from the Vine and Strawberry. My chief employ in this part of the world, except ſurveying my li-

[1] Mr. George Montagu, who uſed many odd expreſſions, called his own family the Montagu's the *Cu's*.

[2] An expreſſion of Mr. Montagu's.

brary,

brary, which has ſcarce any thing but the painting to finiſh, is planting at Mrs. Clive's, whither I remove all my ſuperabundancies. I have lately planted the green lane, that leads from her garden to the common: "Well," ſaid ſhe, "when it is done, what ſhall we call it?"—"Why," ſaid I, "what would you call it but Drury-lane?" I mentioned deſiring ſome ſamples of your Swiſs's[1] abilities: Mr. Chute and I even propoſe, if he ſhould be tolerable, and would continue reaſonable, to tempt him over hither, and make him work upon your deſigns—upon which, you know, it is not eaſy to make you work. If he improves upon our hands, do you think we ſhall purchaſe the fee-ſimple of him for ſo many years, as Mr. Smith did of Canaletti[2]? We will *ſell to the Engliſh*. Can he paint perſpectives, and cathedral-iſles, and holy glooms? I am ſure you could make him paint delightful inſides of the chapel at the Vine, and of the library here. I never come up the ſtairs without reflecting how different it is from its primitive ſtate, when my lady T. all the way ſhe came up the ſtairs, cried out, "Lord God! Jeſus! what a houſe! It is juſt ſuch a houſe as a parſon's, where the children lie at the feet of the bed!" I can't ſay that to-day it puts me much in mind of another ſpeech of my lady's, "that it would be a very pleaſant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not riſe upon it and make it ſo hot!" The ſun and Mrs. Clive ſeem gone for the winter.

The Weſt-Indian war has thrown me into a new ſtudy: I read nothing but American voyages, and hiſtories of plantations and ſettlements. Among all the Indian nations, I have contracted a particular intimacy with the Ontaouanoucs, a people with whom I beg you will be acquainted: they pique themſelves upon ſpeaking the pureſt dialect. How one ſhould delight in the grammar and dictionary of their Cruſca! My only fear is, that if any of them are taken priſoners, general Braddock is not a kind of man to have proper attentions to ſo polite a people; I am even apprehenſive that he would damn them, and order them to be ſcalped, in the very worſt plantation-accent. I don't know whether you know that none of the people of that immenſe continent have any labials: they tell you *que c'eſt ridicule* to ſhut the lips, in order to ſpeak. Indeed I was as barbarous as any polite nation in the world, in ſuppoſing that there was nothing worth knowing

[1] Mr. Muntz, a Swiſs painter.

[2] Mr. Smith, the Engliſh conſul at Venice, had engaged Canaletti for a certain number of years to paint excluſively for him, at a fixed price, and ſold his pictures at an advanced price to Engliſh travellers. E.

among theſe charming ſavages. They are in particular great orators, with this little variation from Britiſh eloquence, that at the end of every important paragraph they make a preſent; whereas we expect to receive one. They begin all their anſwers with recapitulating what has been ſaid to them; and their method for this is, the reſpondent gives a little ſtick to each of the by-ſtanders, who is, for his ſhare, to remember ſuch a paragraph of the ſpeech that is to be anſwered. You will wonder that I ſhould have given the preference to the Ontaouanoucs, when there is a much more extraordinary nation to the north of Canada, who have but one leg, and p—— from behind their ear; but I own I had rather converſe for any time with people who ſpeak like Mr. Pitt, than with a nation of jugglers, who are only fit to go about the country, under the direction of T—— and M——[1]. Their exiſtence I do not doubt; they are recorded by Pere Charlevoix, in his much admired hiſtory of New France, in which there are ſuch outrageous legends of miracles for the propagation of the goſpel, that his fables in natural hiſtory ſeem ſtrict veracity.

Adieu! You write to me as ſeldom as if you were in an iſland where the duke of N. was ſole miniſter, parties at an end, and where every thing had done happening.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I have juſt ſeen in the advertiſements that there are arrived two new volumes of madame de Sevigné's Letters.—Adieu, my American ſtudies!—adieu, even my favourite Ontaouanoucs!

LETTER XI.

Arlington-ſtreet, Nov. 11, 1754.

IF you was dead, to be ſure you would have got ſomebody to tell me ſo. If you was alive, to be ſure in all this time you would have told me ſo yourſelf. It is a month to-day ſince I received a line from you. There was a Florentine ambaſſador here in Oliver's reign, who with great circumſpection

[1] Two Engliſh gentlemen who were ſhut up in Fort l'Evêque for cheating a Jew.

wrote

wrote to his court, "Some ſay the protector is dead, others ſay he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other." I quote this ſage perſonage, to ſhow you that I have a good precedent, in caſe I had a mind to continue neutral upon the point of your exiſtence. I can't reſolve to believe you dead, leſt I ſhould be forced to write to Mr. S. again to bemoan you; and on the other hand, it is convenient to me to believe you living, becauſe I have juſt received the incloſed from your ſiſter, and the money from Ely. However, if you are actually dead, be ſo good as to order your executor to receive the money and to anſwer your ſiſter's letter. If you are not dead, I can tell you who is, and at the ſame time whoſe death is to remain as doubtful as yours till to-morrow morning. Don't be alarmed! it is only the queen dowager of Pruſſia. As *exceſſive* as the concern for her is at court, the whole royal family, out of great conſideration for the mercers, lacemen, &c. agreed not to ſhed a tear for her till to-morrow morning, when the birth-day will be over; but they are all to riſe by ſix o'clock to-morrow morning to cry quarts. This is the ſum of all the news that I learnt to-day on coming from Strawberry-hill, except that lady Betty Waldegrave was robbed t'other night in Hyde-park, under the very noſes of the lamps and the patrole. If any body is robbed at the ball at court to-night, you ſhall hear in my next diſpatch. I told you in my laſt that I had juſt got two new volumes of madame Sevigné's letters; but I have been cruelly diſappointed; they are two hundred letters which had been omitted in the former editions, as having little or nothing worth reading. How provoking, that they would at laſt let one ſee that ſhe could write ſo many letters that were not worth reading! I will tell you the truth: as they are certainly hers, I am glad to ſee them, but I cannot bear that any body elſe ſhould. Is not that true ſentiment? How would you like to ſee a letter of hers, deſcribing a wild young Iriſh lord, a lord P———, who has lately made one of our ingenious wagers, to ride I don't know how many thouſand miles in an hour, from Paris to Fontainebleau? But admire the politeſſe of that nation: inſtead of endeavouring to lame his horſe, or to break his neck, that he might loſe the wager, his antagoniſt and the ſpectators ſhowed all the attention in the world to keep the road clear, and to remove even pebbles out of his way. They heaped coals of fire upon his head with all the good-breeding of the goſpel. Adieu!—If my letters are ſhort, at leaſt my notes are long.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Arlington-ſtreet, November 20, 1754.

IF this does not turn out a ſcolding letter, I am much miſtaken. I ſhall give way to it with the leſs ſcruple, as I think it ſhall be the laſt of the kind; not that you will mend, but I cannot ſupport a commerce of viſions! and therefore, whenever you ſend me mighty cheap ſchemes for finding out longitudes and philoſophers' ſtones, you will excuſe me if I only ſmile, and don't order them to be examined by my council.—For heaven's ſake, don't be a projector! Is not it provoking, that, with the beſt parts in the world, you ſhould have ſo gentle a portion of common ſenſe? But I am clear, that you never will know the two things in the world that import you the moſt to know, yourſelf and me.—Thus much by way of preface: now for the detail.

You tell me in your letter of November 3d, that the quarry of granite might be rented at twenty pounds or twenty ſhillings, I don't know which, no matter, per annum. When I can't get a table out of it, is it very likely you or I ſhould get a fortune out of it? What ſignifies the cheapneſs of the rent? The cutting and ſhippage would be articles of ſome little conſequence! Who ſhould be ſuperviſor? You, who are ſo good a manager, ſo attentive, ſo diligent, ſo expeditious, and ſo accurate? Don't you think our quarry would turn to account? Another article, to which I might apply the ſame queſtions, is the project for importation of French wine: it is odd that a ſcheme ſo cheap and ſo practicable ſhould hitherto have been totally overlooked——One would think the breed of ſmugglers was loſt, like the true ſpaniels, or genuine golden pippins! My dear ſir, you know I never drink three glaſſes of any wine—Can you think I care whether they are ſour or ſweet, cheap or dear?—or do you think that I, who am always taking trouble to reduce my trouble into as compact a volume as I can, would tap ſuch an article as importing my own wine? But now comes your laſt propoſal about the Gothic paper. When you made me fix up mine, unpainted, engaging to paint it yourſelf, and yet could never be perſuaded to paint a yard of it, till I was forced to give Bromwich's man God knows what to do it, would you make me believe that you will paint a room eighteen feet by fifteen?—But, ſeriouſly, if it is poſſible for you to

ſay aſide viſions, don't be throwing continual diſcouragements in my way. I have told you ſeriouſly and emphatically, that I am labouring your reſtoration: the ſcheme is neither facile nor immediate:—but, for God's ſake, act like a reaſonable man. You have a family to whom you owe ſerious attention. Don't let me think, that if you return, you will ſet out upon every wild-gooſe chaſe, ſticking to nothing, and neglecting chiefly the talents and genius which you have in ſuch excellence, to ſtart projects, which you have too much honeſty and too little application ever to thrive by. This advice is, perhaps, worded harſhly: but you know the heart from which it proceeds, and you know that, with all my prejudice to it, I can't even pardon your wit, when it is employed to dreſs up ſchemes that I think romantic. The glaſſes and Ray's Proverbs you ſhall have, and ſome more gold-fiſh, when I have leiſure to go to Strawberry; for you know I don't ſuffer any fiſheries to be carried on there in my abſence.

I am as newsleſs as in the dead of ſummer: the parliament produces nothing but elections: there has already been one diviſion on the Oxfordſhire of two hundred and ſixty-ſeven whigs to ninety-ſeven tories: you may calculate the burial of that election eaſily from theſe numbers. The queen of Pruſſia is not dead, as I told you in my laſt. If you have ſhed many tears for her, you may ſet them off to the account of our ſon-in-law the Prince of Heſſe, who is turned Roman catholic. One is in this age ſo unuſed to converſions above the rank of a houſe-maid turned methodiſt, that it occaſions as much ſurpriſe as if one had heard that he had been initiated in the Eleuſinian myſteries. Are not you prodigiouſly alarmed for the proteſtant intereſt in Germany?

We have operas, burlettas, cargoes of Italian dancers, and none good but the Mingotti, a very fine figure and actreſs. I don't know a ſingle bon-mot that is new: George Selwyn has not waked yet for the winter. You will believe that, when I tell you, that t'other night having loſt eight hundred pounds at hazard, he fell aſleep upon the table with near half as much more before him, and ſlept for three hours, with every body ſtamping the box cloſe at his ear. He will ſay prodigiouſly good things when he does wake. In the mean time can you be *content* with one of madame Sevigné's beſt bons-mots, which I have found amongſt her new letters? Do you remember her German friend the princeſs of Tarente, who was always

always in mourning for ſome ſovereign prince or princeſs? One day madame de Sevigné happening to meet her in colours, made her low curtſey, and ſaid, "*Madame, je me rejouis de la ſanté de l'Europe.*" I think I may apply another of her ſpeeches, which pleaſed me, to what I have ſaid to you in the former part of my letter. Mademoiſelle du Pleſſis had ſaid ſomething ſhe diſapproved: madame Sevigné ſaid to her, "*Mais que cela eſt ſot, car je veux vous parler doucement.*" Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Friday, December 13, 1754.

"IF we do not make this effort to recover our dignity, we ſhall only ſit here to regiſter the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a ſubject!"—Non riconoſci tu l'altēro viſo? Don't you at once know the ſtyle? Shake thoſe words all altogether, and ſee if they can be any thing but the disjecti membra of Pitt!—In ſhort, about a fortnight ago, this bomb burſt. Pitt, who is well, is married, is diſſatisfied—not with his bride, but with the duke of N. has twice thundered out his diſſatisfaction in parliament, and was ſeconded by Fox. The event was exactly what I dare ſay you have already foreſeen. Pitt *was to be* turned out; overtures were made to Fox; Pitt is *not* turned out; Fox is quieted with the dignity of cabinet-counſellor, and the duke of N. remains affronted—and omnipotent. The commentary on this text is too long for a letter; it may be developed ſome time or other. This ſcene has produced a diverting interlude: ſir George Lyttelton, who could not reconcile his content with Mr. Pitt's diſcontents, has been very ill with the couſinhood. In the grief of his heart he thought of reſigning his place; but, *ſomehow or other*, ſtumbled upon a negotiation for introducing the duke of Bedford into the miniſtry again, to balance the loſs of Mr. Pitt. Whatever perſuaded him, he thought this treaty ſo ſure of ſucceſs, that he loſt no time to be the agent of it himſelf; and whether commiſſioned or non-commiſſioned, as both he and the duke of N. ſay, he carried carte blanche to the duke of B. who

bounced like a rocket, frightened away poor ſir George, and ſent for Mr. Pitt to notify the overture. Pitt and the Grenvilles are outrageous; the duke of N. diſclaims his embaſſador, and every body laughs. Sir George came hither yeſterday, to *expectorate* with me, as he called it. Think how I pricked up my ears, as high as king Midas, to hear a Lyttelton vent his grievances againſt a Pitt and Grenvilles! Lord Temple has named ſir George the *apoſtolic nuntio*; and George Selwyn ſays, "that he will certainly be invited by miſs A. among the foreign miniſters." Theſe are greater ſtorms than perhaps you expected yet: they have occaſioned mighty buſtle, and whiſper, and ſpeculation; but you ſee

Pulveris exigui jactu compoſta quieſcunt!

You will be diverted with a collateral incident. —— met Dick Edgecumbe, and aſked him with great importance if he knew whether Mr. Pitt was out. Edgecumbe, who thinks nothing important that is not to be decided by dice, and who conſequently had never once thought of Pitt's political ſtate, replied, "Yes."—"Ay! how do you know?"—"Why, I called at his door juſt now, and his porter told me ſo." Another political event is, that lord E. comes into place; he is to ſucceed lord Fitzwalter, who is to have lord Grantham's penſion, who is dead immenſely rich—I think this is the laſt of the old oppoſition of any name except ſir John Bernard—If you have curioſity about the Ohio, you muſt write to France: there I believe they know ſomething about it: here it was totally forgot, till laſt night, when an expreſs arrived with an account of the loſs of one of the tranſports off Falmouth, with eight officers and ſixty men on board.

My lady T. has been dying, and was wofully frightened, and *took* prayers; but ſhe is recovered now, even of her repentance. You will not be undiverted to hear that the mob of Sudbury have literally ſent a *card* to the mob of Bury, to offer their aſſiſtance at a conteſted election there: I hope to be able to tell you in my next that Mrs. H. has ſent cards to both mobs for her aſſembly [1].

[1] Of this lady Mr. Walpole in a letter to another correſpondent gives the following account: "You would be diverted with a Mrs. H——, whoſe paſſion is keeping an aſſembly and inviting literally every body to it. She goes to the drawing-room to watch for ſneezes, whips out a curtſey, and then ſends next morning to know how your cold does, and deſire your company on Thurſday." E.

The

The ſhrubs ſhall be ſent, but you muſt ſtay till the holidays; I ſhall not have time to go to Strawberry ſooner. I have received your ſecond letter, dated November 22d, about the Gothic paper. I hope you will by this time have got mine, to diſſuade you from that thought. If you inſiſt upon it, I will ſend the paper: I have told you what I think, and will therefore ſay no more on that head; but I will tranſcribe a paſſage which I found t'other day in Petronius, and thought not unapplicable to you: "Omnium herbarum ſuccos Democritus expreſſit; & ne lapidum virgultorumque vis lateret, ætatem inter experimenta conſumpſit." I hope Democritus could not draw charmingly, when he threw away his time in extracting tints from flints and twigs!

I can't conclude my letter without telling you what an eſcape I had at the ſale of Dr. Meade's library, which goes extremely dear. In the catalogue I ſaw Winſtanley's views of Audley-inn, which I concluded was, as it really was, a thin dirty folio worth about fifteen ſhillings. As I thought it might be ſcarce, it might run to two or three guineas: however, I bid Graham *certainly* buy it for me. He came the next morning in a great fright, ſaid he did not know whether he had done very right or very wrong, that he had gone as far as *nine-and-forty guineas*—I ſtarted in ſuch a fright! Another bookſeller had luckily had as unlimited a commiſſion, and bid fifty —when my Graham begged it might be adjourned, till they could conſult their principals. I think I ſhall never give an unbounded commiſſion again, even for views of *Les Rochers* [1]! Adieu! Am I ever to ſee any more of your *hand-drawing*? Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIV.

Strawberry-hill, December 24, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your packet of December 6th, laſt night, but intending to come hither for a few days, had unluckily ſent away by the coach in the

[1] Madame de Sevigné's ſeat in Bretagne.

morning

morning a parcel of things for you; you muſt therefore wait till another bundle ſets out, for the new letters of madame Sevigné. Heaven forbid that I ſhould have ſaid they were bad! I only meant that they were full of family details, and mortal diſtempers, to which the moſt immortal of us are ſubject; and I was ſorry that the profane ſhould ever know that my divinity was ever troubled with a ſore leg, or the want of money; though indeed the latter defeats Buſſy's ill-natured accuſation of avarice; and her tearing herſelf from her daughter, then at Paris, to go and ſave money in Bretagne to pay her debts, is a perfection of virtue which completes her amiable character. My lady Hervey has made me moſt happy, by bringing me from Paris an admirable copy of the very portrait that was madame de Simiane's: I am going to build an altar for it, under the title of *Notre Dame des Rochers!*

Well! but you will want to know the contents of the parcel that is ſet out. It contains another parcel, which contains I don't know what; but Mr. C——— ſent it, and deſired I would tranſmit it to you. There are Ray's Proverbs in two volumes interleaved; a few ſeeds, miſlaid when I ſent the laſt; a very indifferent new tragedy, called Barbaroſſa, now running, the [1] author unknown, but believed to be Garrick himſelf: there is not one word of Barbaroſſa's real ſtory, but almoſt the individual hiſtory of Merope; not one new thought, and, which is the next material want, but one line of perfect nonſenſe;

And rain down tranſports in the ſhape of ſorrow.

To complete it, the manners are ſo ill obſerved, that a Mahometan princeſs royal is at full liberty to viſit her lover in Newgate, like the banker's daughter in George Barnwell. I have added four more *Worlds* [2], the ſecond of which will, I think, redeem my lord Cheſterfield's character with you for wit, except in the two ſtories, which are very flat: I mean thoſe of two miſpelt letters. In the laſt World [3], beſides the hand, you will find a ſtory of your acquaintance: *Boncœur* means Norborne Berkeley, whoſe horſe ſinking up to his middle in Woburn-park, he would not allow that it

[1] It was written by Dr. Browne.
[2] Numbers 92, 98, 100, and 101 of the third volume of that periodical paper.
[3] Number 103 by Mr. Walpole.

was any thing more than a little damp. The laſt ſtory of a highwayman happened almoſt literally to Mrs. Cavendiſh.

For news, I think I have none to tell you. Mr. Pitt is gone to the Bath, and Mr. Fox to Newcaſtle-houſe; and every body elſe into the country for the holidays. When lord Bath was told of the firſt determination of turning out Pitt, and letting Fox remain, he ſaid, it put him in mind of a ſtory of the gunpowder plot. The lord chamberlain was ſent to examine the vaults under the parliament-houſe, and, returning with his report, ſaid, he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm——Was ever any thing ſo well and ſo juſt?

The Ruſſian embaſſador is to give a maſquerade for the birth of the little great prince[1]: the king lends him Somerſet-houſe: he wanted to borrow the palace over againſt me, and ſent to aſk it of the cardinal-nephew[2], who replied, "Not for half Ruſſia."

The new madneſs is Oratorys. Macklin has ſet up one, under the title of The Britiſh Inquiſition: Foote another, againſt him: and a third man has advertiſed another to-day. I have not heard enough in their favour to tempt me to them: nor do I in the world know enough to compoſe another paragraph. I am here quite alone; Mr. Chute is ſetting out for his Vine; but in a day or two I expect Mr. Williams[3], George Selwyn, and Dick Edgecumbe. You will allow that when I do admit any body within my cloiſter, I chooſe them well. My preſent occupation is putting up my books; and thanks to arches, and pinnacles, and pierced columns, I ſhall not appear ſcantily provided! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The preſent czar, Paul I.

[2] Henry earl of Lincoln, nephew to the duke of Newcaſtle, to whoſe title he ſucceeded.

[3] George James Williams, eſq.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Arlington-ſtreet, January 9, 1755.

I USED to ſay that one could not go out of London for two days, without finding at one's return that ſomething very extraordinary had happened; but of late the climate had loſt its propenſity to odd accidents. Madneſs be praiſed, we are a little reſtored to the want of our ſenſes! I have been twice this Chriſtmas at Strawberry-hill for a few days, and at each return have been not a little ſurpriſed: the firſt time, at the very unexpected death of my lord Albemarle, who was taken ill at Paris, going home from ſupper, and expired in a few hours; and laſt week at the far more extraordinary death of ——. He himſelf, with all his judgment in bets, I think would have betted any man in England againſt himſelf for ſelf-murder: yet after having been ſuppoſed the ſharpeſt genius of his time, he, by all that appears, ſhot himſelf on the diſtreſs of his circumſtances; an apoplectic diſpoſition I believe concurring, either to lower his ſpirits, or to alarm them. Ever ſince miſs —— lived with him, either from liking her himſelf, as ſome think, or to tempt her to marry his lilliputian figure, he has ſquandered vaſt ſums at ——, and in living. He loſt twelve hundred a year by lord Albemarle's death, and four by lord Gage's, the ſame day. He aſked immediately for the government of Virginia or the Foxhounds, and preſſed for an anſwer with an eagerneſs that ſurpriſed the duke of N. who never had a notion of pinning down the relief of his own or any other man's wants to a day. Yet that ſeems to have been the caſe of ——, who determined to throw the die of life or death, Tueſday was ſe'nnight, on the anſwer he was to receive from court; which did not prove favourable. He conſulted indirectly, and at laſt pretty directly, ſeveral people on the eaſieſt method of finiſhing life; and ſeems to have thought that he had been too explicit; for he invited company to dinner for the day after his death, and ordered a ſupper at White's; where he ſupped too the night before. He played at whiſk till one in the morning; it was new year's morning: lord Robert Bertie drank to him a happy new year; he clapped his hand ſtrangely to his eyes! In the morning he had a lawyer and three witneſſes, and executed his will, which he made them read twice over, paragraph by paragraph: and then aſking the lawyer, if that will would ſtand good, though a man were to ſhoot himſelf? and being aſſured it would; he ſaid, "*Pray ſtay while I*

ſtep into next room;"—went into next room, and ſhot himſelf. He clapped the piſtol ſo cloſe to his head, that they heard no report. The houſekeeper heard him fall, and, thinking he had a fit, ran up with drops, and found his ſkull and brains ſhot about the room!—You will be charmed with the friendſhip and generoſity of ſir ——. —— a little time ſince opened his circumſtances to him. Sir —— ſaid, "——, if it will be of any ſervice to you, you ſhall ſee what I have done for you;" pulled out his will, and read it, where he had left him a vaſt legacy. The beauty of this action is heightened by ſir ——'s life not being worth a year's purchaſe. I own I feel for the diſtreſs this man muſt have felt, before he decided on ſo deſperate an action. I knew him but little; but he was good-natured and agreeable enough, and had the moſt compendious underſtanding I ever knew. He had affected a fineſſe in money matters beyond what he deſerved, and aimed at reducing even natural affections to a kind of calculations like Demoivre's. He was aſked, ſoon after his daughter's marriage, if ſhe was with child:—He replied, "Upon my word, I don't know; I have no bet upon it." This and poor ——'s ſelf-murder have brought to light another, which happening in France had been ſunk; ———'s. I can tell you that the ancient and worſhipful company of lovers are under a great dilemma, upon a huſband and a gameſter killing themſelves: I don't know whether they will not apply to parliament for an excluſive charter for ſelf-murder.

On the occaſion of ——'s ſtory, I heard another more extraordinary. If a man inſures his life, this killing himſelf vacates the bargain. This (as in England almoſt every thing begets a contradiction) has produced an office for inſuring in ſpite of ſelf-murder; but not beyond three hundred pounds. I ſuppoſe voluntary deaths were not then the bon-ton of people in higher life. A man went and inſured his life, ſecuring this privilege of a *free-dying* Engliſhman. He carried the inſurers to dine at a tavern, where they met ſeveral other perſons. After dinner he ſaid to the life-and-death-brokers, "Gentlemen, it is fit that you ſhould be acquainted with the company: theſe honeſt men are tradeſmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying, but by your aſſiſtance; and now I am your humble ſervant!" He pulled out a piſtol and ſhot himſelf. Did you ever hear of ſuch a mixture of honeſty and knavery?

Lord Rochford is to ſucceed as groom of the ſtole. The duke of Marlborough is privy-ſeal, in the room of lord Gower, who is dead; and the

duke of Rutland is lord ſteward. Lord Albemarle's other offices and honours are ſtill in petto. When the king firſt ſaw this lord Albemarle, he ſaid, "Your father had a great many good qualities, but he was a ſieve!" —It is the laſt receiver into which I ſhould have thought his majeſty would have poured gold! You will be pleaſed with the monarch's politeſſe. Sir John Bland and Offley made intereſt to play at twelfth-night, and ſucceeded —not at play, for they loſt 1400*l.* and 1300*l.* As it is not uſual for people of no higher rank to play, the king thought they would be baſhful about it, and took particular care to do the honours of his houſe to them, ſet only to them, and ſpoke to them at his levee next morning.

You love new noſtrums and inventions: there is diſcovered a method of inoculating the cattle for the diſtemper—it ſucceeds ſo well that they are not even marked. How we advance rapidly in diſcoveries, and in applying every thing to every thing! Here is another ſecret, that will better anſwer your purpoſe, and I hope mine too. They found out lately at the duke of Argyle's, that any kind of ink may be made of privet: it becomes green ink by mixing ſalt of tartar. I don't know the proceſs; but I am promiſed it by Campbell, who told me of it t'other day, when I carried him the true genealogy of the Bentleys, which he aſſured me ſhall be inſerted in the next edition of the Biographia.

There ſets out to-morrow morning, by the Southampton waggon, ſuch a cargo of trees for you, that a detachment of Kentiſhmen would be furniſhed againſt an invaſion if they were to unroll the bundle. I write to Mr. S—— to recommend great care of them. Obſerve how I anſwer your demands: are you as punctual? The foreſts in your landſcapes do not thrive like thoſe in your letters. Here is a letter from G. Montagu; and then I think I may bid you good-night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Arlington-ſtreet, Feb. 8, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

BY the waggon on Thurſday there ſet out for Southampton, a lady whom you muſt call *Phillis*, but whom George Montagu and the Gods would name *Speckle-belly*. Peter begged her for me, that is for you, that is, for captain Dumareſque, after he had been aſked three guineas for another. I hope ſhe will not be poiſoned with ſalt-water, like the poor Poyangers[1]. If ſhe ſhould, you will at leaſt obſerve, that your commiſſions are not ſtill-born with me, as mine are with you. I *draw*[2] a ſpotted dog the moment you deſire it.

George Montagu has intercepted the deſcription I promiſed you of the Ruſſian maſquerade: he wrote to beg it, and I cannot tranſcribe from myſelf. In few words, there were all the beauties, and all the diamonds, and not a few of the uglies of London. The duke[3], like Oſman the third, ſeemed in the centre of his new ſeraglio, and I believe my lady and I thought that my lord —— was the chief eunuch. My lady Coventry was dreſſed in a great ſtyle, and looked better than ever. Lady Betty Spencer, like Rubens's wife (not the common one with the hat), had all the bloom and baſhfulneſs and wildneſs of youth, with all the countenance of all the former Marlboroughs. Lord Delawar was an excellent maſk, from a picture at Kenſington of queen Elizabeth's porter. Lady Caroline Peterſham, powdered with diamonds and creſcents for a Turkiſh ſlave, was ſtill extremely handſome. The hazard was exceſſively deep, to the aſtoniſhment of ſome Frenchmen of quality who are here, and who I believe, from what they ſaw that night, will not write to their court to diſſuade their armaments, on its not being worth their while to attack ſo beggarly a nation. Our fleet is as little deſpicable; but though the preparations on both ſides are ſo great, I believe the ſtorm will blow over. They inſiſt on our immediately ſending an embaſſador to Paris; and to my great ſatisfaction, my couſin and friend lord Hertford is to be the man. This is ſtill an entire ſecret here, but will be known before you receive this.

The weather is very bitter, and keeps me from Strawberry. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Mr. Walpole having called his gold-fiſh-pond *Poyang*, calls the gold-fiſh *Poyangers*. E.

[2] Alluding to Mr. Bentley's dilatorineſs in exerciſing his pencil at the requeſt of Mr. Walpole.

[3] William, duke of Cumberland.

LETTER XVII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Feb. 23, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR *Argoſie* is arrived ſafe; thank you for ſhells, trees, cones; but above all, thank you for the landſcape[1]. As it is your firſt attempt in oils, and has ſucceeded ſo much beyond my expectation (and being againſt my advice too, you may believe the ſincerity of my praiſes), I muſt indulge my *Vaſari-hood*, and write a diſſertation upon it. You have united and mellowed your colours, in a manner to make it look like an old picture; yet there is ſomething in the tone of it, that is not quite right. Mr. Chute thinks that you ſhould have exerted more of your force in tipping with light the edges on which the ſun breaks: my own opinion is, that the reſult of the whole is not natural, by your having joined a Claude Lorrain ſummer ſky to a wintry ſea, which you have drawn from the life. The water breaks finely, but the diſtant hills are too ſtrong, and the outlines much too hard. The greateſt fault is the trees (not apt to be your ſtumbling-block): they are not of a natural green, have no particular reſemblance, and are out of all proportion too large for the figures. Mend theſe errors, and work away in oil. I am impatient to ſee ſome Gothic ruins of your painting. This leads me naturally to thank you for the ſweet little cul-de-lampe to the entail: it is equal to any thing you have done in perſpective and for taſte; but the boy is too large.

For the block of granite I ſhall certainly think a louis well beſtowed —provided I do but get the block, and that you are ſure it will be equal to the ſample you ſent me. My room remains in want of a table; and as it will take ſo much time to poliſh it, I do wiſh you would be a little expeditious in ſending it.

I have but frippery-news to tell you; no politics; for the rudiments of a war, that is not to be a war, are not worth detailing. In ſhort, we have acted with ſpirit, have got ready 30 ſhips of the line, and conclude that the French will not care to examine whether they are well manned or not. The houſe of commons *bears* nothing but elections; the Oxfordſhire till ſeven at

[1] It is now at Strawberry-hill.

night three times a week: we have paſſed ten evenings on the Colcheſter election, and laſt Monday ſat upon it till near two in the morning. Whoever ſtands a conteſted election, and pays for his ſeat, and attends the firſt ſeſſion, ſurely buys the other ſix very dear!

The great event is the cataſtrophe of ſir ———, who has *ſlirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night exceeded what was loſt by the late duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greateſt part of it) loſt two-and-thirty thouſand pounds. The citizens put on their double-channeled pumps and trudge to St. James's-ſtreet, in expectation of ſeeing judgments executed on White's—angels with flaming ſwords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's Hermits. Sir ——— loſt this immenſe ſum to a captain ———, who at preſent has nothing but a few debts and his commiſſion.

Garrick has produced a deteſtable Engliſh opera, which is crowded by all true lovers of their country. To mark the oppoſition to Italian operas, it is ſung by ſome caſt ſingers, two Italians, and a French girl, and the chapel boys; and to regale us with ſenſe, it is Shakeſpeare's Midſummer-Night's Dream, which is forty times more nonſenſical than the worſt tranſlation of any Italian opera-books—— But ſuch ſenſe and ſuch harmony are irreſiſtible!

I am at preſent confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the ſnow, two days ago. About five in the morning Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, "Pray, your honour, don't be frightened!" "No, Harry, I am not; but what is it that I am not to be frightened at?" "There is a great fire here in St. James's-ſtreet."—I roſe, and indeed thought all St. James's-ſtreet was on fire, but it proved in Bury-ſtreet. However, you know I can't reſiſt going to a fire; for it is certainly the only horrid ſight that is fine. I ſlipped on my ſlippers, and an embroidered ſuit that hung on the chair, and ran to Bury-ſtreet, and ſtepped into a pipe that was broken up for water—It would have made a picture—the horror of the flames, the ſnow, the day breaking with difficulty through ſo foul a night, and my figure, party per *pale*, mud and gold. It put me in mind of lady Margaret Herbert's providence, who aſked ſomebody for a *pretty* pattern for a night-cap. Lord, ſaid they, what ſignifies the pattern of a night-cap?—"Oh, child, ſaid ſhe, but you know, in caſe

of

of fire." There were two houſes burnt, and a poor maid; an officer jumped out of window, and is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the ſame way in their ſhifts. There have been two more great fires. Alderman Belchier's houſe at Epſom, that belonged to the prince, is burnt, and Beckford's fine houſe in the country, with pictures and furniture to a great value. He ſays, "Oh! I have an odd fifty thouſand pounds in a drawer: I will build it up again: it won't be above a thouſand pounds apiece difference to my thirty children." Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, March 6, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE to thank you for two letters and a picture. I hope my thanks will have a more proſperous journey than my own letters have had of late. You ſay you have received none ſince January 9th. I have written three ſince that. I take care, in conjunction with the times, to make them harmleſs enough for the poſt. Whatever ſecrets I may have (and you know I have no propenſity to myſtery) will keep very well till I have the happineſs of ſeeing you, though that date ſhould be farther off than I hope. As I mean my letters ſhould relieve ſome of your anxious or dull minutes, I will tempt no poſt-maſters or ſecretaries to retard them.

The ſtate of affairs is much altered ſince my laſt epiſtle that perſuaded you of the diſtance of a war. So haughty and ſo ravenous an anſwer came from France, that my lord Hertford does not go. As a *little* iſlander, you may be very eaſy. Jerſey is not prey for ſuch fleets as are likely to encounter in the channel in April. You muſt tremble in your *Bigendian* capacity, if you mean to figure as a good citizen. I ſympathize with you extremely in the interruption it will give to our correſpondence. You, in an inactive little ſpot, cannot wiſh more impatiently for every poſt that has the probability of a letter, than I, in all the turbulence of London, do conſtantly, never-failingly, for letters from you. Yet by my buſy, hur-

ried, amuſed, irregular way of life, you would not imagine that I had much time to care for my friends. You know how late I uſed to riſe: it is worſe and worſe: I ſtay late at debates and committees; for, with all our tranquillity and my indifference, I think I am never out of the houſe of commons: from thence, it is the faſhion of the winter to go to vaſt aſſemblies, which are followed by vaſt ſuppers, and thoſe by balls. Laſt week I was from two at noon till ten at night at the houſe: I came home, dined, new dreſſed myſelf entirely, went to a ball at lord Holdernefs's, and ſtaid till five in the morning. What an abominable young creature! But why may not I be ſo? Old Haſlang dances at ſixty-five; my lady Rochford without ſtays, and her huſband the new groom of the ſtole, dance. In ſhort, when ſecretaries of ſtate, cabinet counſellors, foreign miniſters, dance like the univerſal ballet in the Rehearſal, why ſhould not I—ſee them? In ſhort, the true definition of me is, that I am a dancing ſenator—Not that I do dance, or do any thing by being a ſenator: but I go to balls, and to the houſe of commons—to look on: and you will believe me when I tell you, that I really think the former the more ſerious occupation of the two; at leaſt the performers are moſt in earneſt. What men ſay to women, is at leaſt as ſincere as what they ſay to their country. If perjury can give the devil a right to the ſouls of men, he has titles by as many ways as my lord —— is deſcended from Edward the third.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIX.

Arlington-ſtreet, March 27, 1755.

YOUR chimney[1] is come, but not to honour: the cariatides are fine and free, but the reſt is heavy: lord Strafford is not at all ſtruck with it, and thinks it old-faſhioned: it certainly taſtes of Inigo Jones. Your myrtles I have ſeen in their pots, and they are magnificent, but I fear very ſickly. In return I ſend you a library. You will receive ſome time or other, or

[1] A deſign for a chimney-piece, which, at Mr. Walpole's deſire, Mr. Bentley had made for lord Strafford.

the

the French for you, the following books: a fourth volume of Dodsley's Collection of Poems, the worst tome of the four; three volumes of Worlds; Fielding's Travels, or rather an account how his dropsy was treated and teased by an inn-keeper's wife in the Isle of Wight; the new Letters of madame de Sevigné; and Hume's History of Great Britain; a book which, though more decried than ever book was, and certainly with faults, I cannot help liking much. It is called Jacobite—but in my opinion is only not *Georgeabite:* where others abuse the Stuarts, he laughs at them: I am sure he does not spare their ministers. Harding, who has the History of England at the ends of his parliament fingers, says, that the Journals will contradict most of his facts. If it is so, I am sorry; for his style, which is the best we have in history, and his manner, imitated from Voltaire, are very pleasing. He has showed very clearly that we ought to quarrel originally with queen Elizabeth's tyranny for most of the errors of Charles the first. As long as he is willing to sacrifice some royal head, I would not much dispute with him which it should be. I incline every day to lenity, as I see more and more that it is being very partial to think worse of some men than of others. If I was a king myself, I dare say I should cease to love a republic. My lady ——— desired me, t'other day, to give her a motto for a ruby ring, which had been given by a handsome woman of quality to a fine man: he gave it to his mistress, she to lord ———, he to my lady; who, I think, does not deny that it has not yet finished its travels. I excused myself for some time, on the difficulty of reducing such a history to a poesy—at last I proposed this:

This was given by woman to man—and by man to woman.

Are you most impatient to hear of a French war, or the event of the Mitchell election? If the former is uppermost in your thoughts, I can tell you, you are very unfashionable. The whigs and tories in Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem, never forgot national points with more zeal, to attend to private faction, than we have lately. After triumphs repeated in the committee, lord Sandwich and Mr. Fox were beaten largely on the report. It was a most extraordinary day! The tories, who could not trust one another for two hours, had their last consult at the Horn Tavern just before the report, and all but nine or ten voted in a body (with the duke of Newcastle) against agreeing to it: then sir John Philipps, one of them, moved for a void election, but was deserted by most of his clan. We now

begin to turn our hands to foreign war. In the rebellion, the miniſtry was ſo unſettled, that nobody ſeemed to care who was king. Power is now ſo eſtabliſhed, that I muſt do the engroſſers the juſtice to ſay, that they ſeem to be determined that *their own king* ſhall continue ſo. Our fleet is great and well manned; we are raiſing men and money, and meſſages have been ſent to both houſes from St. James's, which have been anſwered by very zealous *cards*. In the mean time, ſturdy mandates are arrived from France; however, with a codicil of moderation, and power to Mirepoix ſtill to treat. He was told briſkly—"Your terms muſt come ſpeedily; the fleets will ſail very quickly; war cannot then be avoided."

I have paſſed five entire days lately at doctor Meade's ſale, where, however, I bought very little: as extravagantly as he paid for every thing, his name has even reſold them with intereſt. Lord Rockingham gave two hundred and thirty guineas for the Antinous—the deareſt buſt that, I believe, was ever ſold; yet the noſe and chin were repaired, and very ill. Lord Exeter bought the Homer for one hundred and thirty. I muſt tell you a piece of fortune: I ſupped the firſt night of the ſale at Bedford-houſe, and found my lord Gower dealing at ſilver pharaoh to the women. "Oh!" ſaid I laughing, "I laid out ſix-and-twenty pounds this morning, I will try if I can win it back;" and threw a ſhilling upon a card: in five minutes I won a 500-leva, which was twenty-five pounds eleven ſhillings. I have formerly won a 1000-leva, and another 500-leva.—With ſuch luck, ſhall not I be able to win you back again?

Laſt Wedneſday I gave a feaſt in form to the H———s. There was the duke of Grafton, lord and lady Hertford, Mr. Conway, and lady A. In ſhort, all the Conways in the world, my lord Orford, and the Churchills. We dined in the drawing-room below ſtairs, amidſt the Eagle, Veſpaſian, &c. You never ſaw ſo Roman a banquet; but with all my virtù, the bridegroom ſeemed the moſt venerable piece of antiquity. Good-night! The books go to Southampton on Monday.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Strawberry-hill, April 13, 1755.

IF I did not think that you would expect to hear often from me at ſo critical a ſeaſon, I ſhould certainly not write to you to-night: I am here alone, out of ſpirits, and not well. In ſhort, I have depended too much upon my conſtitution being like

Graſs, that eſcapes the ſcythe by being low;

and having nothing of the oak in the ſturdineſs of my ſtature, I imagined that my mortality would remain pliant as long as I pleaſed. But I have taken ſo little care of myſelf this winter, and kept ſuch bad hours, that I have brought a ſlow fever upon my nights, and am worn to a ſkeleton: Bethel has plump cheeks to mine. However, as it would be unpleaſant to die juſt at the beginning of a war, I am taking exerciſe and air, and much ſleep, and intend to ſee Troy taken. The proſpect thickens: there are certainly above twelve thouſand men at the iſle of Rhè; ſome ſay twenty thouſand. An expreſs was yeſterday diſpatched to Ireland, where it is ſuppoſed the ſtorm will burſt; but unleſs our fleet can diſappoint the embarkation, I don't ſee what ſervice the notification can do: we have quite diſgarniſhed that kingdom of troops; and if they once land, ten thouſand men may walk from one end of the iſland to the other. It begins to be thought that the K. will not go abroad: that he cannot, every body has long thought. You will be entertained with a prophecy which my lord Cheſterfield has found in the 35th chapter of Ezekiel, which clearly promiſes us victory over the French, and expreſsly relates to this war, as it mentions the two countries (Nova Scotia and Acadia) which are the point in diſpute. You will have no difficulty in allowing that *mounſeer* is typical enough of France: except Cyrus, who is the only heathen prince mentioned by his right name, and that before he had any name, I know no power ſo expreſsly deſcribed.

2. Son of man, ſet thy face againſt *Mount Seir*, and propheſy againſt it.

3. And ſay unto it, Thus ſaith the Lord God: Behold, *O Mount Seir*, I am againſt thee; and I will ſtretch out mine hand againſt thee, and I will make thee moſt deſolate.

4. I will lay thy cities waſte, and thou ſhalt be deſolate, &c.

10. Becauſe thou haſt ſaid, Theſe two nations and theſe two countries ſhall be mine, and we will poſſeſs it, &c.

I am diſpoſed to put great truſt in this prediction; for I know few things more in our favour. You will aſk me naturally, what is to become of you? Are you to be left to all the chance of war, the uncertainty of pacquets, the difficulty of remittance, the increaſe of prices?—My dear ſir, do you take me for a prime miniſter, who acquaints the *ſtates* that they are in damned danger, when it is about a day too late? Or ſhall I order my *chancellor* to aſſure you that this is numerically the very day on which it is fit to give ſuch notification, and that a day ſooner or a day later would be improper?—But not to trifle politically with you, your redemption is nearer than you think for, though not complete: the terms a little depend upon yourſelf. You muſt ſend me an account, ſtrictly and upon your honour, what your debts are: as there is no poſſibility for the preſent but of compounding them, I put my friendſhip upon it, that you anſwer me ſincerely. Should you, upon the hopes of facilitating your return, not deal ingenuouſly with me, which I will not ſuſpect, it would occaſion what I hope will never happen. Some overtures are going to be made to miſs ——, to ward off impediments from her. In ſhort, though I cannot explain any of the means, your fortune wears another face; and if you ſend me immediately, upon your honour, a faithful account of what I aſk, no time will be loſt to labour your return, which I wiſh ſo much, and of which I have ſaid ſo little lately, as I have had better hopes of it. Don't joke with me upon this head, as you ſometimes do: be explicit, be open in the moſt unbounded manner, and deal like a man of ſenſe with a heart that deſerves you ſhould have no diſguiſes to it. You know me and my ſtyle: when I engage earneſtly as I do in this buſineſs, I can't bear not to be treated in my own way.

Sir Charles Williams is made embaſſador to Ruſſia; which concludes all I know. But at ſuch a period, two days may produce much, and I ſhall not ſend away my letter till I am in town on Tueſday. Good-night!

Thurſday 17th.

ALL the officers on the Iriſh eſtabliſhment are ordered over thither immediately:

diately: lord Hartington has offered to go directly [1], and ſets out with Mr. Conway this day ſe'nnight. The journey to Hanover is poſitive: what if there ſhould be a croſſing-over and figuring-in of kings? I know who don't think all this very ſerious; ſo that, if you have a mind to be in great ſpirits, you may quote lord H——. He went to viſit the ducheſs of Bedford t'other morning, juſt after lord Anſon had been there and told her his opinion. She aſked lord H. what news? He knew none. "Don't you hear there will be certainly war?" "No, madam: I ſaw Mr. Nugent yeſterday, and he did not tell me any thing of it." She replied, "I have juſt ſeen a man who muſt know, and who thinks it unavoidable." "Nay, madam, perhaps it may: *I don't think a little war would do us any harm.*" Juſt as if he had ſaid, loſing a little blood in ſpring is very wholeſome; or that a little hiſſing would not do the Mingotti any harm!

I went t'other morning to ſee the ſale of Mr. Pelham's plate, with G. Selwyn—"Lord! ſays he, how many toads have been eaten off thoſe plates!" Adieu! I flatter myſelf that this will be a comfortable letter to you: but I muſt repeat, that I expect a very ſerious anſwer, and very ſober reſolutions. If I treat you like a child, conſider you have been ſo. I know I am in the right—more delicacy would appear kinder, without being ſo kind. As I wiſh and intend to reſtore and eſtabliſh your happineſs, I ſhall go thoroughly to work. You don't want an apothecary, but a ſurgeon—but I ſhall give you over at once, if you are either froward or relapſe.

Yours till then,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXI.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 24, 1755.

I DON'T doubt but you will conclude that this letter, written ſo ſoon after my laſt, comes to notify a great ſea-victory, or defeat; or that the French are landed in Ireland, and have taken and fortified Cork; that they have been joined by all the wild Iriſh, who have proclaimed the pretender, and are charmed with the proſpect of being governed by a true deſcendant of the Mac-na-O's; or that the king of Pruſſia, like an unnatural ne-

[1] As viceroy.

phew,

phew, has ſeized his uncle and Schutz in a poſt-chaiſe, and obliged them to hear the rehearſal of a French opera of his own compoſing—No ſuch thing! If you will be gueſſing, you will gueſs wrong—all I mean to tell you is, that thirteen gold-fiſh, capariſoned in coats of mail, as rich as if mademoiſelle Scuderi had invented their armour, embarked laſt Friday on a ſecret expedition; which, as Mr. Weekes [1] and the wiſeſt politicians of Twickenham concluded, was deſigned againſt the iſland of Jerſey——but to their conſummate mortification, captain Chevalier is detained by a law-ſuit, and the poor Chineſe adventurers are now frying under deck below bridge.—In ſhort, if your governor is to have any gold-fiſh, you muſt come and manage their tranſport yourſelf. Did you receive my laſt letter? If you did, you will not think it impoſſible that you ſhould preſide at ſuch an embarkation.

The war is quite gone out of faſhion, and ſeems adjourned to America: though I am diſappointed, I am not ſurpriſed. You know my deſpair about this eventleſs age! How pleaſant to have lived in times when one could have been ſure every week of being able to write ſuch a paragraph as this!—We hear that the *Chriſtians* who were on their voyage for the recovery of the Holy Land, have been maſſacred in Cyprus by the natives, who were provoked at a rape and murder committed in a church by ſome young noblemen belonging to the nuntio——or—Private letters from Rome attribute the death of his holineſs to poiſon, which they pretend was given to him in the ſacrament, by the cardinal of St. Cecilia, whoſe miſtreſs he had debauched. The ſame letters add, that this cardinal ſtands the faireſt for ſucceeding to the papal tiara; though a natural ſon of the late pope is ſupported by the whole intereſt of Arragon and Naples.——Well! ſince neither the pope nor the moſt chriſtian king will play the devil, I muſt condeſcend to tell you flippancies of leſs dignity. There is a young Frenchman here, called monſieur Herault. Lady ——— carried him and his governor to ſup with her and miſs ——— at a tavern t'other night. I have long ſaid that the French were relapſed into barbarity, and quite ignorant of the world—You ſhall judge: in the firſt place, the young man was baſhful: in the next, the governor, ſo ignorant as not to have heard of women of faſhion carrying men to a tavern, thought it incumbent upon him *to do the honours* for his pupil, who was as modeſt and as much in a ſtate of nature as the ladies themſelves, and hazarded ſome familiarities with lady ———. The conſe-

[1] A carpenter at Twickenham, employed by Mr. Walpole.

quence

quence was, that the next morning ſhe ſent a card to both, to deſire they would not come to her ball that evening, to which ſhe had invited them, and to beg the favour of them never to come into her houſe again. Adieu! I am prodigal of my letters, as I hope not to write you many more.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXII.

Arlington-ſtreet, May 6, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

DO you get my letters? or do I write only for the entertainment of the clerks of the poſt-office? I have not heard from you this month! It will be very unlucky, if my laſt to you has miſcarried, as it required an anſwer, of importance to you, and very neceſſary to my ſatisfaction.

I told you of lord P——'s intended motion. He then repented, and wrote to my lady Yarmouth and Mr. Fox to mediate his pardon. Not contented with his reception, he determined to renew his intention. Sir Cordel Firebrace took it up, and intended to move the ſame addreſs in the commons, but was prevented by a ſudden adjournment. However, the laſt day but one of the ſeſſion, lord P—— read his motion, which was a ſpeech. My lord Cheſterfield (who of all men living ſeemed to have no buſineſs to defend the duke of N. after much the ſame ſort of ill uſage) ſaid the motion was improper, and moved to adjourn. T'other earl ſaid, "Then, pray, my lords, what is to become of my motion?" The houſe burſt out a-laughing: he divided it, but was ſingle. He then advertiſed his papers as loſt. Legge, in his punning ſtyle, ſaid, "My lord P—— has had a ſtroke of an apoplexy; he has loſt both his ſpeech and motion." It is now printed; but not having ſucceeded in proſe, he is turned poet—you may gueſs how good!

The Duke[1] is at the head of the regency—you may gueſs if we are afraid! Both fleets are ſailed. The night the king went, there was a magnificent ball and ſupper at Bedford-houſe. The duke was there: he was playing at

[1] William duke of Cumberland.

hazard with a great heap of gold before him: ſomebody ſaid, he looked like the prodigal ſon and the fatted calf both. In the deſſert was a model of Walton-bridge in glaſs. Yeſterday I gave a great breakfaſt at Strawberry-hill to the Bedford-court. There were the duke and ducheſs, lord Taviſtock and lady Caroline, my lord and lady Gower, lady Caroline Egerton, lady Betty Waldegrave, lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Churchill and lady Mary, Mr. Bap. Leveſon, and colonel Sebright. The firſt thing I aſked Harry was, "Does the ſun ſhine?" It did; and Strawberry was all gold, and all green. I am not apt to think people really like it, that is, underſtand it; but I think the flattery of yeſterday was ſincere; I judge by the notice the ducheſs took of your drawings. Oh! how you will think the ſhades of Strawberry extended! Do you obſerve the tone of ſatisfaction with which I ſay this, as thinking it near? Mrs. Pitt brought her French horns: we placed them in the corner of the wood, and it was delightful. Poyang has great cuſtom: I have lately given count Perron ſome gold-fiſh, which he has carried in his poſt-chaiſe to Turin: he has already carried ſome before. The Ruſſian miniſter has aſked me for ſome too, but I doubt their ſucceeding there; unleſs, according to the univerſality of my ſyſtem, every thing is to be found out at laſt, and practiſed every where.

I have got a new book that will divert you, called *Anecdotes Litteraires:* it is a collection of ſtories and bons-mots of all the French writers; but ſo many of their bons-mots are impertinencies, follies, and vanities, that I have blotted out the title, and written *Miſeres des Sçavants.* It is a triumph for the ignorant. Gray ſays, very juſtly, that learning never ſhould be encouraged, it only draws out fools from their obſcurity; and you know, I have always thought a running-footman as meritorious a being as a learned man. Why is there more merit in having travelled one's eyes over ſo many reams of papers, than in having carried one's legs over ſo many acres of ground? Adieu, my dear ſir! Pray don't be taken priſoner to France, juſt when you are expected at Strawberry!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 10, 1755.

MR. MÜNTZ[1] is arrived. I am ſorry I can by no means give any commendation to the haſty ſtep you took about him. Ten guineas were a great deal too much to advance to him, and muſt raiſe expectations in him that will not at all anſwer. You have entered into no written engagement with him, nor even ſent me his receipt for the money. My good ſir, is this the ſample you give me of the prudence and providence you have learned? I don't love to enter into the particulars of my own affairs; I will only tell you in one word, that they require great management. My endeavours are all employed to ſerve you; don't, I beg, give me reaſons to apprehend that they will be thrown away. It is much in obſcurity whether I ſhall be able to accompliſh your re-eſtabliſhment; but I ſhall go on with great diſcouragement, if I cannot promiſe myſelf that you will be a very different perſon after your return. I ſhall never have it in my power to do twice what I am now doing for you; and I chooſe to ſay the worſt before hand, rather than to reprove you for indolence and thoughtleſſneſs hereafter, when it may be too late. Excuſe my being ſo ſerious, but I find it is neceſſary.

You are not diſpleaſed with me, I know, even when I pout: you ſee I am not quite in good-humour with you, and I don't diſguiſe it; but I have done ſcolding you for this time. Indeed I might as well continue it; for I have nothing elſe to talk of but Strawberry, and of that ſubject you muſt be well wearied. I believe ſhe alluded to my diſpoſition to *pout*, rather than meant to compliment me, when my lady Townſhend ſaid to ſomebody, t'other day, who told her how well Mrs. Leneve was, and in ſpirits, "Oh! ſhe muſt be in ſpirits: why, ſhe lives with Mr. Walpole, who is ſpirit of hartſhorn!"

Princeſs Emily has been here:——Liked it? Oh no!—I don't wonder;—I never liked St. James's.—She was ſo inquiſitive and ſo curious in prying into the very offices and ſervants' rooms, that her captain Bateman was ſenſible of it, and begged Catherine not to mention it. He addreſſed himſelf

[1] Upon Mr. Bentley's recommendation, Mr. Walpole had invited Mr. Müntz from Jerſey, and he lived for ſome time at Strawberry-hill. E.

well, if he hoped to meet with taciturnity! Catherine immediately ran down to the pond, and whiſpered to all the reeds, "Lord! that a princeſs ſhould be ſuch a goſſip!"—In ſhort, Strawberry-hill is the puppet-ſhow of the times.

I have lately bought two more portraits of perſonages in Grammont, Harry Jermyn, and Chiffinch: my Arlington-ſtreet is ſo full of portraits, that I ſhall ſcarce find room for Mr. Müntz's works.

Wedneſday, 11th.

I WAS prevented from finiſhing my letter yeſterday, by what do you think? By no leſs magnificent a circumſtance than a deluge. We have had an extraordinary drought, no graſs, no leaves, no flowers; not a white roſe for the feſtival of yeſterday[1]! About four arrived ſuch a flood, that we could not ſee out of the windows: the whole lawn was a lake, though ſituated on ſo high an Ararat: preſently it broke through the leads, drowned the pretty blue bed-chamber, paſſed through ceilings and floors into the little parlour, terrified Harry, and opened all Catherine's water-gates and *ſpeech-gates*.—I had but juſt time to collect two dogs, a couple of ſheep, a pair of bantams, and a brace of gold-fiſh; for, in the haſte of my zeal to imitate my anceſtor Noah, I forgot that fiſh would not eaſily be drowned. In ſhort, if you chance to ſpy a little ark with pinnacles ſailing towards Jerſey, open the ſky-light, and you will find ſome of your acquaintance. You never ſaw ſuch deſolation! A pigeon brings word that Mabland has fared ſtill worſe: it never came into my head before, that a rainbow-office for inſuring againſt water might be very neceſſary. This is a true account of the late deluge.

Witneſs our hands,

HORACE NOAH,
CATHERINE NOAH, her ⋊ mark,
HENRY SHEM,
LOUIS JAPHET,
PETER HAM, &c.

I was going to ſeal my letter, and thought I ſhould ſcarce have any thing

[1] The pretender's birth-day.

more important to tell you than the hiſtory of the flood, when a moſt extraordinary piece of news indeed arrived—nothing leſs than a new gunpowder-plot—laſt Monday was to be the fatal day—There was a ball at Kew—Vanneſchi and his ſon, directors of the opera, two Engliſh lords and two Scotch lords are in confinement at juſtice Fielding's.—This is exactly all I know of the matter; and this weighty intelligence is brought by the waterman from my houſemaid in Arlington-ſtreet, who ſent Harry word that the town is in an uproar; and to confirm it, the waterman ſays he heard the ſame thing at Hungerford-ſtairs. I took the liberty to repreſent to Harry, that the ball at Kew was this day ſe'nnight for the prince's birth-day; that, as the Duke was at it, I imagined the Scotch lords would rather have choſen that day for the execution of their tragedy; that I believed Vanneſchi's ſon was a child, and that peers are generally confined at the Tower, not at juſtice Fielding's; beſides, that we are much nearer to Kew than Hungerford-ſtairs are.—But Harry, who has not at all recovered the deluge, is extremely diſpoſed to think Vanneſchi very like Guy Fawkes; and is ſo perſuaded that ſo dreadful a ſtory could *not* be invented, that I have been forced to believe it too: and in the courſe of our reaſoning and gueſſing, I told him, that though I could not fix upon all four, I was perſuaded that the late lord Lovat who was beheaded muſt be one of the Scotch peers, and lord A.'s ſon who is not begot, one of the Engliſh.—I was afraid he would think I treated ſo ſerious a buſineſs too ludicrouſly, if I had hinted at the ſcene of diſtreſſed friendſhip that would be occaſioned by lord H———'s examining his intimate Vanneſchi. Adieu! my dear ſir—— Mr. Fox and lady Caroline, and lord and lady Kildare are to dine here today; and if they tell Harry or me any more of the plot, you ſhall know it.

Wedneſday night.

WELL! now for the plot: thus much is true. A laundry-maid of the ducheſs of Marlborough, paſſing by the Cocoa-tree, ſaw two gentlemen go in there, one of whom dropped a letter; it was directed, *to you*. She opened it. It was very obſcure, talked of deſigns at Kew miſcarried, of new methods to be taken; and as this way of correſpondence had been repeated too often, another muſt be followed; and it told *you* that the next letter to him ſhould be in a bandbox at ſuch a houſe in the Haymarket. The ducheſs concluded it related to a gang of ſtreet-robbers, and ſent it to Fielding. He ſent to the houſe named, and did find a box and a letter, which, though obſcure, had treaſon

treaſon enough in it. It talked of a deſign at Kew miſcarried; that the opera was now the only place, and conſequently the ſcheme muſt be deferred till next ſeaſon, eſpecially as *a certain perſon* is abroad. For the other great perſon (the Duke), they are ſure of him at any time. There was ſome indirect mention too of gunpowder. Vanneſchi and others have been apprehended: but a concluſion was made, that it was a malicious deſign againſt the lord high treaſurer of the opera and his adminiſtration; and ſo they have been diſmiſſed. Macnamara,[1] I ſuppoſe you Jerſeyans know, is returned with his fleet to Breſt, leaving the tranſports ſailing to America. Lord Thanet and Mr. Stanley are juſt gone to Paris, I believe to enquire after the war.

The weather has been very bad for ſhowing Strawberry to the Kildares; we have not been able to ſtir out of doors: but to make me amends, I have diſcovered that lady Kildare is a true Sevigniſt. You know what pleaſure I have in any increaſe of our ſect; I thought ſhe grew handſomer than ever as ſhe talked with devotion of Notre Dame des Rochers. Adieu, my dear ſir!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Tell me if you receive this; for in theſe gunpowder-times to be ſure the clerks of the poſt-office are peculiarly alert.

LETTER XXIV.

Strawberry-hill, July 5, 1755.

YOU vex me exceedingly. I beg, if it is not too late, that you would not ſend me theſe two new quarries of granite; I had rather pay the original price and leave them where they are, than be encumbered with them. My houſe is already a ſtone-cutter's ſhop, nor do I know what to do with what I have got. But this is not what vexes me, but your deſiring me to traffick with Carter, and ſhowing me that you are ſtill open to any viſionary project! Do you think I can turn broker, and factor, and I don't know what? And at your time of life do you expect to make a fortune by becoming

[1] The French admiral.

ing a granite merchant? There muſt be great demand for a commodity that coſts a guinea a foot, and a month an inch to poliſh! You ſend me no drawings, for which you know I ſhould thank you infinitely, and are hunting for every thing that I would thank you for letting alone. In ſhort, my dear ſir, I am determined never to be a projector, nor to deal with projects. If you will ſtill purſue them, I muſt beg you will not only not employ me in them, but not even let me know that you employ any body elſe. If you will not be content with my plain rational way of ſerving you, I can do no better; nor can I joke upon it. I can combat any difficulties for your ſervice, but thoſe of your own raiſing. Not to talk any more croſsly, and to prevent, if I can for the future, any more of theſe expoſtulations, I muſt tell you plainly, that with regard to my own circumſtances, I generally drive to a penny, and have no money to ſpare for viſions. I do and am doing all I can for you; and let me deſire you once for all, not to ſend me any more perſons or things without aſking my conſent, and ſtaying till you receive it. I cannot help adding to the chapter of complaint * * * * *.

Theſe, my dear ſir, are the imprudent difficulties you draw me into, and which almoſt diſcourage me from proceeding in your buſineſs. If you anticipate your revenue, even while in Jerſey, and build caſtles in the air before you have repaſſed the ſea, can I expect that you will be a better œconomiſt either of your fortune or your prudence here? I beg you will preſerve this letter, ungracious as it is, becauſe I hope it will ſerve to prevent my writing any more ſuch——

Now to Mr. Müntz:—Hitherto he anſwers all you promiſed and vowed for him: he is very modeſt, humble, and reaſonable; and has ſeen ſo much and knows ſo much of countries and languages, that I am not likely to be ſoon tired of him. His drawings are very pretty: he has done two views of Strawberry that pleaſe me extremely: his landſcape and trees are much better than I expected. His next work is to be a large picture from your Mabland for Mr. Chute, who is much content with him: he goes to the Vine in a fortnight or three weeks. We came from thence the day before yeſterday. I have drawn up an *inventionary* of all I propoſe he ſhould do there; the computation goes a little beyond five thouſand pounds; but he does not go half ſo faſt as my impatience demands: he is ſo reaſonable, and will think of dying, and of the gout, and of twenty diſagreeable things that one muſt do and have, that he takes no joy in planting

and future views, but diſtreſſes all my rapidity of ſchemes. Laſt week we were at my ſiſter's at Chaffont in Buckinghamſhire, to ſee what we could make of it; but it wants ſo much of every thing, and would require ſo much more than an inventionary of five thouſand pounds, that we decided nothing, except that Mr. Chute has deſigned the prettieſt houſe in the world for them. We went to ſee the objects of the neighbourhood, Bulſtrode and Latimers. The former is a melancholy monument of Dutch magnificence: however, there is a brave gallery of old pictures, and a chapel with two fine windows of modern painted-glaſs. The ceiling was formerly decorated with the aſſumption, or rather *preſumption*, of chancellor Jeffries, to whom it belonged; but a very judicious fire hurried him ſomewhere elſe. Latimers belongs to Mrs. Cavendiſh. I have lived there formerly with Mr. Conway, but it is much improved ſince; yet the river ſtops ſhort at an hundred yards juſt under your eye, and the houſe has undergone Batty Langley-diſcipline: half the ornaments are of his baſtard Gothic, and half of Hallet's mungrel Chineſe. I want to write over the doors of moſt modern edifices, *Repaired and beautified, Langley and Hallet churchwardens.* The great dining-room is hung with the paper of my ſtaircaſe, but not ſhaded properly like mine. I was much more charmed lately at a viſit I made to the Cardigans at Blackheath. Would you believe that I had never been in Greenwich-park? I never had, and am tranſported! Even the glories of Richmond and Twickenham hide their diminiſhed rays.—Yet nothing is equal to the faſhion of this village: Mr. Müntz ſays we have more coaches than there are in half France. Mrs. Pritchard has bought Ragman's caſtle, for which my lord Litchfield could not agree. We ſhall be as celebrated as Baiæ or Tivoli; and, if we have not ſuch ſonorous names as they boaſt, we have very famous people: Clive and Pritchard, actreſſes; Scott and Hudſon, painters; my lady Suffolk, famous in her time; Mr. H——, the impudent lawyer, that Tom Hervey wrote againſt; Whitehead, the poet —and Cambridge, the every thing. Adieu! my dear ſir—I know not one ſyllable of news.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Strawberry-hill, July 17, 1755.

TO be ſure, war is a dreadful calamity, &c.! But then it is a very comfortable commodity for writing letters and writing hiſtory; and as one did not contribute to make it, why, there is no harm in being a little amuſed with looking on: and if one can but keep the pretender on t'other ſide Derby, and keep Arlington-ſtreet and Strawberry-hill from being carried to Paris, I know nobody that would do more to promote peace, or that will bear the want of it with a better grace than myſelf. If I don't ſend you an actual declaration of war in this letter, at leaſt you perceive I am the harbinger of it. An account arrived yeſterday morning, that Boſcawen had miſſed the French fleet, who are got into Cape Breton; but two of his captains attacked three of their ſquadron and have taken two, with ſcarce any loſs. This is the third time one of the French captains has been taken by Boſcawen.

Mr. Conway is arrived from Ireland, where the triumphant party are what parties in that ſituation generally are, unreaſonable and preſumptuous. They will come into no terms without a ſtipulation that the primate[1] ſhall not be in the regency. This is a bitter pill to digeſt—but muſt not it be ſwallowed? Have we heads to manage a French war and an Iriſh civil war too?

There are little domeſtic news. If you inſiſt upon ſome, why, I believe I could perſuade ſomebody or other to hang themſelves; but that is ſcarce an article uncommon enough to ſend croſs the ſea. For example, the rich ———, whoſe brother died of the ſmall-pox a year ago, and left him 400,000*l.* had a fit of the gout laſt week, and ſhot himſelf. I only begin to be afraid that it ſhould grow as neceſſary to ſhoot one's ſelf here, as it is to go into the army in France. Sir Robert Browne has loſt his laſt daughter, to whom he could have given eight thouſand pounds a-year. When I tell theſe riches and madneſſes to Mr. Müntz, he ſtares ſo, that I ſometimes fear he thinks I mean to impoſe on him. It is cruel to a perſon who collects the follies of the age for the information of poſterity, to have one's veracity doubted: it is the truth of them that makes them

[1] Dr. Stone.

worth notice. Charles Townſhend marries the great dowager Dalkeith:—his parts and preſumption are prodigious. He wanted nothing but independence to let him looſe: I propoſe great entertainment from him; and now, perhaps, the times will admit it! There may be ſuch things again as parties—odd evolutions happen. The ballad I am going to tranſcribe for you is a very good comment on ſo common-place a text. My lord Bath, who was brought hither by my lady Hervey's and Billy Briſtow's reports of the charms of the place, has made the following ſtanzas, to the old tune which you remember of Rowe's ballad on Doddington's Mrs. Strawbridge:

I.

Some talk of Gunnerſbury,
For Sion ſome declare;
And ſome ſay, that with Chiſwick-houſe
No villa can compare:
But all the beaux of Middleſex,
Who know the country well,
Say, that Strawberry-hill, that Strawberry
Doth bear away the bell.

II.

Though Surry boaſts its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept ſo jim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
'Tis but a dainty whim;
For aſk the gallant Briſtow,
Who does in taſte excell,
If Strawberry-hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell.

Can there be an odder revolution of things, than that the printer of the Craftſman[1] ſhould live in a houſe of mine, and that the author of the Craftſman ſhould write a panegyric on a houſe of mine?

[1] One Franklyn, who occupied the cottage in the encloſure which Mr. Walpole afterwards called the Flower-garden at Strawberry-hill.—When he bought the ground on which this tenement ſtood, he allowed Franklyn to continue to occupy it during his life. E.

I dined

I dined yeſterday at Wanſtead: many years have paſſed ſince I ſaw it. The diſpoſition of the houſe and the proſpect are better than I expected, and very fine: the garden, which they tell you coſt as much as the houſe, that is, 100,000*l.* (don't tell Mr. Müntz) is wretched; the furniture fine, but totally without taſte: ſuch continences and incontinences of Scipio and Alexander, by I don't know whom! ſuch flame-coloured gods and goddeſſes, by Kent! ſuch family-pieces, by—I believe the late earl himſelf, for they are as ugly as the children that he really begot! The whole great apartment is of oak, finely carved, unpainted, and has a charming effect. The preſent earl is the moſt generous creature in the world: in the firſt chamber I entered he offered me four marble tables that lay in caſes about the room: I compounded, after forty refuſals of every thing I commended, to bring away only a haunch of veniſon: I believe he has not had ſo cheap a viſit a good while. I commend myſelf, as I ought; for, to be ſure, there were twenty ebony chairs, and a couch, and a table, and a glaſs, that would have tried the virtue of a philoſopher of double my ſize! After dinner we dragged a gold-fiſh-pond for my lady F. and lord S. I could not help telling my lord Tilney, that they would certainly burn the poor fiſh for the gold, like old lace. There arrived a marquis St. Simon, from Paris, who underſtands Engliſh, and who has ſeen your book of deſigns for Gray's Odes: he was much pleaſed at meeting me, to whom the individual cat belonged—and you may judge whether I was pleaſed with him. Adieu! my dear ſir.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 4, 1755, between 11 and 12 at night.

I CAME from London to-day, and am juſt come from ſupping at Mrs. Clive's, to write to you by the fire-ſide. We have been exceedingly troubled for ſome time with St. Swithin's diabetes, and have not a dry thread in any walk about us. I am not apt to complain of this malady, nor do I: it keeps us green at preſent, and will make our ſhades very thick, againſt we are fourſcore, and fit to enjoy them. I brought with me your two letters of

July 30 and Auguſt 1; a ſight I have not ſeen a long time!—But, my dear ſir, you have been hurt at my late letters. Do let me ſay thus much in excuſe for myſelf. You know how much I value, and what real and great ſatisfaction I have in your drawings. Inſtead of pleaſing me with ſo little trouble to yourſelf, do you think it was no mortification to receive every thing but your drawings? to find you full of projects, and, I will not ſay, with ſome imprudences!—But I have done on this ſubject—my friendſhip will always be the ſame for you; it will only act with more or leſs cheerfulneſs, as you uſe your common ſenſe or your diſpoſition to chimerical ſchemes and careleſſneſs. To give you all the preſent ſatisfaction in my power, I will tell you * * * * * *

I think your good-nature means to reproach me with having dropped any hint of finding amuſement in contemplating a war. When one would not do any thing to promote it, when one would do any thing to put a period to it, when one is too inſignificant to contribute to either, I muſt own I ſee no blame in thinking an active age more agreeable to live in, than a ſoporific one.—But, my dear ſir, I muſt adopt *your* patriotiſm—Is not it laudable to be revived with the revival of Britiſh glory? Can I be an indifferent ſpectator of the triumphs of my country? Can I help feeling a tattoo at my heart, when the duke of Newcaſtle makes as great a figure in hiſtory as Burleigh or Godolphin—nay, as queen Beſs herſelf?—She gained no battles in perſon; ſhe was only the actuating genius. You ſeem to have heard of a proclamation of war, of which we have not heard; and not to have come to the knowledge of taking of Beau Sejour by colonel Monckton. In ſhort, the French and we ſeem to have croſſed over and figured in, in politics. Mirepoix complained grievouſly that the duke of N. had over-reached him—But he is to be forgiven in ſo good a cauſe! It is the firſt perſon he ever deceived!—I am preparing a new folio for heads of the heroes that are to bloom in mezzotinto from this war. At preſent my chief ſtudy is Weſt-Indian hiſtory. You would not think me very ill-natured if you knew all I feel at the cruelty and villainy of European ſettlers—But this very morning I found that part of the purchaſe of Maryland from the ſavage proprietors (for wē do not maſſacre, wē are ſuch good chriſtians as only to cheat) was a quantity of vermilion and a parcel of Jews-harps!

Indeed, if I pleaſed, I might have another ſtudy; it is my fault if I am not a commentator and a corrector of the preſs. The marquis de St. Simon, whom

whom I mentioned to you, at a very firſt viſit propoſed to me to look over a tranſlation he had made of The Tale of a Tub—the propoſal was ſoon followed by a folio, and a letter of three ſides to preſs me ſeriouſly to reviſe it. You ſhall judge of my ſcholar's competence. He tranſlates *L'Eſtrange*, *Dryden* and others, *l'etrange*, *Dryden*, &c. Then in the deſcription of the taylor as an idol, and his gooſe as the ſymbol; he ſays in a note, that the *gooſe* means the dove, and is a concealed ſatire on the holy ghoſt.—It put me in mind of the Dane, who talking of orders to a Frenchman, ſaid—"Notre St. eſprit eſt un elephant."

Don't think, becauſe I prefer your drawings to every thing in the world, that I am ſuch a churl as to refuſe Mrs. B.'s partridges: I ſhall thank her very much for them. You muſt excuſe me, if I am vain enough to be ſo convinced of my own taſte, that all the neglect that has been thrown upon your deſigns cannot make me think I have over-valued them. I muſt think that the ſtates of Jerſey who execute your town-houſe, have much more judgment than all our connoiſſeurs. When I every day ſee Greek, and Roman, and Italian, and Chineſe, and Gothic architecture embroidered and inlaid upon one another, or called by each other's names, I can't help thinking that the grace and ſimplicity and truth of your taſte, in whichever you undertake, is real taſte. I go farther: I wiſh you would know in what you excel, and not be hunting after twenty things unworthy your genius. If flattery is my turn, believe this to be ſo.

Mr. Müntz is at the Vine, and has been ſome time. I want to know more of this hiſtory of the German: I do aſſure you, that I like both his painting and behaviour—but if any hiſtory of any kind is to accompany him, I ſhall be moſt willing to part with him. However I may divert myſelf as a ſpectator of broils, believe me I am thoroughly ſick of having any thing to do in any. Thoſe in a neighbouring iſland are likely to ſubſide—and, contrary to cuſtom, the *prieſt*[1] himſelf is to be the *ſacrifice*.

I have contracted a ſort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbour. He affects to ſtudy my taſte: I lay it all upon you—he admires you. He is building a grateful temple to Shakeſpeare: I offered him this motto:

[1] The primate of Ireland.

Quod ſpiro et placeo, ſi placeo tuum eſt. Don't be ſurpriſed if you ſhould hear of me as a gentleman coming upon the ſtage next winter for my diverſion.—The truth is, I make the moſt of this acquaintance to protect my poor neighbour at *Clivden*—you underſtand the conundrum, *Clive's den.*

Adieu, my dear ſir! Need I repeat aſſurances? If I need, believe that nothing that can tend to your recovery has been or ſhall be neglected by me. You may truſt me to the utmoſt of my power—beyond that, what can I do? Once more, adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 15, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I wrote to you ſo lately, and have certainly nothing new to tell you, I can't help ſcribbling a line to you to-night, as I am going to Mr. Rigby's for a week or ten days, and muſt thank you firſt for the three pictures. One of them charms me, the Mount Orgueil, which is abſolutely fine; the ſea, and ſhadow upon it, are maſterly. The other two I don't, at leaſt won't, take for finiſhed. If you pleaſe, Elizabeth Caſtle ſhall be Mr. Müntz's performance: indeed I ſee nothing of you in it. I do reconnoitre you in the Hercules and Neſſus; but in both, your colours are dirty, careleſsly dirty: in your diſtant hills you are improved, and not hard. The figures are too large—I don't mean in the Elizabeth Caſtle, for there they are neat; but the centaur, though he dies as well as Garrick can, is outrageous. Hercules and Deianira are by no means ſo: he is ſentimental, and ſhe moſt improperly ſorrowful. However, I am pleaſed enough to beg you would continue. As ſoon as Mr. Müntz returns from the Vine you ſhall have a ſupply of colours. In the mean time, why give up the good old trade of drawing? Have you no Indian ink, no ſoot-water, no ſnuff, no coat of onion, no juice of any thing? If you love me, draw: you would, if you knew the real pleaſure you can give me. I have been ſtudying all your

 drawings;

drawings ; and next to architecture and trees, I determine that you ſucceed in nothing better than animals. Now (as the newſpapers ſay) the late ingenious Mr. Seymour is dead, I would recommend horſes and greyhounds to you. I ſhould think you capable of a landſcape or two with delicious bits of architecture. I have known you execute the light of a torch or lanthorn ſo well, that if it was called Schalken, a houſe-keeper at Hampton-court or Windſor, or a Catherine at Strawberry-hill, would ſhow it, and ſay it coſt ten thouſand pounds. Nay, if I could believe that you would ever execute any more deſigns I propoſed to you, I would give you a hint for a picture that ſtruck me t'other day in Pereſixe's Life of Henry IV. He ſays, the king was often ſeen lying upon a common ſtraw bed among the ſoldiers, with a piece of brown bread in one hand, and a bit of charcoal in t'other, to draw an encampment, or town that he was beſieging. If this is not character and a picture, I don't know what is.

I dined to-day at Garrick's: there were the duke of Grafton, lord and lady Rochford, lady Holderneſs, the crooked Moſtyn, and Dabreu the Spaniſh miniſter ; two regents, of which one is lord chamberlain, the other groom of the ſtole ; and the wife of a ſecretary of ſtate. This is being ſur un aſſez bon ton for a player ! Don't you want to aſk me how I like him ? Do want, and I will tell you—I like her exceedingly ; her behaviour is all ſenſe, and all ſweetneſs too. I don't know how, he does not improve ſo faſt upon me : there is a great deal of parts and vivacity and variety, but there is a great deal too of mimicry and burleſque. I am very ungrateful, for he flatters me abundantly ; but unluckily I know it. I was accuſtomed to it enough when my father was firſt miniſter : on his fall I loſt it all at once : and ſince that, I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all diſputation ; with ſir Charles Williams, who has no time from flattering himſelf ; with Gray, who does not hate to find fault with me; with Mr. Conway, who is all ſincerity ; and with you and Mr. Rigby, who have always laughed at me in a good-natured way. I don't know how, but I think I like all this as well—I beg his pardon, Mr. Raſtor does flatter me ; but I ſhould be a cormorant for praiſe, if I could ſwallow it whole as he gives it me.

Sir William Yonge, who has been extinct ſo long, is at laſt dead ; and the war, which began with ſuch a flirt of vivacity, is I think gone to ſleep.

General

General Braddock has not yet ſent over to claim the ſurname of Americanus. But why ſhould I take pains to ſhow you in how many ways I know nothing?—Why; I can tell it you in one word—why, Mr. ——— knows nothing!—I wiſh you good-night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Auguſt 28, 1755.

OUR piratic laurels, with which the French have ſo much reproached us, have been exceedingly pruned! Braddock is defeated and killed, by a handful of Indians and by the baſeneſs of his own troops, who ſacrificed him and his gallant officers. Indeed, there is ſome ſuſpicion that cowardice was not the motive, but reſentment at having been draughted from Iriſh regiments.—Were ſuch a deſertion univerſal, could one but commend it? Could one blame men who ſhould refuſe to be knocked on the head for ſixpence a day, and for the advantage and dignity of a few ambitious? But in this caſe, one pities the brave young officers, who cannot ſo eaſily disfranchiſe themſelves from the prejudices of glory!—Our diſappointment is greater than our loſs: ſix-and-twenty officers are killed, who, I ſuppoſe, have not left a vaſt many fatherleſs and *widowleſs*, as an old woman told me to-day with great tribulation.—The miniſtry have a much more ſerious affair on their hands—Lord L. and lord A. have had a dreadful quarrel! Coquus teterrima belli cauſa! When lord —— ſhot himſelf, lord L. ſaid, "Well, I am very ſorry for poor ——! but it is the part of a wiſe man to make the beſt of every misfortune —I ſhall now have the beſt cook in England." This was uttered before lord A. Joras[2], who is a man of extreme punctilio, as cooks and officers ought to be, would not be hired till he knew whether this lord —— would retain him. When it was decided that he would not, lord L. propoſed to hire Joras. Lord A. had already engaged him. Such a breach of friendſhip was ſoon followed by an expoſtulation (there was jealouſy of the D. of Newcaſtle's favour already under the coals): in ſhort, the nephew earl called the

[2] The name of the cook in queſtion.

favourite

favourite earl ſuch groſs names, that it was well they were miniſters! otherwiſe, as Mincing ſays, "*I vow, I believe they muſt have fit.*" The public, that is, half-a-dozen toad-eaters, have great hopes that the preſent unfavourable poſture of affairs in America will tend to cement this breach, and that *we* ſhall all unite hand and heart againſt the common enemy.

I returned the night before laſt from my peregrination. It is very unlucky for me that no crown of martyrdom is entailed on zeal for antiquities; I ſhould be a rubric martyr of the firſt claſs. After viſiting the new ſalt-water baths at Harwich, (which, next to horſe-racing, grows the moſt faſhionable reſource for people *who want to get out of town, and who love the country and retirement!*) I went to ſee Orford caſtle, and lord Hertford's at Sudborn. The one is a ruin, and the other ought to be ſo. Returning in a one-horſe-chair over a wild vaſt heath, I went out of the road to ſee the remains of Buttley-abbey; which however I could not ſee: for, as the keys of Orford caſtle were at Sudborn, ſo the keys of Buttley were at Orford! By this time it was night; we loſt our way, were in exceſſive rain for above two hours, and only found our way to be overturned into the mire the next morning going into Ipſwich. Since that I went to ſee an old houſe built by ſecretary Naunton[1]. His deſcendant, who is a ſtrange retired creature, was unwilling to let us ſee it; but we did, and little in it worth ſeeing. The houſe never was fine, and is now out of repair; has a bed with ivory pillars and looſe rings, preſented to the ſecretary by ſome German prince or German artiſt; and a ſmall gallery of indifferent portraits, among which there are ſcarce any worth notice but of the earl of Northumberland, Anna Bullen's lover, and of ſir Antony Wingfield; who having his hand tucked into his girdle, the houſekeeper told us, had had his fingers cut off by Harry VIII. But Harry VIII. was not a man pour s'arrêter à ces minuties là! While we waited for leave to ſee the houſe, I ſtrolled into the church-yard, and was ſtruck with a little door open into the chancel, through the arch of which I diſcovered croſs-legged knights and painted tombs! In ſhort, there are no leſs than eight conſiderable monuments, very perfect, of Wingfields, Nauntons, and a ſir John Boynet and his wife, as old as Richard the ſecond's

[1] Sir Robert Naunton, maſter of the court of wards. He wrote Anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth and her favourites.—Of his ſtyle in this work the following is a ſpecimen: In page 1ſt he ſays of Q. Elizabeth, that "on the ſide of her father was diſembogued into her veins, by a confluence of blood, the very abſtract of all the greateſt houſes in Chriſtendom." E.

time. But what charmed me ſtill more, were two figures of ſecretary Naunton's father and mother in the window in painted glaſs, near two feet high, and by far the fineſt painting on glaſs I ever ſaw. His figure, in a puffed doublet, breeches and bonnet, and cloak of ſcarlet and yellow, is abſolutely perfect: her ſhoulder is damaged. This church, which is ſcarce bigger than a large chapel, is very ruinous, though containing ſuch treaſures! Beſides theſe, there are braſſes on the pavement with a ſucceſſion of all the wonderful head-dreſſes, which our *plain virtuous* grandmothers invented to tempt our rude and ſimple anceſtors.—I don't know what our nobles might be, but I am ſure the milliners three or four hundred years ago muſt have been more accompliſhed in the arts, as Prynne calls them, of criſping, curling, frizzling, and frouncing, than all the tirewomen of Babylon, modern Paris, or modern Pall-Mall. Dame Winifred Boynet, whom I mentioned above, is accoutred with the coiffure called piked horns, which, if there were any ſigns in Lothbury and Eaſtcheap, muſt have bruſhed them about ſtrangely, as their ladyſhips rode behind their gentlemen uſhers! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIX.

Strawberry-hill, September 18, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER an expectation of ſix weeks, I have received a letter from you, dated Auguſt 23d. Indeed I did not impute any neglect to you; I knew it aroſe from the war; but Mr. S—— tells me the pacquets will now be more regular——Mr. S—— tells me!—What, has he been in town, or at Strawberry?—No; but I have been at Southampton: I was at the Vine; and on the arrival of a few fine days, the firſt we have had this ſummer, after a deluge, Mr. Chute perſuaded me to take a jaunt to Wincheſter and Netley-abbey, with the latter of which he is very juſtly enchanted.

I was diſappointed in Wincheſter: it is a paltry town, and ſmall: king Charles the ſecond's houſe is the worſt thing I ever ſaw of ſir Chriſtopher Wren, a mixture of a town-hall and an hoſpital; not to mention the bad choice

choice of the ſituation in ſuch a country; it is all *ups* that ſhould be *downs*. I talk to you as ſuppoſing that you never have been at Wincheſter, though I ſuſpect you have, for the entrance of the cathedral is the very idea of that of Mabland. I like the ſmugneſs of the cathedral, and the profuſion of the moſt beautiful Gothic tombs. That of cardinal Beaufort is in a ſtyle more free and of more taſte than any thing I have ſeen of the kind. His figure confirms me in my opinion that I have ſtruck out the true hiſtory of the picture that I bought of Robinſon; and which I take for the marriage of Henry VI. Beſides the monuments of the Saxon kings, of Lucius, William Rufus, his brother, &c. there are thoſe of ſix ſuch great or conſiderable men as Beaufort, William of Wickham, him of Wainfleet, the biſhops Fox and Gardiner, and my lord treaſurer Portland—How much power and ambition under half-a-dozen ſtones! I own, I grow to look on tombs as laſting manſions, inſtead of obſerving them for curious pieces of architecture!——Going into Southampton, I paſſed Bevis-mount, where my lord Peterborough

Hung his trophies o'er his garden gate;

but general Mordaunt was there, and we could not ſee it. We walked long by moon-light on the terraſs along the beach—Gueſs, if we talked of and wiſhed for you! The town is crowded; ſea-baths are eſtabliſhed there too. But how ſhall I deſcribe Netley to you? I can only, by telling you that it is the ſpot in the world for which Mr. Chute and I wiſh. The ruins are vaſt, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs pendent in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows wrapped round and round with ivy—many trees are ſprouted up amongſt the walls, and only want to be increaſed with cypreſſes! A hill riſes above the abbey, encircled with wood: the fort, in which We would build a tower for habitation, remains with two ſmall platforms. This little caſtle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of the hill: on each ſide breaks in the view of the Southampton-ſea, deep blue, gliſtering with ſilver and veſſels; on one ſide terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calſhot-caſtle; and the Iſle of Wight riſing above the oppoſite hills.—In ſhort, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradiſe——Oh! the purple abbots, what a ſpot had they choſen to ſlumber in! The ſcene is ſo beautifully tranquil, yet ſo lively, that they ſeem only to have *retired into* the world.

I know nothing of the war, but that we catch little French ſhips like crawfiſh. They have taken one of ours with governor —— going to ———. He is a very worthy young man, but ſo ſtiffened with ſir ——'s old fuſtian, that I am perſuaded he is at this minute in the citadel of Nantes, comparing himſelf to Regulus.

Gray has lately been here. He has begun an ode, which if he finiſhes equally, will, I think, inſpirit all your drawing again. It is founded on an old tradition of Edward I. putting to death the Welſh bards. Nothing but you, or Salvator Roſa, and Nicolo Pouſſin, can paint up to the expreſſive horror and dignity of it. Don't think I mean to flatter you; all I would ſay is, that now the two latter are dead, you muſt of neceſſity be Gray's painter. In order to keep your talent alive, I ſhall next week ſend you flake white, bruſhes, oil, and the incloſed directions from Mr. Müntz, who is ſtill at the Vine, and whom, for want of you, we labour hard to form. I ſhall put up in the parcel two or three prints of my eagle, which, as you never would draw it, is very moderately performed; and yet the drawing was much better than the engraving. I ſhall ſend you too a trifling ſnuff-box, only as a ſample of the new manufacture at Batterſea, which is done with copper-plates. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, where I cannot ſay any works go on in proportion to my impatience. I have left him an *inventionary* of all I want to have done there; but I believe it may be bound up with the century of projects of that fooliſh marquis of Worceſter, who printed a catalogue of titles of things, which he gave no directions to execute, nor I believe could. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXX.

Arlington-ſtreet, September 30, 1755.

SOLOMON ſays, ſomewhere or other, I think it is in Caſtelvetro's, or Caſtelnuovo's, edition—is not there ſuch a one?—that the infatuation of a nation for a fooliſh miniſter is like that of a lover for an ugly woman: when once he opens his eyes, he wonders what the devil bewitched him.

This

This is the text to the preſent ſermon in politics, which I ſhall not divide under three heads, but tell you at once, that no miniſter was ever nearer the precipice than ours has been. I did tell you, I believe, that Legge had refuſed to ſign the warrant for the Heſſian ſubſidy: in ſhort, he heartily reſented the quick coldneſs that followed his exaltation, waited for an opportunity of revenge, found this; and to be ſure no vengeance ever took ſpeedier ſtrides. All the world revolted againſt ſubſidiary treaties; nobody was left to defend them but Murray, and he did not care to venture. Offers of graciouſneſs, of cabinet counſellor, of chancellor of the exchequer, were made to right and left. Dr. Lee was conſcientious; Mr. Pitt might be brought in compliment to his M. to digeſt one——But a ſyſtem of ſubſidies!—Impoſſible! In ſhort, the very firſt miniſterſhip was offered to be made over to my lord Granville—He begged to be excuſed—he was not fit for it.—Well! you laugh: all this is fact. At laſt we were forced to ſtrike ſail to Mr. Fox: he is named for ſecretary of ſtate, with not only the lead, but the power of the houſe of commons. You aſk, in the room of which ſecretary? What ſignifies of which? Why, I think of ſir Thomas Robinſon, who returns to his wardrobe, and lord Barrington comes into the war-office. This is the preſent ſtate of things in this grave reaſonable iſland: the union hug like two cats over a ſtring; the reſt are arming for oppoſition——But I will not promiſe you any more warlike winters; I remember how ſoon the campaign of the laſt was addled.

In Ireland, Mr. Conway has pacified all things: the Iriſh are to get as drunk as ever to the glorious and immortal memory of king George, and the prerogative is to be exalted as high as ever, by being obliged to give up the primate.——There! I think I have told you volumes: yet I know you will not be content; you will want to know ſomething of the war and of America: but I aſſure you it is not the bon-ton to talk of either this week. We think not of the former, and of the latter we ſhould think to very little purpoſe, for we have not heard a ſyllable more; Braddock's defeat ſtill remains in the ſituation of the longeſt battle that ever was fought with nobody. Content your Engliſh ſpirit with knowing that there are very near three thouſand French priſoners in England, taken out of ſeveral ſhips.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXI.

Arlington-ſtreet, October 19, 1755.

DO you love royal quarrels? You may be ſerved—I know you don't love an invaſion—nay, that even paſſes my taſte; *it will make too much party.* In ſhort, the lady dowager Prudence begins to ſtep a little over the threſhold of that diſcretion which ſhe has always hitherto ſo ſanctimoniouſly obſerved. She is ſuſpected of ſtrange whims; ſo ſtrange, as neither to like more German ſubſidies or more German matches. A ſtrong faction, profeſſedly againſt the treaties [1], openly againſt Mr. Fox, and covertly under the banners of the aforeſaid *lady Prudence*, arm from all quarters againſt the opening of the ſeſſion. Her ladyſhip's eldeſt boy declares violently againſt being *bewolfenbuttled*—a word which I don't pretend to underſtand, as it is not in Mr. Johnſon's new dictionary. There! now I have been as enigmatic as ever I have accuſed you of being; and hoping you will not be able to expound my German hieroglyphics, I proceed to tell you in plain Engliſh that we are going to be invaded. I have within this day or two ſeen grandees of ten, twenty, and thirty thouſand pounds a year, who are in a mortal fright: conſequently, it would be impertinent in much leſs folk to tremble—and accordingly they don't. At court there is no doubt but an attempt will be made before Chriſtmas.—I find valour is like virtue: impregnable as they boaſt themſelves, it is diſcovered that on the firſt attack both lie ſtrangely open! They are raiſing more men, camps are to be formed in Kent and Suſſex, the duke of Newcaſtle is frightened out of his wits, which though he has loſt ſo often you know he always recovers, and as freſh as ever. Lord E. deſpairs of the commonwealth; and I am going to fortify my caſtle of Strawberry, according to an old charter I ſhould have had, for embattling and making a deep ditch—But here am I laughing, when I really ought to cry both with my public eye and my private one. I have told you what I think ought to ſluice my public eye: and your private eye too will moiſten, when I tell you that poor miſs Harriet Montagu [2] is

[1] Treaties of ſubſidy with the landgrave of Heſſe and the empreſs of Ruſſia for the defence of Hanover. E.

[2] Siſter to Mr. George Montagu.

dead.

dead. She died about a fortnight ago; but having nothing elſe to tell you, I would not ſend a letter ſo far with only ſuch melancholy news—and ſo, you will ſay, I ſtaid till I could tell ſtill more bad news. The truth is, I have for ſome time had two letters of yours to anſwer: it is three weeks ſince I wrote to you, and one begins to doubt whether one ſhall ever be to write again. I will hope all my beſt hopes, for I have no ſort of intention at this time of day of finiſhing either as a martyr or a hero.—I rather intend to live and record both thoſe profeſſions, if need be—and I have no inclination to ſcuttle barefoot after a duke of Wolfenbuttle's army, as Philip de Comines ſays he ſaw their graces of Exeter and Somerſet trudge after the duke of Burgundy's. The invaſion, though not much in faſhion yet, begins like Moſes's rod to ſwallow other news, both political and *ſuicidical*. Our politics I have ſketched out to you, and can only add, that Mr. Fox's miniſtry does not as yet promiſe to be of long duration. When it was firſt thought that he had got the better of the duke of Newcaſtle, Charles Townſhend ſaid admirably, that he was ſure the ducheſs, like the old cavaliers, would make a vow not to ſhave her beard till the reſtoration.

I can't recollect the leaſt morſel of a feſs or chevron of the Boynets: they did not happen to enter into any extinct genealogy for whoſe welfare I intereſt myſelf. I ſent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is ſtill under his own vine: Mr. Müntz is ſtill with him, recovering of a violent fever.—Adieu! If memoirs don't grow too memorable, I think this ſeaſon will produce a large crop.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I believe I ſcarce ever mentioned to you laſt winter the follies of the opera: the impertinences of a great ſinger were too old and too common a topic. I muſt mention them now, when they riſe to any improvement in the character of national folly. The Mingotti, a noble figure, a great miſtreſs of muſic, and a moſt incomparable actreſs, ſurpaſſed any thing I ever ſaw for the extravagance of her humours. She never ſung above one night in three, from a fever upon her temper; and never would act at all when Ricciarelli, the firſt man, was to be in dialogue with her. Her fevers grew ſo high, that the audience caught them, and hiſſed her more than once: ſhe herſelf once turned and hiſſed again—Tit pro tat geminat τον δ'απαμειβομενη.

—Well, among the treaties which a ſecretary of ſtate has negotiated this ſummer, he has contracted for a *ſuccedaneum* to the Mingotti. In ſhort, there is a woman hired to ſing when the other ſhall be out of humour!

Here is a World by lord Cheſterfield [1]: the firſt part is very pretty, till it runs into witticiſm. I have marked the paſſages I particularly like.

You would not draw Henry IV. at a ſiege for me: pray don't draw Louis XV. [2]

LETTER XXXII.

Strawberry-hill, October 31, 1755.

AS the invaſion is not ready, we are forced to take up with a victory. An account came yeſterday, that general Johnſon had defeated the French near the lake St. Sacrement, had killed one thouſand, and taken the lieutenant-general who commanded them priſoner; his name is Dieſkau, a Saxon, an eſteemed eleve of marſhal Saxe. By the printed account, which I incloſe, Johnſon ſhowed great generalſhip and bravery. As the whole buſineſs was done by irregulars, it does not leſſen the faults of Braddock, and the panic of his troops. If I were ſo diſpoſed, I could conceive that there are heroes in the world who are not quite pleaſed with this extra-martinette ſucceſs [3]—but we won't blame thoſe Alexanders, till they have beaten the French in Kent! You know it will be time enough to abuſe them, when they have done all the ſervice they can! The other incloſed paper is another World [4], by my lord Cheſterfield; not ſo pretty, I think, as the laſt; yet it has merit. While England and France are at war, and Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt going to war, his lordſhip is coolly amuſing himſelf at picquet at Bath with a Moravian baron, who would be in priſon, if his creditors did not occaſionally releaſe him to play with and cheat my lord Cheſterfield, as the only chance they have for recovering their money!

We expect the parliament to be thronged, and great animoſities. I will

[1] Number 146, of the fifth volume.

[2] Alluding to the ſubject Mr. Walpole had propoſed to him for a picture, in Letter XXVII. and to the then expected invaſion of England by Louis XV.

[3] Alluding to William duke of Cumberland.

[4] Number 148, of the fifth volume.

not ſend you one of the eggs that are laid; for ſo many political ones have been addled of late years, that I believe all the ſtate game-cocks in the world are impotent.

I did not doubt but you would be ſtruck with the death of poor B. I, t'other night, at White's, found a very remarkable entry in our very—very remarkable wager-book: "Lord —— bets ſir —— twenty guineas that Naſh outlives Cibber!" How odd that theſe two old creatures, ſelected for their antiquities, ſhould live to ſee both their wagerers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, ſtill hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to ſee him look ſo well: "'Faith," ſaid he, "it is very well that I look at all!"——I ſhall thank you for the Ormer ſhells and roots; and ſhall deſire your permiſſion to finiſh my letter already. As the parliament is to meet ſo ſoon, you are likely to be overpowered with my diſpatches.—I have been thinning my wood of trees, and planting them out more into the field: I am fitting up the old kitchen for a china-room: I am building a bed-chamber for myſelf over the old blue-room, in which I intend to die, though not yet; and ſome trifles of this kind, which I do not ſpecify to you, becauſe I intend to reſerve a little to be quite new to you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, November 16, 1755.

NEVER was poor invulnerable immortality ſo ſoon brought to ſhame! Alack! I have had the gout! I would fain have perſuaded myſelf that it was a ſprain; and, then, that it was only the gout come to look for Mr. Chute at Strawberry-hill: but none of my evaſions will do! I was, certainly, lame for two days; and though I repelled it—firſt, by getting wet-ſhod, and then by ſpirits of camphire; and though I have ſince tamed it more rationally by leaving off the little wine I drank, I ſtill know where to look for it whenever I have an occaſion for a political illneſs.—Come, my

conſtitution is not very much broken, when in four days after ſuch a mortifying attack, I could ſit in the houſe of commons, full as poſſible, from two at noon till paſt five in the morning, as we did but laſt Thurſday. The new oppoſition attacked the addreſs.—Who are the new oppoſition?—Why, the old oppoſition: Pitt and the Grenvilles; indeed, with Legge inſtead of ſir George Lyttelton. Judge how entertaining it was to me, to hear Lyttelton anſwer Grenville, and Pitt Lyttelton! The debate, long and uninterrupted as it was, was a great deal of it extremely fine: the numbers did not anſwer to the merit: the new friends, the duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Fox, had 311 to 105. The bon-mot in faſhion is, that the ſtaff was very good, but they wanted private men. Pitt ſurpaſſed himſelf, and then I need not tell you that he ſurpaſſed Cicero and Demoſthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, laboured, cabinet orations, make vis-à-vis his manly vivacity and daſhing eloquence at one o'clock in the morning, after ſitting in that heat for eleven hours! He ſpoke above an hour and a half, with ſcarce a bad ſentence: the moſt admired part was a compariſon he drew of the two parts of the new adminiſtration, to the conflux of the Rhone and the Saone; "the latter a gentle, feeble, languid ſtream, languid but not deep; the other a boiſterous and overbearing torrent: but they join at laſt; and long may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour and happineſs of this nation!" I hope you are not mean-ſpirited enough to dread an invaſion, when the ſenatorial conteſts are reviving in the temple of Concord.—*But will it make a party?* Yes, truly; I never ſaw ſo promiſing a proſpect. Would not it be cruel, at ſuch a period, to be laid up?

I have only had a note from you to promiſe me a letter; but it is not arrived:—but the partridges are, and well; and I thank you.

England ſeems *returning*[1]: for thoſe who are not in parliament, there are nightly riots at Drury-lane, where there is an anti-Gallican party againſt ſome French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till laſt night, when, being opera night, the galleries were victorious.

Montagu writes me many kind things for you: he is in Cheſhire, but

[1] He means the diſpoſition towards mobs and rioting at public places, which was then common among young men, and had been a ſort of faſhion in his early youth. E.

comes to town this winter. Adieu! I have ſo much to ſay, that I have time to ſay but very little.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. G. Selwyn hearing much talk of a ſea-war or a continent, ſaid, "I am for a ſea-war and a *continent* admiral."

LETTER XXXIV.

Arlington-ſtreet, December 17, 1755.

AFTER an immenſe interval, I have at laſt received a long letter from you, of a very old date (November 5th), which amply indemnifies my patience; nay, almoſt makes me amends for your blindneſs; for I think, unleſs you had totally loſt your eyes, you would not refuſe me a pleaſure ſo eaſy to yourſelf, as now and then ſending me a drawing.—I can't call it lazineſs—one may be too idle to amuſe one's ſelf; but ſure one is never ſo fond of idleneſs as to prefer it to the power of obliging a perſon one loves! And yet I own your letter has made me amends; the wit of your pen recompenſes the ſtupidity of your pencil; the *cæſtus* you have taken up ſupplies a little the *artem* you have relinquiſhed. I could quote twenty paſſages that have charmed me: the picture of lady Prudence and her family; your idol that gave you hail when you prayed for ſunſhine; misfortune the teacher of ſuperſtition; unmarried people being the faſhion in heaven; the *Spectator-hacked* phraſes; Mr. Spence's blindneſs to Pope's mortality; and above all, the criticiſm on the queen in Hamlet is moſt delightful. There never was ſo good a ridicule of all the formal commentators on Shakeſpear, nor ſo artful a banter on him himſelf for ſo improperly making her majeſty deal in doubles entendres at a funeral! In ſhort, I never heard as much wit except in a ſpeech with which Mr. Pitt concluded the debate t'other day on the treaties. His antagoniſts endeavour to diſarm him; but as faſt as they deprive him of one weapon, he finds a better—I never ſuſpected him of ſuch an univerſal armoury—I knew he had a Gorgon's head compoſed of bayonets and piſtols, but little thought that he could tickle to death with a feather. On the firſt debate on theſe famous treaties, laſt Wedneſday,

Hume Campbell, whom the duke of N. had retained as the moſt abuſive counſel he could find againſt Pitt (and hereafter perhaps againſt Fox), attacked the former for *eternal invectives*. Oh! ſince the laſt Philippic of Billingſgate memory, you never heard ſuch an invective as Pitt returned—Hume Campbell was annihilated! Pitt like an angry waſp ſeems to have left his ſting in the wound—and has ſince aſſumed a ſtyle of delicate ridicule and repartee——But think how charming a ridicule muſt that be that laſts and riſes, flaſh after flaſh, for an hour and a half! Some day or other perhaps you will ſee ſome of the glittering ſplinters that I gathered up. I have written under his print theſe lines, which are not only full as juſt as the original, but have not the tautology of *loftineſs* and *majeſty*:

Three orators in diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd,
The next in language, but in both the laſt:
The pow'r of nature could no farther go;
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

Indeed we have wanted ſuch an entertainment to enliven and make the fatigue ſupportable. We ſat on Wedneſday till ten at night; on Friday till paſt three in the morning; on Monday till between nine and ten. We have profuſion of orators, and many very great, which is ſurpriſing ſo ſoon after the leaden age of the late right honourable Henry Saturnus[1]! The majorities are as great as in Saturnus's *golden* age.

Our changes are begun; but not being made at once, our very changes change! Lord Duplin and lord Darlington are made joint pay-maſters: George Selwyn ſays, that no act ever ſhowed ſo much the duke of Newcaſtle's abſolute power, as his being able to make lord Darlington *a pay-maſter*. That ſo often *repatrioted* and *reproſtituted* proſtitute Doddington is again to be treaſurer of the navy: and he again drags out Harry Furneſe into the treaſury. The duke of Leeds is to be cofferer, and lord Sandwich emerges ſo far as to be chief juſtice in Eyre.—The other parts by the comedians—I don't repeat their names, becauſe perhaps the fellow that to-day is deſigned to act Guildenſtern, may to-morrow be deſtined to play

[1] Mr. Pelham.

half

half the part of the ſecond grave-digger. However, they are all to kiſs hands on Saturday. Mr. Pitt told me to-day that he ſhould not go to Bath till next week. I fancy, ſaid I, you ſcarce ſtay to kiſs hands.

With regard to the invaſion, which you are ſo glad to be allowed to fear, I muſt tell you that it is quite gone out of faſhion again, and I really believe was dreſſed up for a vehicle (as the apothecaries call it) to make us ſwallow the treaties. All along the coaſt of France they are much more afraid of an invaſion than we are!

As obliging as you are in ſending me plants, I am determined to thank you for nothing but drawings. I am not to be bribed to ſilence, when you really diſoblige me. Mr. Müntz has ordered more cloths for you. I even ſhall ſend you books unwillingly; and indeed why ſhould I? As you are ſtone blind, what can you do with them? The few I ſhall ſend you, for there are ſcarce any new, will be a pretty dialogue by Crebillon; a ſtrange imperfect poem, written by Voltaire when he was very young, which with ſome charming ſtrokes has a great deal of humour manqué and of impiety eſtropiée; and an hiſtorical romance, by him too, of the laſt war, in which is ſo outrageous a lying anecdote of old Marlborough, as would have convinced her, that when poets write hiſtory they ſtick as little to truth in proſe as in verſe. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXV.

Strawberry-hill, January 6, 1756.

I AM quite angry with you; you write me letters ſo entertaining, that they make me almoſt forgive your not drawing: now, you know, next to being diſagreeable there is nothing ſo ſhocking as being too agreeable. However, as I am a true philoſopher, and can reſiſt any thing I like, when it is to obtain any thing I like better, I declare, that if you don't coin the vaſt ingot of colours and cloth that I have ſent you, I will burn your letters unopened.

Thank

Thank you for all your concern about my gout—but I ſhall not mind you; it ſhall appear in my ſtomach, before I attempt to keep it out of it by a fortification of wine: I only drank a little two days after being very much fatigued in the houſe, and the worthy pioneer began to cry *ſwear* from my foot the next day. However, though I am determined to feel young ſtill, I grow to take the hints age gives me—I come hither oftener, I leave the town to the young; and though the buſy turn that the world has taken draws me back into it, I excuſe it to myſelf, and call it retiring into politics. From hence I muſt retire, or I ſhall be drowned; my cellars are four feet under water, the Thames gives itſelf Rhone airs, and the meadows are more flooded than when you firſt ſaw this place and thought it ſo dreary. We ſeem to have taken out our earthquake in rain: ſince the third week in June, there have not been five days together of dry weather. They tell us that at Colnbrook and Staines they are forced to live in the firſt floor. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, but I don't expect to hear from him; no poſt but a dove can get from thence. Every poſt brings new earthquakes; they have felt them in France, Sweden, and Germany:—what a convulſion there has been in nature! Sir Iſaac Newton, ſomewhere in his works, has this beautiful expreſſion, The globe will want *manum emendatricem*.

I have been here this week with only Mr. Müntz; from whence you may conclude I have been employed—Memoires thrive apace. He ſeems to wonder (for he has not a little of your indolence, I am not ſurpriſed you took to him) that I am continually occupied every minute of the day, reading, writing, forming plans: in ſhort, you know me. He is an inoffenſive good creature, but had rather ponder over a foreign gazette than a pallet.

I expect to find George Montagu in town to-morrow: his brother has at laſt got a regiment. Not content with having deſerved it, before he got it, by diſtinguiſhed bravery and indefatigable duty, he perſiſts in meriting it ſtill. He immediately, unaſked, gave the chaplainſhip (which others always ſell advantageouſly) to his brother's parſon at Greatworth. I am almoſt afraid it will make my commendation of this really handſome action look intereſted, when I add, that he has obliged me in the ſame way, by making Mr. Mann his clothier, before I had time to apply for it. Adieu! I find no news in town.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Eccardt pinx.t Heath Sculp.t

Thomas Gray.

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THOMAS GRAY,

From the Year 1753 to the Year 1768:

WITH

SOME LETTERS IN ANSWER

FROM MR. GRAY.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

AND

THOMAS GRAY,

From the Year 1753 to the Year 1768.

LETTER I.

To THOMAS GRAY.

Arlington-ſtreet, Feb. 20, 1753.

I AM very ſorry that the haſte I made to deliver you from your uneaſineſs the firſt moment after I received your letter, ſhould have made me expreſs myſelf in a manner to have the quite contrary effect from what I intended. You well know how rapidly and careleſsly I always write my letters: the note you mention was written in a ſtill greater hurry than ordinary, and merely to put you out of pain. I had not ſeen Dodſley, conſequently could only tell you that I did not doubt but he would have no objection to ſatisfy you, as you was willing to prevent his being a loſer by the plate [1]. Now, from this declaration, how is it poſſible for you to have for

[1] This was a print of Mr. Gray, after the portrait of him by Eckardt, at Strawberry-hill, from which the print prefixed to theſe letters is taken. It was intended to have been prefixed to Dodſley's 4to edition of his Odes, with Mr. Bentley's deſigns; but Mr. Gray's extreme repugnance to the propoſal obliged his friends to drop it. E.

one moment put ſuch a conſtruction upon my words, as would have been a downright ſtupid brutality, unprovoked? It is impoſſible for me to recollect my very expreſſion, but I am confident that I have repeated the whole ſubſtance.

How the bookſeller would be leſs a loſer by being at more expence, I can eaſily explain to you. He feared the price of half-a-guinea would ſeem too high to moſt purchaſers. If by the expence of ten guineas more he could make the book appear ſo much more rich and ſhowy as to induce people to think it cheap, the profits from ſelling many more copies would amply recompenſe him for his additional diſburſement.

The thought of having the head engraved was entirely Dodſley's own, and againſt my opinion, as I concluded it would be againſt yours; which made me determine to acquaint you with it before its appearance.

When you reflect on what I have ſaid now, you will ſee very clearly, that I had and could have no other poſſible meaning in what I wrote laſt. You might juſtly have accuſed me of neglect, if I had deferred giving you all the ſatisfaction in my power, as ſoon as ever I knew your uneaſineſs.

The head I give up. The title I think will be wrong, and not anſwer your purpoſe; for, as the drawings are evidently calculated for the poems, why will the improper diſpoſition of the word *deſigns* before *poems* make the edition leſs yours? I am as little convinced that there is any affectation in leaving out the *Mr.* before your names: it is a barbarous addition: the other is ſimple and claſſic; a rank I cannot help thinking due to both the poet and painter. Without ranging myſelf among claſſics, I aſſure you, were I to print any thing with my name, it ſhould be plain Horace Walpole: *Mr.* is one of the Gothiciſms I abominate[1]. The explanation[2] was certainly added for people who have not eyes:—ſuch are almoſt all who have ſeen Mr. Bentley's drawings, and think to compliment him by miſtaking them for prints. Alas! the generality want as much to have the words a man,

[1] By Mr. Walpole's having prefixed this "*Gothiciſm*" to his name in ſeveral works publiſhed ſubſequent to the date of this letter, it is to be ſuppoſed that Mr. Gray's opinion on this point had converted Mr. Walpole. E.

[2] Of Mr. Bentley's deſigns.

a cock,

a cock, written under his drawings, as under the moſt execrable hieroglyphics of Egypt, or of ſign-poſt painters!

I will ſay no more now, but that you muſt not wonder if I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do and yet feel ſo little vanity. I have uſed freedoms enough with your writings to convince you I ſpeak truth: I praiſe and ſcold Mr. Bentley immoderately, as I think he draws well or ill: I never think it worth my while to do either, eſpecially to blame, where there are not generally vaſt excellencies.—Good-night!—Don't ſuſpect me when I have no fault but impatience to make you eaſy.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

Arlington-ſtreet, Feb. 15, 1759.

THE encloſed, which I have this minute received from Mr. Bentley, explains much that I had to ſay to you—yet I have a queſtion or two more.

Who and what ſort of man is a Mr. Sharp of Benet? I have received a moſt obliging and genteel letter from him, with the very letter of Edward VI. which you was ſo good as to ſend me. I have anſwered his, but ſhould like to know a little more about him. Pray thank the dean of Lincoln too for me: I am much obliged to him for his offer, but had rather draw upon his *Lincolnſhip* than his *Cambridgehood*[1]. In the library of the former are ſome original letters of Tiptoft, as you will find in my catalogue. When Dr. Greene is there, I ſhall be glad if he will let me have them copied.

I will thank you if you will look in ſome provincial hiſtory of Ireland for Odo (Hugh) Oneil king of Ulſter. When did he live? I have got a moſt curious ſeal of his, and know no more of him than of Ouacraw king of the Pawwaws.

[1] He was maſter of Benet-college, Cambridge.

I wanted to aſk you, whether you, or any body that you believe in, believe in the queen of Scots' letter to queen Elizabeth [1].—If it is genuine, I don't wonder ſhe cut her head off—but I think it muſt be ſome forgery that was not made uſe of.

Now to my diſtreſs.—You muſt have ſeen an advertiſement, perhaps the book itſelf, the villainous book itſelf, that has been publiſhed to defend me againſt the Critical Review [2]. I have been childiſhly unhappy about it, and had drawn up a proteſtation or affidavit of my knowing nothing of it; but my friends would not let me publiſh it. I ſent to the printer, who would not diſcover the author—nor could I gueſs. They tell me nobody can ſuſpect my being privy to it: but there is an intimacy affected that I think will deceive many—and yet I muſt be the moſt arrogant fool living, if I could know and ſuffer any body to ſpeak of me in that ſtyle. For God's ſake, do all you can for me, and publiſh my abhorrence. To-day I am told that it is that puppy doctor Hill, who has choſen to make war with the magazines through my ſides. I could pardon him any abuſe, but I never can forgive this *friendſhip*. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.

YOU are very kind to enquire ſo particularly after my gout. I wiſh I may not be too circumſtantial in my anſwer: but you have tapped a dangerous topic; I can talk gout by the hour. It is my great mortification, and has diſappointed all the hopes that I had built on temperance and hardineſs. I have reſiſted like a hermit, and expoſed myſelf to all weathers and ſeaſons like a ſmuggler; and in vain. I have however ſtill ſo much of the obſti-

[1] See Murden's State Papers, page 558, for this curious letter. E.

[2] It was called "Obſervations on the account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c. &c. in article vi. of the Critical Review, N° 25, for December 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work and the honourable author of it are examined and expoſed."

nacy of both profeſſions left, that I think I ſhall continue, and cannot obey you in keeping myſelf warm. I have gone through my ſecond fit under one blanket, and already go about in a ſilk waiſtcoat with my boſom unbuttoned. In ſhort, I am as prejudiced to my regimen, though ſo ineffectual, as I could have been to all I expected from it. The truth is, I am almoſt as willing to have the gout as to be liable to catch cold; and muſt run up ſtairs and down, in and out of doors, when I will, or I cannot have the leaſt ſatisfaction. This will convince you how readily I comply with another of your precepts, walking as ſoon as I am able.—For receipts, you may truſt me for making uſe of none: I would not ſee a phyſician at the worſt, but have quacked myſelf as boldly as quacks treat others. I laughed at your idea of quality-receipts, it came ſo à-propos. There is not a man or woman here that is not a perfect old nurſe, and who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance. One inſtance ſhall ſerve: madame de Bouzols, marſhal Berwick's daughter, aſſured me there was nothing ſo good for the gout, as to preſerve the parings of my nails in a bottle cloſe ſtopped. When I try any illuſtrious noſtrum, I ſhall give the preference to this.

So much for the gout! I told you what was coming. As to the miniſtry, I know and care very little about them. I told you and told them long ago, that if ever a change happened I would bid adieu to politics for ever. Do me the juſtice to allow that I have not altered with the times. I was ſo impatient to put this reſolution in execution, that I hurried out of England before I was ſufficiently recovered. I ſhall not run the ſame hazard again in haſte; but will ſtay here till I am perfectly well, and the ſeaſon of warm weather coming on or arrived; though the charms of Paris have not the leaſt attraction for me, nor would keep me here an hour on their own account. For the city itſelf, I cannot conceive where my eyes were: it is the ugliеſt, beaſtly town in the univerſe. I have not ſeen a mouthful of verdure out of it, nor have they any thing green but their treillage and window-ſhutters. Trees cut into fire-ſhovels, and ſtuck into pedeſtals of chalk, compoſe their country. Their boaſted knowledge of ſociety is reduced to talking of their ſuppers, and every malady they have about them, or know of. The dauphin is at the point of death: every morning the phyſicians frame an account of him; and happy is he or ſhe who can produce a copy of this lie, called a *bulletin*. The night before laſt, one of theſe was produced at ſupper where I was: it was read, and ſaid he had had *une evacuation fætide*.

I beg

I beg your pardon, though you are not at ſupper. The old lady of the houſe (who by the way is quite blind, was the regent's miſtreſs for a fortnight, and is very agreeable) called out, Oh! they have forgot to mention that he threw down his chamber-pot, and was forced to change his bed. There were preſent ſeveral women of the firſt rank; as madame de la Valiere, whom you remember ducheſſe de Vaujour, and who is ſtill miraculouſly pretty though fifty-three; a very handſome madame de Forcalquier, and others—nor was this converſation at all particular to that evening.

Their gaiety is not greater than their delicacy—but I will not expatiate. In ſhort, they are another people from what they were. They may be growing wiſe, but the intermediate paſſage is dulneſs. Several of the women are agreeable, and ſome of the men; but the latter are in general vain and ignorant. The *ſçavants*—I beg their pardons, the *philoſophes*—are inſupportable, ſuperficial, overbearing and fanatic: they preach inceſſantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheiſm; you would not believe how openly—Don't wonder therefore if I ſhould return a Jeſuit. Voltaire himſelf does not ſatisfy them. One of their lady-devotes ſaid of him, *Il eſt bigot, c'ſt un deïſte.*

I am as little pleaſed with their taſte in trifles. Crebillon is entirely out of faſhion, and Marivaux a proverb: *marivauder* and *marivaudage* are eſtabliſhed terms for being prolix and tireſome.—I thought that we were fallen, but they are ten times lower.

Notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, I have found two or three ſocieties that pleaſe me; am amuſed with the novelty of the whole, and ſhould be ſorry not to have come. The Dumenil is, if poſſible, ſuperior to what you remember. I am ſorry not to ſee the Clairon; but ſeveral perſons whoſe judgments ſeem the ſoundeſt prefer the former. Preville is admirable in low comedy. The mixture of Italian comedy and comic operas prettily written, and ſet to Italian muſic, at the ſame theatre, is charming, and gets the better both of their operas and French comedy; the latter of which is ſeldom full, with all its merit. Petit-maîtres are obſolete, like our lords Foppington—Tout le monde eſt philoſophe—When I grow very ſick of this laſt nonſenſe, I go and compoſe myſelf at the Chartreuſe, where I am almoſt tempted to prefer Le Sœur to every painter I know——Yet what new old treaſures

treaſures are come to light, routed out of the Louvre, and thrown into new lumber-rooms at Verſailles!——But I have not room to tell you what I have ſeen! I will keep this and other chapters for Strawberry. Adieu! and thank you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Old Mariette has ſhown me a print by Diepenbecke of the duke and ducheſs of Newcaſtle at dinner with their family. You would oblige me, if you would look into all their graces' folios, and ſee if it is not a frontiſpiece to ſome one of them. Then he has ſuch a Petitot of madame d'Olonne! The Pompadour offered him fifty louis for it—Alack, ſo would I!

LETTER IV.

Cambridge, December 13, 1765.

I AM very much obliged to you for the detail you enter into on the ſubject of your own health: in this you cannot be too circumſtantial for me, who had received no account of you, but at ſecond hand—ſuch as, that you were dangerouſly ill, and therefore went to France; that you meant to try a better climate, and therefore ſtaid at Paris; that you had relapſed, and were confined to your bed, and extremely in vogue, and ſupped in the beſt company, and were at all public diverſions. I rejoice to find (improbable as it ſeemed) that all the wonderful part of this is ſtrictly true, and that the ſerious part has been a little exaggerated. This latter I conclude not ſo much from your own account of yourſelf, as from the ſpirits in which I ſee you write; and long may they continue to ſupport you! I mean in a reaſonable degree of elevation: but if (take notice) they are ſo volatile, ſo flippant, as to ſuggeſt any of thoſe doctrines of health, which you preach with all the zeal of a French atheiſt; at leaſt, if they really do influence your practice; I utterly renounce them and all their works. They are *evil ſpirits*, and will lead you to deſtruction.—You have long built your hopes on temperance, you ſay, and hardineſs. On the firſt point we are agreed. The ſecond has totally diſappointed you, and *therefore*

you will perſiſt in it; by all means. But then be ſure to perſiſt too in being young, in ſtopping the courſe of time, and making the ſhadow return back upon your ſun-dial. If you find this not ſo eaſy, acquieſce with a good grace in my *anilities*, put on your under-ſtockings of yarn or woollen, even in the night-time. Don't provoke me! or I ſhall order you two night-caps (which by the way would do your eyes good), and put a little of any French liqueur into your water: they are nothing but brandy and ſugar, and among their various flavours ſome of them may ſurely be palatable enough. The pain in your feet *I can* bear; but I ſhudder at the ſickneſs in your ſtomach, and the weakneſs, that ſtill continues. I conjure you, as you love yourſelf; I conjure you by Strawberry, not to trifle with theſe edge-tools. There is no cure for the gout, when in the ſtomach, but to throw it into the limbs. There is no relief for the gout in the limbs, but in gentle warmth and gradual perſpiration.

I was much entertained with your account of our neighbours. As an Engliſhman and an Antigallican, I rejoice at their dulneſs and their naſtineſs: though I fear we ſhall come to imitate them in both. Their atheiſm is a little too much, too ſhocking to rejoice at. I have been long ſick at it in their authors, and hated them for it: but I pity their poor innocent people of faſhion. They were bad enough, when they believed every thing!

I have ſearched where you directed me; which I could not do ſooner, as I was at London when I received your letter, and could not eaſily find her grace's works. Here they abound in every library. The print you aſk after is the frontiſpiece to *Nature's pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil.* But leſt there ſhould be any miſtake, I muſt tell you, the family are not at dinner, but ſitting round a rouſing fire and telling ſtories. The room is juſt ſuch a one as we lived in at Rheims: I mean as to the glazing and ceiling. The chimney is ſupported by cariatides: over the mantle-piece the arms of the family. The duke and ducheſs are crowned with laurel. A ſervant ſtands behind him, holding a hat and feather. Another is ſhutting a window. Diepenbecke delin. & (I think) S. Clouwe ſculpſ. It is a very pretty and curious print, and I thank you for the ſight of it. If it ever was a picture, what a picture to have!

I muſt

I muſt tell you, that upon cleaning an old picture here at St. John's Lodge, which I always took for a Holbein; on a ring, which the figure wears, they have found H. H. It has been always called B. V. Fiſher; but is plainly a layman, and probably ſir Anthony Denny, who was a benefactor to the college.

What is come of your Sevigné-curioſity? I ſhould be glad of a line now and then, when you have leiſure. I wiſh you well, and am ever

Yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER V.

Paris, January 25, 1766.

I AM much indebted to you for your kind letter and advice; and though it is late to thank you for it, it is at leaſt a ſtronger proof that I do not forget it. However, I am a little obſtinate, as you know, on the chapter of health, and have perſiſted through this Siberian winter in not adding a grain to my clothes, and in going open-breaſted without an under-waiſtcoat. In ſhort, though I like extremely to live, it muſt be in my own way, as long as I can: it is not youth I court, but liberty; and I think making one's ſelf tender, is iſſuing a *general warrant* againſt one's own perſon. I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſubmit to confinement, when I cannot help it; but I am indifferent enough to life not to care if it ends ſoon after my priſon begins.

I have not delayed ſo long to anſwer your letter, from not thinking of it, or from want of matter, but from want of time. I am conſtantly occupied, engaged, amuſed, till I cannot bring a hundredth part of what I have to ſay into the compaſs of a letter. You will loſe nothing by this: you know my volubility, when I am full of new ſubjects; and I have at leaſt many hours of converſation for you at my return. One does not learn a whole nation in four or five months; but, for the time, few, I believe, have ſeen, ſtudied, or got ſo much acquainted with the French as I have.

By what I ſaid of their religious or rather irreligious opinions, you muſt not conclude their people of quality, atheiſts—at leaſt not the men—Happily for them, poor ſouls! they are not capable of going ſo far into thinking. They aſſent to a great deal, becauſe it is the faſhion, and becauſe they don't know how to contradict. They are aſhamed to defend the Roman catholic religion, becauſe it is quite exploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. They hate the parliaments and the philoſophers, and are rejoiced that they may ſtill idolize royalty. At preſent too they are a little triumphant: the court has ſhown a little ſpirit, and the parliaments much leſs: but as the duc de Choiſeul, who is very fluttering, unſettled, and inclined to the philoſophers, has made a compromiſe with the parliament of Bretagne, the parliaments might venture out again, if, as I fancy will be the caſe, they are not glad to drop a cauſe, of which they began to be a little weary of the inconveniencies.

The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philoſophy and Engliſh, and ſo have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulneſs. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer aſſign any reaſon, they are contemptuous and reſerved, inſtead of being ridiculouſly, conſequently pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained ſuch a ſuperiority.—I wonder no longer, and have a little more reſpect for Engliſh *heads* than I had.

The women do not ſeem of the ſame country: if they are leſs gay than they were, they are more informed, enough to make them very converſable. I know ſix or ſeven with very ſuperior underſtandings; ſome of them with wit, or with ſoftneſs, or very good ſenſe.

Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common ſenſe than I almoſt ever met with. Great quickneſs in diſcovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeneſs—ſeldom a favourable one. She exacts and preſerves, ſpite of her birth and their nonſenſical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This ſhe acquires by a thouſand little arts and offices of friendſhip; and by a freedom and ſeverity,

which ſeems to be her ſole end of drawing a concourſe to her; for ſhe inſiſts on ſcolding thoſe ſhe inveigles to her. She has little taſte and leſs knowledge, but protects artiſans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of ſerving her dependents. She was bred under the famous madame Tencin, who adviſed her never to refuſe any man; for, ſaid her miſtreſs, though nine in ten ſhould not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be an uſeful friend. She did not adopt or reject the whole plan, but fully retained the purport of the maxim. In ſhort, ſhe is an epitome of empire, ſubſiſting by rewards and puniſhments. Her great enemy, madame du Deffand, was for a ſhort time miſtreſs of the regent, is now very old and ſtone blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, paſſions and agreeableneſs. She goes to operas, plays, ſuppers, and Verſailles; gives ſuppers twice a week; has every thing new read to her; makes new ſongs and epigrams, aye, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made theſe fourſcore years. She correſponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or any body, and laughs both at the clergy and the philoſophers. In a diſpute, into which ſhe eaſily falls, ſhe is very warm, and yet ſcarce ever in the wrong: her judgment on every ſubject is as juſt as poſſible; on every point of conduct as wrong as poſſible: for ſhe is all love and hatred, paſſionate for her friends to enthuſiaſm, ſtill anxious to be loved, I don't mean by lovers, and a vehement enemy, but openly. As ſhe can have no amuſement but converſation, the leaſt ſolitude and ennui are inſupportable to her, and put her into the power of ſeveral worthleſs people, who eat her ſuppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her becauſe ſhe has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her becauſe ſhe is not rich. She has an old friend whom I muſt mention, a monſieur Pondevelle, author of the Fat puni, and the Complaiſant, and of thoſe pretty novels, the Comte de Cominge, the Siege of Calais, and les Malheurs de l'Amour. Would not you expect this old man to be very agreeable? He can be ſo, but ſeldom is: yet he has another very different and very amuſing talent, the art of parody, and is unique in his kind. He compoſes tales to the tunes of long dances: for inſtance, he has adapted the Regent's Daphnis and Chloe to one, and made it ten times more indecent; but is ſo old and ſings it ſo well, that it is permitted in all companies. He has ſucceeded ſtill better in les caracteres de la danſe, to which he has adapted words that expreſs all the characters

of love. With all this, he has not the leaſt idea of cheerfulneſs in converſation; ſeldom ſpeaks but on grave ſubjects, and not often on them; is a humouriſt, very ſupercilious, and wrapt up in admiration of his own country, as the only judge of his merit. His air and look are cold and forbidding; but aſk him to ſing, or praiſe his works, his eyes and ſmiles open and brighten up. In ſhort, I can ſhow him to you: the ſelf-applauding poet in Hogarth's Rake's Progreſs, the ſecond print, is ſo like his very features and very wig, that you would know him by it, if you came hither—for he certainly will not go to you.

Madame de Mirepoix's underſtanding is excellent of the uſeful kind, and can be ſo when ſhe pleaſes of the agreeable kind. She has read, but ſeldom ſhows it, and has perfect taſte. Her manner is cold, but very civil; and ſhe conceals even the blood of Lorrain, without ever forgetting it. Nobody in France knows the world better, and nobody is perſonally ſo well with the king. She is falſe, artful, and inſinuating beyond meaſure when it is her intereſt, but indolent and a coward. She never had any paſſion but gaming, and always loſes. For ever paying court, the ſole produce of a life of art is to get money from the king to carry on a courſe of paying debts or contracting new ones, which ſhe diſcharges as faſt as ſhe is able. She advertiſed devotion to get made dame du palais to the queen; and the very next day this princeſs of Lorrain was ſeen riding backwards with madame Pompadour in the latter's coach. When the king was ſtabbed and heartily frightened, the miſtreſs took a panic too, and conſulted d'Argenſon, whether ſhe had not beſt make off in time. He hated her, and ſaid, By all means. Madame de Mirepoix adviſed her to ſtay. The king recovered his ſpirits, d'Argenſon was baniſhed, and la marechale inherited part of the miſtreſs's credit.——I muſt interrupt my hiſtory of illuſtrious women with an anecdote of monſieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much acquainted, and who has one of the few heads that approach to good ones, and who luckily for us was diſgraced, and the marine dropped, becauſe it was his favourite object and province. He employed Pondevelle to make a ſong on the Pompadour: it was clever and bitter, and did not ſpare even majeſty. This was Maurepas abſurd enough to ſing at ſupper at Verſailles. Baniſhment enſued; and leſt he ſhould ever be reſtored, the miſtreſs perſuaded the king that he had poiſoned her predeceſſor madame de Chateauroux. Maurepas is very agreeable, and exceedingly cheerful;

cheerful; yet I have ſeen a tranſient ſilent cloud when politics are talked of.

Madame de Boufflers, who was in England, is a ſçavante, miſtreſs of the prince of Conti, and very deſirous of being his wife. She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is galant, and ſtill has pretenſions. The upper is very ſenſible too, and has a meaſured eloquence that is juſt and pleaſing—but all is ſpoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applauſe. You would think ſhe was always ſitting for her picture to her biographer.

Madame de Rochfort is different from all the reſt. Her underſtanding is juſt and delicate; with a fineſſe of wit that is the reſult of reflection. Her manner is ſoft and feminine, and, though a ſçavante, without any declared pretenſions. She is the *decent* friend of monſieur de Nivernois, for you muſt not believe a ſyllable of what you read in their novels. It requires the greateſt curioſity, or the greateſt habitude, to diſcover the ſmalleſt connection between the ſexes here. No familiarity, but under the veil of friendſhip, is permitted, and love's dictionary is as much prohibited, as at firſt ſight one ſhould think his ritual was. All you hear, and that pronounced with nonchalance, is, that *monſieur un tel* has had *madame une telle*. The duc de Nivernois has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but, as madame Geoffrin ſays, is *manqué par tout*; *guerrier manqué*, *ambaſſadeur manqué*, *homme d'affaires manqué*, and *auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naiſſance manqué*. He would think freely, but has ſome ambition of being governor to the dauphin, and is more afraid of his wife and daughter, who are eccleſiaſtic ſagots. The former out-chatters the duke of Newcaſtle; and the latter, madame de Giſors, exhauſts Mr. Pitt's eloquence in defence of the archbiſhop of Paris. Monſieur de Nivernois lives in a ſmall circle of dependent admirers, and madame de Rochfort is high prieſteſs for a ſmall ſalary of credit.

The ducheſs of Choiſeul, the only young one of theſe heroines, is not very pretty, but has fine eyes, and is a little model in wax-work, which not being allowed to ſpeak for ſome time as incapable, has a heſitation and modeſty, the latter of which the court has not cured, and the former of which is atoned for by the moſt intereſting ſound of voice, and forgotten

in the moſt elegant turn and propriety of expreſſion. Oh! it is the gentleſt, amiable, civil, little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg! So juſt in its phraſes and thoughts, ſo attentive and good-natured! Every body loves it, but its huſband, who prefers his own ſiſter the ducheſſe de Grammont, an amazonian, fierce, haughty dame, who loves and hates arbitrarily, and is deteſted. Madame de Choiſeul, paſſionately fond of her huſband, was the martyr of this union, but at laſt ſubmitted with a good grace; has gained a little credit with him, and is ſtill believed to idolize him—But I doubt it—ſhe takes too much pains to profeſs it.

I cannot finiſh my liſt without adding a much more common character—but more complete in its kind than any of the foregoing, the marechale de Luxembourg. She has been very handſome, very abandoned, and very miſchievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers are gone, and ſhe thinks the devil is coming. This dejection has ſoftened her into being rather agreeable, for ſhe has wit and good-breeding; but you would ſwear, by the reſtleſſneſs of her perſon and the horrors ſhe cannot conceal, that ſhe had ſigned the compact, and expected to be called upon in a week for the performance.

I could add many pictures, but none ſo remarkable. In thoſe I ſend you, there is not a feature beſtowed gratis or exaggerated. For the beauties, of which there are a few conſiderable, as meſdames de Brionne, de Monaco, et d'Egmont, they have not yet loſt their characters, nor got any.

You muſt not attribute my intimacy with Paris to curioſity alone. An accident unlocked the doors for me. That *paſſe-par-tout*, called the faſhion, has made them fly open—and what do you think was that faſhion?—I myſelf—Yes, like queen Elinor in the ballad, I ſunk at Charing-croſs, and have riſen in the fauxbourg St. Germain. A *plaiſanterie* on Rouſſeau, whoſe arrival here in his way to you brought me acquainted with many anecdotes conformable to the idea I had conceived of him, got about, was liked much more than it deſerved, ſpread like wild-fire, and made me the ſubject of converſation. Rouſſeau's devotees were offended. Madame de Boufflers, with a tone of ſentiment, and the accents of lamenting humanity, abuſed me heartily, and then complained to myſelf with the utmoſt ſoftneſs. I acted contrition, but had like to have ſpoiled all, by growing dreadfully tired of a

ſecond

ſecond lecture from the prince of Conti, who took up the ball, and made himſelf the hero of a hiſtory wherein he had nothing to do. I liſtened, did not underſtand half he ſaid (nor he neither), forgot the reſt, ſaid Yes when I ſhould have ſaid No, yawned when I ſhould have ſmiled, and was very penitent when I ſhould have rejoiced at my pardon. Madame de Boufflers was more diſtreſſed, for he owned twenty times more than I had ſaid: ſhe frowned, and made him ſigns; but ſhe had wound up his clack, and there was no ſtopping it. The moment ſhe grew angry, the houſe of the lord grew charmed, and it has been my fault if I am not at the head of a numerous ſect:—but when I left a triumphant party in England, I did not come hither to be at the head of a faſhion. However, I have been ſent for about like an African prince or a learned canary-bird, and was, in particular, carried by force to the princeſs of Talmond, the queen's couſin, who lives in a charitable apartment in the Luxembourg, and was ſitting on a ſmall bed hung with ſaints and Sobieſkis, in a corner of one of thoſe vaſt chambers, by two blinking tapers. I ſtumbled over a cat, a foot-ſtool, and a chamber-pot in my journey to her preſence. She could not find a ſyllable to ſay to me, and the viſit ended with her begging a lap-dog. Thank the Lord! though this is the firſt month, it is the laſt week, of my reign; and I ſhall reſign my crown with great ſatisfaction to a bouillie of cheſnuts, which is juſt invented, and whoſe annals will be illuſtrated by ſo many indigeſtions, that Paris will not want any thing elſe theſe three weeks. I will encloſe the fatal letter[1] after I have finiſhed this enormous one; to which I will only add, that nothing has interrupted my Sevigné-reſearches but the froſt. The abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ranſack Livry. I did not tell you, that by great accident, when I thought on nothing leſs, I ſtumbled on an original picture of the comte de Grammont. Adieu! You are generally in London in March: I ſhall be there by the end of it.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The letter from the king of Pruſſia to Rouſſeau.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Feb. 14, 1768. Pembroke College.

I RECEIVED the book[1] you were ſo good to ſend me, and have read it again (indeed I could hardly be ſaid to have read it before) with attention and with pleaſure. Your ſecond edition is ſo rapid in its progreſs, that it will now hardly anſwer any purpoſe to tell you either my own objections, or thoſe of other people. Certain it is, that you are univerſally read here; but what *we* think, is not ſo eaſy to come at. We ſtay as uſual to ſee the ſucceſs, to learn the judgment of the town, to be directed in our opinions by thoſe of more competent judges. If they like you, we ſhall; if any one of name write againſt you, we give you up: for we are modeſt and diffident of ourſelves, and not without reaſon. Hiſtory in particular is not our *fort*; for (the truth is) we read only modern books and the pamphlets of the day. I have heard it objected, that you raiſe doubts and difficulties, and do not ſatisfy them by telling us what was *really* the caſe. I have heard you charged with diſreſpect to the king of Pruſſia; and above all to king William, and the revolution. Theſe are ſeriouſly the moſt ſenſible things I have heard ſaid, and all that I can recollect. If you pleaſe to juſtify yourſelf, you may.

My own objections are little more eſſential: they relate chiefly to inaccuracies of ſtyle, which either debaſe the expreſſion or obſcure the meaning. I could point out ſeveral ſmall particulars of this kind, and will do ſo, if you think it can ſerve any purpoſe after publication. When I hear you read, they often eſcape me, partly becauſe I am attending to the ſubject, and partly becauſe from habit I underſtand you where a ſtranger might often be at a loſs.

As to your arguments, moſt of the principal points are made out with a clearneſs and evidence that no one would expect where materials are ſo ſcarce. Yet I ſtill ſuſpect Richard of the murder of Henry VI. The chronicler of Croyland charges it full on him, though without a name or any mention of circumſtances. The intereſts of Edward were the intereſts of Richard too, though the throne were not then in view; and that Henry ſtill ſtood in their way, they might well imagine, becauſe, though depoſed

[1] The Hiſtoric Doubts.

and

and impriſoned once before, he had regained his liberty, and his crown; and was ſtill adored by the people. I ſhould think, from the word *tyranni*, the paſſage was written after Richard had aſſumed the crown: but, if it was earlier, does not the bare imputation imply very early ſuſpicions at leaſt of Richard's bloody nature, eſpecially in the mouth of a perſon that was no enemy to the houſe of York, nor friend to that of Beaufort?

That the ducheſs of Burgundy, to try the temper of the nation, ſhould ſet up a falſe pretender to the throne (when ſhe had the true duke of York in her hands), and that the queen mother (knowing her ſon was alive) ſhould countenance that deſign, is a piece of policy utterly incomprehenſible; being the moſt likely means to ruin their own ſcheme, and throw a juſt ſuſpicion of fraud and falſehood on the cauſe of truth, which Henry could not fail to ſeize, and turn to his own advantage.

Mr. Hume's firſt query, as far as relates to the queen-mother, will ſtill have ſome weight. Is it probable, ſhe ſhould give her eldeſt daughter to Henry, and invite him to claim the crown, unleſs ſhe had been ſure that her ſons were then dead? As to her ſeeming conſent to the match between Elizabeth and Richard, ſhe and her daughters were in his power, which appeared now well fixed, his enemies' deſigns within the kingdom being every where defeated, and Henry unable to raiſe any conſiderable force abroad. She was timorous and hopeleſs; or ſhe might diſſemble, in order to cover her ſecret dealings with Richmond: and if this were the caſe, ſhe hazarded little, ſuppoſing Richard to diſſemble too, and never to have thought ſeriouſly of marrying his niece.

Another unaccountable thing is, that Richard, a prince of the houſe of York, undoubtedly brave, clear-ſighted, artful, attentive to buſineſs; of boundleſs generoſity, as appears from his grants; juſt and merciful, as his laws and his pardons ſeem to teſtify; having ſubdued the queen and her hated faction, and been called firſt to the protectorſhip and then to the crown by the body of the nobility and by the parliament; with the common people to friend (as Carte often aſſerts), and having nothing againſt him but the illegitimate family of his brother Edward, and the attainted houſe of Clarence (both of them within his power);—that ſuch a man ſhould ſee within a few months Buckingham, his beſt friend, and almoſt all the ſouthern and

weſtern counties on one day in arms againſt him; that, having ſeen all theſe inſurrections come to nothing, he ſhould march with a gallant army againſt a handful of needy adventurers, led by a fugitive, who had not the ſhadow of a title, nor any virtues to recommend him, nor any foreign ſtrength to depend on; that he ſhould be betrayed by almoſt all his troops, and fall a ſacrifice;—all this is to me utterly improbable, and I do not ever expect to ſee it accounted for.

I take this opportunity to tell you, that Algarotti (as I ſee in the new edition of his works printed at Leghorn) being employed to buy pictures for the king of Poland, purchaſed among others the famous Holbein, that was at Venice. It don't appear that he knew any thing of your book: yet he calls it the *conſul Meyer and his family*, as if it were then known to be ſo in that city.

A young man here, who is a diligent reader of your books, an antiquary, and a painter, informs me, that at the Red-lion inn at Newmarket is a piece of tapeſtry containing the very deſign of your marriage of Henry the ſixth, only with ſeveral more figures in it, both men and women; that he would have bought it of the people, but they refuſed to part with it.

Mr. Maſon, who is here, deſires to preſent his reſpects to you. He ſays, that to efface from our annals the hiſtory of any tyrant is to do an eſſential injury to mankind: but he forgives it, becauſe you have ſhown Henry the ſeventh to be a greater devil than Richard.

Pray do not be out of humour. When you firſt commenced an author, you expoſed yourſelf to pit, box and gallery. Any coxcomb in the world may come in and hiſs, if he pleaſes; aye, and (what is almoſt as bad) clap too, and you cannot hinder him. I ſaw a little ſquib fired at you in a newſpaper by ſome of the *houſe of York*, for ſpeaking lightly of chancellors. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Arlington-ſtreet, February 18, 1768.

YOU have ſent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I ſaw *poems* by *Mr. Gray* advertiſed: I called directly at Dodſley's to know if this was to be more than a new edition? He was not at home himſelf, but his foreman told me he thought there were ſome new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without ſhowing them to me, but not to ſay a word of them in this letter. Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious, about what you write? I have ceaſed to aſk you, becauſe you have ſo long refuſed to ſhow me any thing. You could not ſuppoſe I thought that you never write. No; but I concluded you did not intend, at leaſt yet, to publiſh what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the juſtice to own that I had always rather have ſeen your writings than have ſhown you mine; which you know are the moſt haſty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the ſubject when freſh, I conſtantly forget in a very ſhort time after they are publiſhed. This would ſound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to ſay I am indifferent to fame——I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almoſt any thing I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you ſay, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as Richard and the Noble Authors were. But I doubt there is a more intrinſic fault in them; which is, that I cannot correct them. If I write tolerably, it muſt be at once; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of lord Capel and lord Peterborough, in the ſecond edition of the Noble Authors, coſt me more trouble than all the reſt together: and you may perceive that the worſt part of Richard, in point of eaſe and ſtyle, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, becauſe it was tacked on ſo long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If ſome time or other you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I ſhall be much obliged to you: at preſent I ſhall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate; nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned indeed before

hand, which was what I alluded to. Since publication (as has happened to me before) the ſucceſs has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wiſe enough to think me too free with the king of Pruſſia! A newſpaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him.—Truly, I love him as well as I do moſt kings. The greater offence is my reflection on lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraiſed him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is ſaid*, he compoſed his hiſtory. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compoſe his hiſtory. And yet I admire my lord Clarendon more than theſe pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to juſtify myſelf. I can as little ſatisfy thoſe who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I ſhall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumſtances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's proclamation was, which Speed in his hiſtory ſays is preſerved by biſhop Leſlie. If you look in Speed, perhaps you will be able to aſſiſt me.

The duke of Richmond and lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not diſculpated Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which in my own mind I believe him moſt guiltleſs. Had I thought he committed it, I ſhould never have taken the trouble to apologize for the reſt. I am not at all poſitive or obſtinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this ſtory. And I am ſo ſincere, that, except a few notes hereafter, I ſhall leave the matter to be ſettled or diſcuſſed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think only of finiſhing the two or three other things I have begun—and of thoſe, nothing but the laſt volume of painters is deſigned for the preſent public. What has one to do when turned fifty, but really think of *finiſhing ?*

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Maſon's approbation, and particularly by having had almoſt the ſame thought with him. I ſaid, "People need not be angry at my excuſing Richard ; I have not diminiſhed their fund of hatred, I have only transferred it from Richard to Henry."—Well, but I have found you cloſe with Maſon—No doubt, cry prating I, ſomething

thing will come out [1].——Oh! no—leave us, both of you, to Annabellas and Epiſtles to Ferney, that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies, to Macarony fables that are more unintelligible than Pilpay's are in the original, to Mr. Thornton's hurdy-gurdy poetry, and to Mr. ——, who has imitated himſelf worſe than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you ſhould abandon us, I could not wonder—When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own Cymons and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deſerve any thing better.

Pray read the new account of Corſica. What relates to Paoli will amuſe you much. There is a deal about the iſland and its diviſions that one does not care a ſtraw for. The author, Boſwell, is a ſtrange being, and, like ———, has a rage of knowing any body that ever was talked of. He forced himſelf upon me at Paris in ſpite of my teeth and my doors, and I ſee has given a fooliſh account of all he could pick up from me about king Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rouſſeau's account, abuſed me in the newſpapers, and exhorted Rouſſeau to do ſo too: but as he came to ſee me no more, I forgave all the reſt. I ſee he now is a little ſick of Rouſſeau himſelf, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will I am ſure entertain you.

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticized for the expreſſion *tinker up* [2] in the preface. Is this one of thoſe that you object to? I own I think ſuch a low expreſſion, placed to ridicule an abſurd inſtance of wiſe folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phraſe, and to my conception it becomes as flat as poſſible.

George Selwyn ſays I may, if I pleaſe, write hiſtoric doubts on the preſent duke of G——— too. Indeed they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly.

[1] "I found him cloſe with Swift—Indeed?—
No doubt,
(Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out." *Pope's Epiſtle to Arbuthnot.*

[2] "The want of records, of letters, of printing, of critics; wars, revolutions, factions, and other cauſes occaſioned theſe defects in ancient hiſtory. Chronology and aſtronomy are forced to *tinker up* and reconcile as well as they can thoſe uncertainties."
Preface to Hiſtoric Doubts, vol. ii. p. 106.

Will you be ſo kind as to look into Leſlie de rebus Scotorum, and ſee if Perkin's proclamation is there, and if there, how authenticated. You will find in Speed my reaſon for aſking this.

I have written in ſuch a hurry, I believe you will ſcarce be able to read my letter—and as I have juſt been writing French, perhaps the ſenſe may not be clearer than the writing. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

Pembroke-college, Feb. 25, 1768.

TO your friendly accuſation, I am glad I can plead not guilty with a ſafe conſcience. Dodſley told me in the ſpring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's deſigns were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a ſmaller ſcale for a new edition. I diſſuaded him from ſo ſilly an expence, and deſired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *Long Story* was to be totally omitted, as its only uſe (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to ſupply the place of it in bulk, leſt *my works* ſhould be miſtaken for the works of a flea, or a piſmire, I promiſed to ſend him an equal weight of poetry or proſe: ſo, ſince my return hither, I put up about two ounces of ſtuff; viz. The Fatal Siſters, The Deſcent of Odin (of both which you have copies), a bit of ſomething from the Welch, and certain little notes, partly from juſtice (to acknowledge the debt, where I had borrowed any thing), partly from ill temper, juſt to tell the gentle reader, that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor queen Elizabeth the witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this I ſhall be but a ſhrimp of an author. I gave leave alſo to print the ſame thing at Glaſgow; but I doubt my packet has miſcarried, for I hear nothing of its arrival as yet. To what you ſay to me ſo civilly, that I ought to write more, I reply in your own words (like the pamphleteer, who is going to confute you out of your own mouth), What has one to do, when, *turned of fifty*, but ſo think of finiſhing? However, I will be candid (for you ſeem to be ſo with me), and avow to you, that till fourſcore-and-ten, whenever the humour takes me, I will write,

write, becauſe I like it; and becauſe I like myſelf better when I do ſo. If I do not write much, it is becauſe I cannot. As you have not this laſt plea, I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould not continue as long as it is agreeable to yourſelf, and to all ſuch as have any curioſity or judgment in the ſubjects you chooſe to treat. By the way let me tell you (while it is freſh) that lord Sandwich, who was lately dining at Cambridge, ſpeaking (as I am told) handſomely of your book, ſaid, it was pity you did not know that his couſin Mancheſter had a genealogy of the kings, which came down no lower than to Richard III. and at the end of it were two portraits of Richard and his ſon, in which that king appeared to be a handſome man. I tell you it as I heard it: perhaps you may think it worth enquiring into.

I have looked into Speed and Leſlie. It appears very odd, that Speed in the ſpeech he makes for P. Warbeck, addreſſed to James IV. of Scotland, ſhould three times cite the *manuſcript proclamation* of Perkin, then in the hands of ſir Robert Cotton; and yet when he gives us the proclamation afterwards (on occaſion of the inſurrection in Cornwall) he does not cite any ſuch manuſcript. In Caſley's Catalogue of the Cotton Library you may ſee whether this manuſcript proclamation ſtill exiſts or not: if it does, it may be found at the Muſæum. Leſlie will give you no ſatisfaction at all: though no ſubject of England, he could not write freely on this matter, as the title of Mary his miſtreſs to the crown of England was derived from that of Henry VII. Accordingly, he every where treats Perkin as an impoſtor; yet drops ſeveral little expreſſions inconſiſtent with that ſuppoſition. He has preſerved no proclamation: he only puts a ſhort ſpeech into Perkin's mouth, the ſubſtance of which is taken by Speed, and tranſlated in the end of his, which is a good deal longer: the whole matter is treated by Leſlie very conciſely and ſuperficially. I can eaſily tranſcribe it, if you pleaſe; but I do not ſee that it could anſwer any purpoſe.

Mr. Boſwell's book I was going to recommend to you, when I received your letter: it has pleaſed and moved me ſtrangely, all (I mean) that relates to Paoli. He is a man born two thouſand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a moſt valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and ſaw with veracity. Of Mr. Boſwell's truth I have not the leaſt ſuſpicion, becauſe I am ſure he could invent nothing of this kind. The true title of this part of his work is, A Dialogue between a Green-gooſe and a Hero.

I had

I had been told of a manuſcript in Benet-library: the inſcription of it is *Itinerarium Fratris Simonis Simeonis et Hugonis Illuminatoris*, 1322. Would not one think this ſhould promiſe ſomething? They were two Franciſcan friars that came from Ireland, and paſſed through Wales to London, to Canterbury, to Dover, and ſo to France in their way to Jeruſalem. All that relates to our own country has been tranſcribed for me, and (ſorry am I to ſay) ſignifies not a halfpenny: only this little bit might be inſerted in your next edition of the Painters: Ad aliud caput civitatis (Londoniæ) eſt monaſterium nigrorum monachorum nomine Weſtmonaſterium, in quo conſtanter et communiter omnes reges Angliæ ſepeliuntur——et eidem monaſterio quaſi immediatè conjungitur illud famoſiſſimum palatium regis, in quo eſt illa vulgata camera, in cujus parietibus ſunt omnes hiſtoriæ bellicæ totius Bibliæ ineffabiliter depictæ, atque in Gallico completiſſimè et perfectiſſimè conſcriptæ, in non modicâ intuentium admiratione et maximâ regali magnificentiâ.

I have had certain obſervations on your Royal and Noble Authors given me to ſend you perhaps about three years ago: laſt week I found them in a drawer, and (my conſcience being troubled) now encloſe them to you. I have even forgot whoſe they are.

I have been alſo told of a paſſage in Ph. de Comines, which (if you know) ought not to have been paſſed over. The book is not at hand at preſent, and I muſt conclude my letter. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER IX.

Arlington-ſtreet, Friday night, Feburary 26.

I PLAGUE you to death, but I muſt reply a few more words. I ſhall be very glad to ſee in print, and to have thoſe that are worthy ſee your ancient odes; but I was in hopes there were ſome pieces too that I had not ſeen. I am ſorry there are not.

I troubled you about Perkin's proclamation, becauſe Mr. Hume lays great ſtreſs

ſtreſs upon it, and inſiſts, that if Perkin affirmed his brother was killed, it muſt have been true, if he was true duke of York. Mr. Hume would have perſuaded me that the proclamation is in Stowe, but I can find no ſuch thing there; nor, what is more, in Caſley's catalogue, which I have twice looked over carefully. I wrote to ſir David Dalrymple in Scotland, to enquire after it, becauſe I would produce it if I could, though it ſhould make againſt me: but he, I believe, thinking I enquired with the contrary view, replied very drily, that it was publiſhed at York, and was not to be found in Scotland. Whether he is diſpleaſed that I have plucked a hair from the treſſes of their great hiſtorian; or whether, as I ſuſpect, he is offended for king William; this reply was all the notice he took of my letter and book. I only ſmiled, as I muſt do when I find one party is angry with me on king William's, and the other on lord Clarendon's account.

The anſwer advertiſed is Guthrie's, who is furious that I have taken no notice of *his* Hiſtory. I ſhall take as little of his pamphlet; but his end will be anſwered, if he ſells that and one or two copies of his Hiſtory. Mr. Hume, I am told, has drawn up an anſwer too, which I ſhall ſee, and, if I can, will get him to publiſh; for, if I ſhould ever chooſe to ſay any thing more on this ſubject, I had rather reply to him than to hackney-writers:—to the latter, indeed, I never will reply. A few notes I have to add that will be very material; and I wiſh to get ſome account of a book that was once ſold at Oſborn's, that exiſts perhaps at Cambridge, and of which I found a memorandum t'other day in my note-book. It is called A paradox, or apology for Richard III. by ſir William Cornwallis. If you could diſcover it, I ſhould be much obliged to you.

Lord Sandwich, with whom I have not exchanged a ſyllable ſince the general warrants, very obligingly ſent me an account of the roll at Kimbolton; and has ſince, at my deſire, borrowed it for me and ſent it to town [1]. It is as long as my lord Lyttelton's Hiſtory; but by what I can read of it (for it is both ill written and much decayed), it is not a roll of kings, but of all that have been poſſeſſed of, or been earls of Warwick: or have not—for one of the firſt earls is Æneas. How, or wherefore, I do not know, but amongſt the firſt is Richard III. in whoſe reign it was finiſhed, and with whom it

[1] From this roll were taken the two plates of portraits in the Hiſtoric Doubts, now firſt publiſhed in this edition. E.

concludes. He is there again with his wife and ſon, and Edward IV. and Clarence and his wife, and Edward their ſon (who unluckily is a little old man), and Margaret counteſs of Saliſbury, their daughter——But why do I ſay with theſe? There is every body elſe too—and what is moſt meritorious, the habits of all the times are admirably well obſerved from the moſt ſavage ages. Each figure is tricked with a pen, well drawn, but neither coloured nor ſhaded. Richard is ſtraight, but thinner than my print; his hair ſhort, and exactly curled in the ſame manner; not ſo handſome as mine, but what one might really believe intended for the ſame countenance, as drawn by a different painter, eſpecially when ſo ſmall; for the figures in general are not ſo long as one's finger. His queen is ugly, and with juſt ſuch a ſquare forehead as in my print, but I cannot ſay like it. Nor, indeed, where forty-five figures out of fifty (I have not counted the number) muſt have been imaginary, can one lay great ſtreſs on the five. I ſhall, however, have theſe figures copied, eſpecially as I know of no other image of the ſon. Mr. Aſtle is to come to me to-morrow morning to explain the writing.

I wiſh you had told me in what age your Franciſcan friars lived; and what the paſſage in Comines is. I am very ready to make amende honorable.

Thank you for the notes on the Noble Authors. They ſhall be inſerted when I make a new edition, for the ſake of the trouble the perſon has taken, though they are of little conſequence. Dodſley has aſked me for a new edition; but I have little heart to undertake ſuch work, no more than to mend my old linen. It is pity one cannot be born an ancient, and have commentators to do ſuch jobs for one! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Saturday morning.

ON reading over your letter again this morning, I do find the age in which the friars lived—I read and write in ſuch a hurry, that I think I neither know what I read or ſay.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Pembroke-hall, March 6, 1768.

HERE is ſir William Cornwallis, entitled Eſſayes of certaine Paradoxes. 2d Edit. 1617, Lond.

King Richard III.
The French Pockes
Nothing
Good to be in debt
Sadneſſe
Julian the Apoſtate's vertues
} praiſed.

The title-page will probably ſuffice you; but if you would know any more of him, he has read nothing but the common chronicles, and thoſe without attention: for example, ſpeaking of Anne the queen, he ſays, ſhe was *barren*, of which Richard had often complained to Rotheram. He extenuates the murder of Henry VI. and his ſon: the firſt, he ſays, might be a malicious accuſation, for that many did ſuppoſe he died of mere melancholy and grief: the latter cannot be proved to be the action of Richard (though executed in his preſence); and if it were, he did it out of love to his brother Edward. He juſtifies the death of the lords at Pomfret, from reaſons of ſtate, for his own preſervation, the ſafety of the commonwealth, and the ancient nobility. The execution of Haſtings he excuſes from neceſſity, from the diſhoneſty and ſenſuality of the man: what was his crime with reſpect to Richard, he does not ſay. Dr. Shaw's ſermon was not by the king's command, but to be imputed to the preacher's own ambition: but if it was by order, *to charge his mother with adultery was a matter of no ſuch great moment, ſince it is no wonder in that ſex.* Of the murder in the Tower he doubts; but if it were by his order, the offence was to God, not to his people; and *how could he demonſtrate his love more amply, than to venture his ſoul for their quiet?* Have you enough, pray? You ſee it is an idle declamation, the exerciſe of a ſchool-boy that is to be bred a ſtateman.

I have looked in Stowe: to be ſure there is no proclamation there. Mr. Hume, I ſuppoſe, means *Speed*, where it is given, how truly I know not;

but that he had ſeen the original is ſure, and ſeems to quote the very words of it in the beginning of that ſpeech which Perkin makes to James IV. and alſo juſt afterwards, where he treats of the Corniſh rebellion.

Guthrie, you ſee, has vented himſelf in the Critical Review. His Hiſtory I never ſaw, nor is it here, nor do I know any one that ever ſaw it. He is a raſcal, but raſcals may chance to meet with curious records; and that commiſſion to ſir J. Tyrrell (if it be not a lye) is ſuch: ſo is the order for Henry the ſixth's funeral. I would by no means take notice of him, write what he would. I am glad you have ſeen the Mancheſter-roll.

It is not I that talk of Phil. de Comines; it was mentioned to me as a thing that looked like a voluntary omiſſion: but I ſee you have taken notice of it in the note to page 71, though rather too ſlightly. You have not obſerved that the ſame writer ſays, c. 55, *Richard tua de ſa main, ou fit tuer en ſa preſence, quelque lieu apart, ce bon homme le roi Henry.* Another overſight I think there is at p. 43, where you ſpeak of the *roll of parliament* and the contract with lady Eleanor Boteler, as things newly come to light; whereas Speed has given at large the ſame roll in his Hiſtory. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTERS

FROM

THOMAS GRAY

TO

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTERS

FROM

THOMAS GRAY

TO

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER I.

Cambridge, February 3, 1746.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are ſo good to enquire after my uſual time of coming to town: it is at a ſeaſon when even you, the perpetual friend of London, will, I fear, hardly be in it—the middle of June: and I commonly return hither in September; a month when I may more probably find you at home.

Our defeat to be ſure is a rueful affair for the honour of the troops; but the Duke is gone it ſeems with the rapidity of a cannon-bullet to undefeat us again. The common people in town at leaſt know how to be afraid: but we are ſuch *uncommon* people here as to have no more ſenſe of danger, than if the battle had been fought when and where the battle of Cannæ was. The perception of theſe calamities and of their conſequences, that we are ſuppoſed to get from books, is ſo faintly impreſſed, that we talk of war, famine and peſtilence with no more apprehenſion than of a broken head, or of a coach overturned between York and Edinburgh. I heard three people, ſenſible middle-aged men (when the Scotch were ſaid to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby), talking of hiring a chaiſe to go to Caxton (a place in the high road) to ſee the pretender and the highlanders as they paſſed.

I can

I can ſay no more for Mr. Pope (for what you keep in reſerve may be worſe than all the reſt). It is natural to wiſh the fineſt writer, one of them, we ever had, ſhould be an honeſt man. It is for the intereſt even of that virtue, whoſe friend he profeſſed himſelf, and whoſe beauties he ſung, that he ſhould not be found a dirty animal. But however, this is Mr. Warburton's buſineſs, not mine, who may ſcribble his pen to the ſtumps and all in vain, if theſe facts are ſo. It is not from what he told me about himſelf that I thought well of him, but from a humanity and goodneſs of heart, aye, and greatneſs of mind, that runs through his private correſpondence, not leſs apparent than are a thouſand little vanities and weakneſſes mixed with thoſe good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philoſopher.

If you know any thing of Mr. Mann's ſtate of health and happineſs, or the motions of Mr. Chute homewards, it will be a particular favour to inform me of them, as I have not heard this half-year from them.

I am ſincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER II.

January, 1747.

IT is doubtleſs an encouragement to continue writing to you, when you tell me you anſwer me with pleaſure: I have another reaſon which would make me very copious, had I any thing to ſay; it is, that I write to you with equal pleaſure, though not with equal ſpirits, nor with like plenty of materials: pleaſe to ſubſtract then ſo much for ſpirit, and ſo much for matter; and you will find me, I hope, neither ſo ſlow, nor ſo ſhort, as I might otherwiſe ſeem. Beſides, I had a mind to ſend you the remainder of Agrippina, that was loſt in a wilderneſs of papers. Certainly you do her too much honour: ſhe ſeemed to me to talk like an *Oldboy*, all in figures and mere poetry, inſtead of nature and the language of real paſſion. Do you remember *Approchez-vous, Neron*[1]——Who would not rather have thought of that half line than all Mr. Rowe's flowers of eloquence? However, you will find the remainder here at the end in an outrageous long ſpeech: it was begun above four years ago (it is a misfortune you know my age, elſe I

[1] Agrippina, in Racine's tragedy of Britannicus.

might have added), when I was very young. Poor Weſt put a ſtop to that tragic torrent he ſaw breaking in upon him:—have a care, I warn you, not to ſet open the flood-gate again, leſt it drown you and me and the biſhop and all.

I am very ſorry to hear you treat philoſophy and her followers like a parcel of monks and hermits, and think myſelf obliged to vindicate a profeſſion I honour, bien que je n'en tienne pas boutique (as mad. Sevigné ſays). The firſt man that ever bore the name, if you remember, uſed to ſay, that life was like the Olympic games (the greateſt public aſſembly of his age and country), where ſome came to ſhow their ſtrength and agility of body, as the champions; others, as the muſicians, orators, poets and hiſtorians, to ſhow their excellence in thoſe arts; the traders, to get money; and the better ſort, to enjoy the ſpectacle, and judge of all theſe. They did not then run away from ſociety for fear of its temptations: they paſſed their days in the midſt of it: converſation was their buſineſs: they cultivated the arts of perſuaſion, on purpoſe to ſhow men it was their intereſt, as well as their duty, not to be fooliſh, and falſe, and unjuſt; and that too in many inſtances with ſucceſs: which is not very ſtrange; for they ſhowed by their life that their leſſons were not impracticable; and that pleaſures were no temptations, but to ſuch as wanted a clear perception of the pains annexed to them [1]. But I have done preaching à la Grecque. Mr. Ratcliffe [2] made a ſhift to behave very rationally without their inſtructions, at a ſeaſon which they took a great deal of pains to fortify themſelves and others againſt: one would not deſire to loſe one's head with a better grace. I am particularly ſatisfied with the humanity of that laſt embrace to all the people about him. Sure it muſt be ſomewhat embarraſſing to die before ſo much good company!

You need not fear but poſterity will be ever glad to know the abſurdity of their anceſtors: the fooliſh will be glad to know they were as fooliſh as they, and the wiſe will be glad to find themſelves wiſer. You will pleaſe all the world then; and if you recount miracles you will be believed ſo

[1] Never perhaps was a more admirable picture drawn of *true* philoſophy and its real and important ſervices; ſervices not confined to the ſpeculative opinions of the ſtudious, but adapted to the common purpoſes of life, and promoting the general happineſs of mankind; not upon the chimerical baſis of a ſyſtem, but on the immutable foundations of truth and virtue. E.

[2] Brother to the earl of Derwentwater. He was executed at Tyburn, December 1746, for having been concerned in the rebellion in Scotland. E.

much the ſooner. We are pleaſed when we wonder; and we believe becauſe we are pleaſed. Folly and wiſdom, and wonder and pleaſure, join with me in deſiring you would continue to entertain them: refuſe us, if you can. Adieu, dear ſir!

T. GRAY.

LETTER III.

Stoke, June 12, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

AS I live in a place, where even the ordinary tattle of the town arrives not till it is ſtale, and which produces no events of its own, you will not deſire any excuſe from me for writing ſo ſeldom, eſpecially as of all people living I know you are the leaſt a friend to letters ſpun out of one's own brains, with all the toil and conſtraint that accompanies ſentimental productions. I have been here at Stoke a few days (where I ſhall continue good part of the ſummer); and having put an end to a thing, whoſe beginning you have ſeen long ago, I immediately ſend it you[1]. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a *thing with an end to it*; a merit that moſt of my writings have wanted, and are like to want, but which this epiſtle I am determined ſhall not want, when it tells you that I am ever

Yours,

T. GRAY.

Not that I have done yet; but who could avoid the temptation of finiſhing ſo roundly and ſo cleverly in the manner of good queen Anne's days? Now I have talked of writings; I have ſeen a book, which is by this time in the preſs, againſt Middleton (though without naming him), by Aſheton. As far as I can judge from a very haſty reading, there are things in it new and ingenious, but rather too prolix, and the ſtyle here and there ſavouring too ſtrongly of ſermon. I imagine it will do him credit. So much for other people, now to *ſelf* again. You are deſired to tell me your opinion, if you can take the pains, of theſe lines. I am once more

Ever yours.

[1] This was the Elegy in the church-yard.

LETTER IV.

Aſh-Wedneſday, Cambridge, 1751.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU have indeed conducted with great decency my little *misfortune:* you have taken a paternal care of it, and expreſſed much more kindneſs than could have been expected from ſo near a relation. But we are all frail; and I hope to do as much for you another time. Nurſe Dodſley has given it a pinch or two in the cradle, that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives. But no matter: we have ourſelves ſuffered under her hands before now; and beſides, it will only look the more careleſs, and by *accident* as it were. I thank you for your advertiſement, which ſaves my honour, and in a manner *bien flatteuſe pour moi*, who ſhould be put to it even to make myſelf a compliment in good Engliſh.

You will take me for a mere poet, and a fetcher and carrier of ſingſong, if I tell you that I intend to ſend you the beginning of a drama[1], not mine, thank God, as you'll believe, when you hear it is finiſhed, but wrote by a perſon whom I have a very good opinion of. It is (unfortunately) in the manner of the ancient drama, with choruſes, which I am, to my ſhame, the occaſion of; for, as great part of it was at firſt written in that form, I would not ſuffer him to change it to a play fit for the ſtage, as he intended, becauſe the lyric parts are the beſt of it, and they muſt have been loſt. The ſtory is Saxon, and the language has a tang of Shakeſpear, that ſuits an old-faſhioned fable very well. In ſhort, I don't do it merely to amuſe you, but for the ſake of the author, who wants a judge, and ſo I would lend him *mine:* yet not without your leave, leſt you ſhould have us up to dirty our ſtockings at the bar of your houſe for waſting the time and politics of the *nation.* Adieu, ſir!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER V.

Cambridge, March 3, 1751.

ELFRIDA (for that is the fair one's name) and her author are now in town together. He has promiſed me, that he will ſend a part of it to you

[1] This was the Elfrida of Mr. Maſon.

ſome morning while he is there; and (if you ſhall think it worth while to deſcend to particulars) I ſhould be glad you would tell me very freely your opinion about it; for he ſhall know nothing of the matter, that is not fit for the ears of a *tender* parent—though, by the way, he has ingenuity and merit enough (whatever his drama may have) to bear hearing his faults very patiently. I muſt only beg you not to ſhow it, much leſs let it be copied; for it will be publiſhed, though not as yet.

I do not expect any more editions [1], as I have appeared in more magazines than one. The chief errata were *ſacred* bower for *ſecret*; *hidden* for *kindred* (in ſpite of dukes and claſſicks); and *frowning* as in ſcorn for *ſmiling*. I humbly propoſe, for the benefit of Mr. Dodſley and his matrons, that take *awake* for a verb, that they ſhould read *aſleep*, and all will be right [2]. Gil Blas is the Lying Valet in five acts. The fine lady has half-a-dozen good lines diſperſed in it. Pompey is the haſty production of a Mr. Coventry (couſin to him you knew), a young clergyman: I found it out by three characters, which once made part of a comedy that he ſhowed me of his own writing. Has that miracle of *tenderneſs and ſenſibility* (as ſhe calls it) lady Vane given you any amuſement? Peregrine, whom ſhe uſes as a vehicle, is very poor indeed with a few exceptions. In the laſt volume is a character of Mr. Lyttelton, under the name of Goſling Scrag, and a parody of part of his Monody, under the notion of a paſtoral on the death of his grandmother.

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER VI.

Nov. Tueſday, Cambridge.

IT is a misfortune to me to be at a diſtance from both of you at preſent. A letter can give one ſo little idea of ſuch matters! * * * * I always believed well of his heart and temper, and would gladly do ſo ſtill. If they are as they ſhould be, I ſhould have expected every thing from ſuch an ex-

[1] Of the Elegy in the church-yard.

[2] The verſe to which he alludes is this:

"Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
"Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires."

The laſt line of which he had at firſt written thus:

"Awake and faithful to her wonted fires." E.

planation;

planation; for it is a tenet with me (a ſimple one, you'll perhaps ſay), that if ever two people, who love one another, come to breaking, it is for want of a timely eclairciſſement, a full and preciſe one, without witneſſes or mediators, and without reſerving any one diſagreeable circumſtance for the mind to brood upon in ſilence.

I am not totally of your mind as to Mr. Lyttelton's Elegy, though I love kids and fawns as little as you do. If it were all like the fourth ſtanza, I ſhould be exceſſively pleaſed. Nature and ſorrow, and tenderneſs, are the true genius of ſuch things; and ſomething of theſe I find in ſeveral parts of it (not in the orange-tree): poetical ornaments are foreign to the purpoſe, for they only ſhow a man is not ſorry;—and devotion worſe; for it teaches him, that he ought not to be ſorry, which is all the pleaſure of the thing. I beg leave to turn your weathercock the contrary way. Your Epiſtle [1] I have not ſeen a great while, and doctor M. is not in the way to give me a ſight of it: but I remember enough to be ſure all the world will be pleaſed with it, even with all its *faults upon its head*, if you don't care to mend them. I would try to do it myſelf (however hazardous), rather than it ſhould remain unpubliſhed. As to my Eton Ode, Mr. Dodſley is *padrone* [2]. The ſecond [3] you had, I ſuppoſe you do not think worth giving him: otherwiſe, to me it ſeems not worſe than the former. He might have Selima [4] too, unleſs ſhe be of too little importance for his patriot-collection; or perhaps the *connections* you had with her may interfere. *Che ſo io?* Adieu!

I am yours ever,

T. G.

LETTER VII.

Cambridge, Dec. Monday.

THIS comes du fond de ma cellule to ſalute Mr. H. W. not ſo much him that viſits and votes, and goes to White's and to court; as the H. W.

[1] From Florence to Thomas Aſheton.

[2] To publiſh in his collection of poems.

[3] The Ode to Spring.

[4] The Ode on Mr. Walpole's cat drowned in the tub of gold-fiſh.

in

in his rural capacity, ſnug in his tub on Windſor-hill, and brooding over folios of his own creation: him that can ſlip away, like a pregnant beauty (but a little oftener), into the country, be brought to bed perhaps of twins, and whiſk to town again the week after with a face as if nothing had happened. Among all the little folks, my godſons and daughters, I can not chooſe but enquire more particularly after the health of one; I mean (without a figure) the Memoires [1]: Do they grow? Do they unite, and hold up their heads, and dreſs themſelves? Do they begin to think of making their appearance in the world, that is to ſay, fifty years hence, to make poſterity ſtare, and all good people croſs themſelves? Has Aſheton (who will be then lord biſhop of Killaloe, and is to publiſh them) thought of an *aviſo al lettore* to prefix to them yet, importing, that if the words church, king, religion, miniſtry, &c. be found often repeated in this book, they are not to be taken literally, but poetically, and as may be moſt ſtrictly reconcileable to the faith then eſtabliſhed;—that he knew the author well when he was a young man; and can teſtify upon the honour of his function, that he ſaid his prayers regularly and devoutly, had a profound reverence for the clergy, and firmly believed every thing that was the faſhion in thoſe days?

When you have done impeaching my lord Lovat, I hope to hear *de vos nouvelles*, and moreover, whether you have got colonel Conway yet? Whether ſir C. Williams is to go to Berlin? What ſort of a prince Mitridate may be?—and whatever other tidings you chooſe to refreſh an anchoret with. *Frattanto* I ſend you a ſcene in a tragedy [2]: if it don't make you cry, it will make you laugh; and ſo it moves ſome paſſion, that I take to be enough. Adieu, dear ſir! I am

Sincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER VIII.

Cambridge, October 8, 1751.

I SEND you this [3] (as you deſire) merely to make up half-a-dozen; though it will hardly anſwer your end in furniſhing out either a head or

[1] Memoires of his own time, which Mr. Walpole was then writing.

[2] The firſt ſcene in Mr. Gray's unfiniſhed tragedy of Agrippina, publiſhed in Mr. Maſon's edition of his works.

[3] The Hymn to Adverſity.

tail-

tail-piece. But your own fable [1] may much better ſupply the place. You have altered it to its advantage; but there is ſtill ſomething a little embarraſſed here and there in the expreſſion. I rejoice to find you apply (pardon the uſe of ſo odious a word) to the hiſtory of your own times. Speak, and ſpare not. Be as impartial as you can; and after all, the world will not believe you are ſo, though you ſhould make as many proteſtations as biſhop Burnet. They will feel in their own breaſt, and find it very poſſible to hate fourſcore perſons, yea, ninety and nine: ſo you muſt reſt ſatisfied with the teſtimony of your own conſcience. Somebody has laughed at Mr. Dodſley, or at me, when they talked of the *bat*: I have nothing more, either nocturnal or diurnal, to deck his miſcellany with. We have a man here that writes a good hand; but he has little failings that hinder my recommending him to you [2]. He is louſy, and he is mad: he ſets out this week for Bedlam; but if you inſiſt upon it, I don't doubt he will pay his reſpects to you. I have ſeen two of Dr. Middleton's unpubliſhed works. One is about 44 pages in 4to againſt Dr. Waterland, who wrote a very orthodox book on the Importance of the Doctrine of the Trinity, and inſiſted, that chriſtians ought to have no communion with ſuch as differ from them in fundamentals. Middleton enters no farther into the doctrine itſelf than to ſhow that a mere ſpeculative point can never be called a fundamental; and that the earlier fathers, on whoſe concurrent tradition Waterland would build, are ſo far, when they ſpeak of the three perſons, from agreeing with the preſent notion of our church, that they declare for the inferiority of the ſon, and ſeem to have no clear and diſtinct idea of the holy ghoſt at all. The reſt is employed in expoſing the folly and cruelty of ſtiffneſs and zealotiſm in religion, and in ſhowing that the primitive ages of the church, in which tradition had its riſe, were (even by confeſſion of the beſt ſcholars and moſt orthodox writers) the *æra of nonſenſe and abſurdity*. It is finiſhed, and very well wrote; but has been moſtly incorporated into his other works, particularly the Enquiry: and for this reaſon I ſuppoſe he has writ upon it, *This wholly laid aſide*. The ſecond is in Latin, on Miracles; to ſhow, that of the two methods of defending chriſtianity, one from its intrinſic evidence, the holineſs and purity of its doctrines, the other from its external, the miracles ſaid to be wrought to confirm it; the firſt has been little attended to by reaſon of its difficulty; the ſecond much inſiſted upon, becauſe it appeared an eaſier taſk; but that it can in reality prove nothing at all. "Nobilis illa

[1] The Entail. [2] As an amanuenſis.

quidem

quidem defenſio (the firſt) quam ſi obtinere potuiſſent, rem ſimul omnem expediiſſe, cauſamque penitus viciſſe viderentur. At cauſæ hujus defendendæ labor cum tantâ argumentandi cavillandique moleſtiâ conjunctus ad alteram, quam dixi, defenſionis viam, ut commodiorem longè et faciliorem, pleroſque adegit——ego verò iſtiuſmodi defenſione religionem noſtram non modo non confirmari, ſed dubiam potiùs ſuſpectamque reddi exiſtimo." He then proceeds to conſider miracles in general, and afterwards thoſe of the Pagans, compared with thoſe of Chriſt. I only tell you the plan, for I have not read it out (though it is ſhort); but you will not doubt to what concluſion it tends. There is another thing, I know not what, I am to ſee. As to the Treatiſe on Prayer; they ſay it is burnt indeed. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER IX.

YOUR pen was too rapid to mind the common form of a direction, and ſo, by omitting the words *near Windſor*, your letter has been diverting itſelf at another Stoke near Aileſbury, and came not to my hands till to-day. The true original chairs were all ſold, when the Huntingdons broke; there are nothing now but Halſey-chairs, not adapted to the ſquareneſs of a Gothic dowager's rump. And by the way I do not ſee how the uneaſineſs and uncomfortableneſs of a coronation-chair can be any objection with you: every chair that is eaſy is modern, and unknown to our anceſtors. As I remember, there were certain low chairs, that looked like ebony, at Eſher, and were old and pretty. Why ſhould not Mr. Bentley improve upon them?—I do not wonder at Dodſley. You have talked to him of ſix *odes*, for ſo you are pleaſed to call every thing I write, though it be but a receipt to make apple-dumplings. He has reaſon to gulp when he finds one of them only a long ſtory. I don't know but I may ſend him very ſoon (by your hands) an ode to his own tooth, a high Pindarick upon ſtilts, which one muſt be a better ſcholar than he is to underſtand a line of, and the very beſt ſcholars will underſtand but a little matter here and there. It wants but ſeventeen lines of having an end, I don't ſay of being finiſhed. As it is ſo unfortunate to come too late for Mr. Bentley, it may appear in the fourth volume of the Miſcellanies, provided you don't think it execrable, and ſup-

preſs it. Pray, when the fine book is to be printed [1], let me reviſe the preſs, for you know you can't; and there are a few trifles I could wiſh altered.

I know not what you mean by hours of love, and cherries, and pine-apples. I neither ſee nor hear any thing here, and am of opinion that is the beſt way. My compliments to Mr. Bentley, if he be with you.

I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

I deſire you would not ſhow that epigram I repeated to you [2], as mine. I have heard of it twice already as coming from you.

LETTER X.

I AM obliged to you for Mr. Dodſley's book [3], and, having pretty well looked it over, will (as you deſire) tell you my opinion of it. He might, methinks, have ſpared the Graces in his frontiſpiece, if he choſe to be œconomical, and dreſſed his authors in a little more decent raiment—not in whited-brown paper and diſtorted characters, like an old ballad. I am aſhamed to ſee myſelf; but the company keeps me in countenance: ſo to begin with Mr. Tickell. This is not only a ſtate-poem (my ancient averſion), but a ſtate-poem on the peace of Utrecht. If Mr. Pope had wrote a panegyric on it, one could hardly have read him with patience: but this is only a poor ſhort-winded imitator of Addiſon, who had himſelf not above three or four notes in poetry, ſweet enough indeed, like thoſe of a German flute, but ſuch as ſoon tire and ſatiate the ear with their frequent return. Tickell has added to this a great poverty of ſenſe, and a ſtring of tranſitions that hardly become a ſchool-boy. However, I forgive him for the ſake of his ballad [4], which I always thought the prettieſt in the world. All there is of M. Green here has been printed before: there is a profuſion of wit every where; reading would have formed his judgment, and harmonized

[1] The edition of his Odes printed at Strawberry-hill.

[2] The Editor much wiſhes he could repeat it to the public, but has not been able to diſcover the epigram alluded to. E.

[3] His collection of Poems.

[4] Colin and Lucy; beginning "Of Leinſter fam'd for maidens fair."

his verſe, for even his wood-notes often break out into ſtrains of real poetry and muſic. The School-miſtreſs is excellent in its kind, and maſterly; and (I am ſorry to differ from you, but) London is to me one of thoſe few imitations, that have all the eaſe and all the ſpirit of an original. The ſame man's [1] verſes at the opening of Garrick's theatre are far from bad. Mr. Dyer (here you will deſpiſe me highly) has more of poetry in his imagination, than almoſt any of our number; but rough and injudicious. I ſhould range Mr. Bramſton only a ſtep or two above Dr. King, who is as low in my eſtimation as in yours. Dr. Evans is a furious madman; and Preexiſtence is nonſenſe in all her altitudes. Mr. Lyttelton is a gentle elegiac perſon: Mr. Nugent [2] ſure did not write his own ode [3]. I like Mr. Whitehead's little poems, I mean the Ode on a tent, the Verſes to Garrick, and particularly thoſe to Charles Townſhend, better than any thing I had ſeen before of him. I gladly paſs over H. Brown, and the reſt, to come at you. You know I was of the publiſhing ſide, and thought your reaſons againſt it none; for though, as Mr. Chute ſaid extremely well, the *ſtill ſmall voice* of Poetry was not made to be heard in a crowd; yet Satire will be heard, for all the audience are by nature her friends; eſpecially when ſhe appears in the ſpirit of Dryden, with his ſtrength, and often with his verſification; ſuch as you have caught in thoſe lines on the royal unction, on the papal dominion, and convents of both ſexes, on Henry VIII. and Charles II. for theſe are to me the ſhining parts of your Epiſtle [4]. There are many lines I could wiſh corrected, and ſome blotted out, but beauties enough to atone for a thouſand worſe faults than theſe. The opinion of ſuch as can at all judge, who ſaw it before in Dr. Middleton's hands, concurs nearly with mine. As to what any one ſays, ſince it came out; our people (you muſt know) are ſlow of judgement: they wait till ſome bold body ſaves them the trouble, and then follow his opinion; or ſtay till they hear what is ſaid in town, that is, at ſome biſhop's table, or ſome coffee-houſe about the Temple. When they are determined, I will tell you faithfully their verdict. As for the Beauties [5], I am their moſt humble ſervant. What ſhall I ſay to Mr. Lowth, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Rolle, the reverend Mr. Brown, Seward, &c.? If I ſay, Meſſieurs! this is not the thing; write proſe, write ſermons, write nothing at all; they will diſdain me, and my advice. What then would

[1] Doctor Samuel Johnſon.
[2] Afterwards earl Nugent.
[3] That addreſſed to Mr. Pulteney.
[4] Epiſtle from Florence to Thomas Aſheton, tutor to the earl of Plymouth.
[5] The epiſtle to Mr. Eckardt the painter.

the

the ſickly peer [1] have done, that ſpends ſo much time in admiring every thing that has four legs, and fretting at his own misfortune in having but two; and curſing his own politic head and feeble conſtitution, that won't let him be ſuch a beaſt as he would wiſh? Mr. S. Jenyns now and then can write a good line or two—ſuch as theſe—

Snatch us from all our little ſorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry each childiſh tear, &c.

I like Mr. Aſton Hervey's fable; and an ode (the laſt of all) by Mr. Maſon, a new acquaintance of mine, whoſe Muſæus too ſeems to carry with it the promiſe at leaſt of ſomething good to come. I was glad to ſee you diſtinguiſhed who poor Weſt was, before his charming ode [2], and called it any thing rather than a Pindaric. The town is an owl, if it don't like lady Mary [3], and I am ſurpriſed at it: we here are owls enough to think her eclogues very bad; but that I did not wonder at. Our preſent taſte is ſir T. Fitz-Oſborne's Letters. I ſend you a bit of a thing for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe it is of one of your favourites, Mr. M. Green; and next, becauſe I would do juſtice. The thought on which my ſecond ode [4] turns is manifeſtly ſtole from hence:—not that I knew it at the time, but, having ſeen this many years before, to be ſure it imprinted itſelf on my memory, and, forgetting the author, I took it for my own. The ſubject was the Queen's Hermitage.

* * * * * *

Though yet no palace grace the ſhore
To lodge the pair you [5] ſhould adore;
Nor abbeys great in ruins riſe,
Royal equivalents for vice:
Behold a grot in Delphic grove
The Graces and the Muſes love,
A temple from vain-glory free;
Whoſe goddeſs is Philoſophy;
Whoſe ſides ſuch licens'd idols [6] crown,
As Superſtition would pull down:

[1] Lord Hervey.
[2] Monody on the death of queen Caroline.
[3] Lady Mary W. Montagu's Poems.
[4] The Ode to Spring.
[5] Speaking to the Thames.
[6] The four buſts.

The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of ſenſe would chooſe to go.
Which ſweet abode, her wiſeſt choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice:
While all the Virtues gather round
To ſee her conſecrate the ground.

If thou, the god with winged feet,
In council talk of this retreat;
And jealous gods reſentment ſhow
At altars rais'd to men below:
Tell thoſe proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
Their houſe our heroes ſhould admit.
While each exiſts (as poets ſing)
A lazy, lewd, immortal, thing;
They muſt, or grow in diſrepute,
With earth's firſt commoners recruit.

Needleſs it is in terms unſkill'd
To praiſe, whatever Boyle ſhall build.
Needleſs it is the buſts to name
Of men, monopoliſts of fame;
Four chiefs adorn the modeſt ſtone
For virtue, as for learning, known.
The thinking ſculpture helps to raiſe
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
To the mind's ear, and inward ſight,
There ſilence ſpeaks, and ſhade gives light:
While inſects from the threſhold preach,
And minds diſpos'd to muſing teach;
Proud of ſtrong limbs and painted hues,
They periſh by the ſlighteſt bruiſe,
Or maladies begun within
Deſtroy more ſlow life's frail machine:
From maggot-youth thro' change of ſtate
They feel like us the turns of fate:
Some born to creep have lived to fly,
And changed earth's cells for dwellings high:

And

And ſome, that did their ſix wings keep,
Before they died, been forced to creep.
They politics, like ours, profeſs:
The greater prey upon the leſs.
Some ſtrain on foot huge loads to bring,
Some toil inceſſant on the wing:
Nor from their vigorous ſchemes deſiſt
Till death; and then are never miſt.
Some frolick, toil, marry, increaſe,
Are ſick and well, have war and peace,
And broke with age in half a day
Yield to ſucceſſors, and away.

* * * *

Adieu! I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

LETTER XI.

Stoke, July 11, 1757.

I WILL not give you the trouble of ſending your chaiſe for me. I intend to be with you on Wedneſday in the evening. If the preſs ſtands ſtill all this time for me, to be ſure it is dead in child-bed.

I do not love notes, though you ſee I had reſolved to put two or three [1]. They are ſigns of weakneſs and obſcurity. If a thing cannot be underſtood without them, it had better be not underſtood at all. If you will be vulgar, and pronounce it *Lunnun*, inſtead of London [2], I can't help it. Caradoc I have private reaſons againſt; and beſides it is in reality Carādoc, and will not ſtand in the verſe.

I rejoice you can fill all your *vuides*: the Maintenon could not, and that was her great misfortune. Seriouſly though, I congratulate you on your

[1] To the Bard.

[2] "Ye tow'rs of Julius! London's laſting ſhame." Bard, verſe 87.

happineſs,

happineſs, and ſeem to underſtand it. The receipt is obvious: it is only, Have ſomething to do; but how few can apply it!—Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER XII.

I AM ſo charmed with the two ſpecimens of Erſe poetry, that I cannot help giving you the trouble to enquire a little farther about them, and ſhould wiſh to ſee a few lines of the original, that I may form ſome ſlight idea of the language, the meaſures, and the rhythm.

Is there any thing known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity are they ſuppoſed to be?

Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it?

I have been often told that the poem called Hardicnute (which I always admired, and ſtill admire) was the work of ſomebody that lived a few years ago[1]. This I do not at all believe, though it has evidently been retouched in places by ſome modern hand: but, however, I am authoriſed by this report to aſk, whether the two poems in queſtion are certainly antique and genuine. I make this enquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwiſe concerned about it: for, if I were ſure that any one now living in Scotland had written them to divert himſelf and laugh at the credulity of the world, I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleaſure of ſeeing him.

[1] It has been ſuppoſed the work of a lady of the name of Wardlaw, who died in Scotland not many years ago, but upon no better evidence, that I could ever learn, than that a copy of the poem with ſome eraſures was found among her papers after her death.——No proof ſurely of its original compoſition, as few but perſons of buſineſs, which women ſeldom are, take the precaution of docketing, or writing "Copy" upon every thing they may tranſcribe. E.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

I HAVE been very ill this week with a great cold and a fever, and though now in a way to be well, am like to be confined ſome days longer: whatever you will ſend me that is new, or old, and *long*, will be received as a charity. Rouſſeau's people do not intereſt me; there is but one character and one ſtyle in them all, I do not know their faces aſunder. I have no eſteem for their perſons or conduct, am not touched with their paſſions; and as to their ſtory, I do not believe a word of it—not becauſe it is improbable, but becauſe it is abſurd. If I had any little propenſity, it was to Julie; but now ſhe has gone and (ſo hand over head) married that monſieur de Wolmar, I take her for a *vraie Suiſſeſſe*, and do not doubt but ſhe had taken a cup too much, like her lover [1]. All this does not imply that I will not read it out, when you can ſpare the reſt of it.

LETTER XIV.

Sunday, February 28, 1762.

I RETURN you my beſt thanks for the copy of your book [2], which you ſent me, and have not at all leſſened my opinion of it ſince I read it in print, though the preſs has in general a bad effect on the complection of one's works. The engravings look, as you ſay, better than I had expected, yet not altogether ſo well as I could wiſh. I rejoice in the good diſpoſitions of our court, and in the propriety of their application to you: the work is a thing ſo much to be wiſhed; has ſo near a connection with the turn of your ſtudies and of your curioſity; and might find ſuch ample materials among your hoards and in your head; that it will be a ſin if you let it drop

[1] Were not the public already in poſſeſſion of Mr. Gray's opinion of the Nouvelle Heloiſe, in his letters publiſhed by Mr. Maſon—how would ſuch a criticiſm, from ſuch a critic, aſtoniſh all thoſe more happily conſtituted readers, who, capable of appreciating varied excellence, have perhaps read with equal delight the exquiſite odes of the one author, and the extraordinary and (with all its faults) inimitable romance of the other! E.

[2] The Anecdotes of Painting.

and

and come to nothing, or worſe than nothing, for want of your aſſiſtance [1]. The hiſtorical part ſhould be in the manner of Henault, a mere abridgement [2], a ſeries of facts ſelected with judgment, that may ſerve as a clue to lead

[1] See a note from lord Bute in the Letters to and from Miniſters, inviting Mr. Walpole to turn his thoughts to a work of this kind; and Mr. Walpole's anſwer, offering to point out and collect materials, and take any trouble in aiding, ſuperviſing and directing the whole plan. E.

[2] This method Mr. Walpole had already adopted before he received his friend's letter; for a large memorandum-book of his is extant, with this title-page:

COLLECTIONS

FOR

A HISTORY

OF

THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, HABITS, FASHIONS, CEREMONIES &c. &c. &c.

OF

ENGLAND,

BEGUN

FEBRUARY 21, 1762,

BY

MR. HORACE WALPOLE.

Co'l tempo, Tutto.

The heads of the ſubjects he meant to treat are there arranged alphabetically, and ſeveral pages of blank paper left between each, intended to have been filled up with matter relative to the objects in queſtion, as it occurred to him.—We have only to regret, that though a number of curious ſcattered notes remain among lord Orford's papers, evidently intended for this work, its farther arrangement was never purſued; as in the hands of an antiquary, diligent, accurate and lively, as Mr. Walpole, it muſt have proved a moſt entertaining as well as a curious work.

The notes, or heads of chapters, in his memorandum-book, are as follows:

Coats of Arms. When firſt uſed.

Arms and Armour. Battle Axes. Coats of Mail. Habergeons. Hauberks. Shields, their forms.

Armies. How raiſed and paid, and fleets. Admiral of weſtern coaſt. My ſeal of R. Clitherol.

lead the mind along in the midſt of thoſe ruins and ſcattered monuments of art, that time has ſpared. This would be ſufficient, and better than Montfaucon's

Books.	What books were in libraries before printing. Pay of copyiſts. Vide catalogue of books at Canterbury at end of Dart.
Buildings.	Brick only for chimneys. No glaſs. Sudley caſtle glazed with beryl. Old London of chefnut. Licenſes for embattling.
Burials.	Soul-ſhot. Paid at interments. Vide Spelman's Poſthuma.
Coaches.	When firſt uſed. Saddles. Anne of Bohemia. Firſt ſide-ſaddles. Chairs. Litter. Chariot. Vide Life of De Critz.
Coins.	Eaſterlings. Copper tokens.
Cruſadoes.	
Cuſtoms.	What, Saxons, Normans, Poitevins, &c. introduced. Curfeu.
Deer.	When brought into England.
Domain.	To enquire what the domain of the crown at different periods.
Embaſſadors.	What their pay and privileges.
Exchequer.	Vide Madox.
Faſhions.	See account of Harriſon prefixed to Hollingſhed's Chronicle. Wimples. Criſping pins. Love-locks. Colours of their miſtreſs. Piked horns.
Fools.	Vide Anecdotes of Painting, in Holbein. Henry VIIIth's fool, a print of him.
Foreſts.	Statutes of. New Foreſt. Inquiry how many in the crown. Manner of hunting. Picture at Wroxton of prince Henry and lord Harrington in hunting-habits. Chevy Chace, how founded.
Games.	May games. At Cards. Tables. Dice. Numbers of ſmall dice found under floor of Inner-Temple-hall.
Havering in the Bower.	When built. Jointure-houſe of what queens. When deſtroyed.
Habits.	See Peck's account of them. Figures in Speed's maps. When firſt wigs. Tom Derry. Lord Holland. Account of faſhions in Harriſon's treatiſe before Hollingſhed's Chronicle. Hollar's habits. Coats and waiſtcoats. Vide MS. of lord Sandwich.
Heralds.	
Holidays.	Keeping Chriſtmas. Grands jours.
Hops.	When firſt planted. See Fuller.
Hours.	See my Green Book.
Kings.	Often crowned.
Knights.	How made. Ceremonies at creation of knights of Bath. See the plate in Dugdale's Warwickſhire. Knights ſervice. Knights fees.
The Marches.	Account of them in lord Monmouth's Memoires.
Maſks and Maſking.	When brought in.
Mumming.	
Mathematics.	Roger Bacon.
Marriage.	What the ceremonies attending it.
Meals.	See bills of fare of Henry IV. in biſhop Lyttelton's book and in Dugdale.
New Year's Gifts.	
Night Caps.	Embroidered with black. My head of Henry duke of Richmond. Oliver Cromwell's in Mrs. Kennon's ſale.

faucon's more diffuſe narrative. Such a work (I have heard) Mr. Burke is now employed about, which though not intended for this purpoſe might be

Ordeal.	Trials.
Pleſhy.	When built. Thomas duke of Glouceſter apprehended there. When demoliſhed.
Parks.	
Poets Laureate.	
Proviſions.	King's proveditors. Foreſtalling of markets.
Portraits.	Buſts of Henry I. and queen, at the weſt end of the cathedral of Rocheſter. Catherine of Valois queen of Henry V. in the long gallery at Lambeth, and archbiſhop Chichele. Among Harleian MSS. No. 1498-2. Henry VII. receiving a book from Iſlip. Item, No. 1499-3. 1766-3. Lydgate. 1892-26. 2278-3. Henry VI. when a child. Ib. 4, 5, 6. No. 2358-14-15. No. 4826. Lydgate. No. 1319. No. 1349-3. Edward III. and all his children. Mr. Onſlow, Black Prince, and another of ſons of Edward III. My miniature of Henry duke of Richmond, ſon of Henry VIII. Portrait of Richard de Gainſborough, maſon, in ſecond volume of Letheuillier's Hiſt. Henry VI. and houſe of parliament engraven by Pyne. Edward IV. &c. before Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. Jane Shore, at Eton.
Ruffs.	When firſt uſed. Succeeded by falling band.
Seals.	Often cut on reverſes of cameos and intaglios. Often good at the ſame period that our coins bad.
Stage.	Myſteries. Farces. Pantomimes. Morrice-dancers. Interludes. Pageants.
Tenures.	Vide Blount's Jocular Tenures. Peerages annexed to caſtles and lands. Arundel and Berkeley caſtles.
Tombs.	Their faſhions in different ages. When ſtatues on them firſt. When braſſes. Roman columns about time of queen Elizabeth. Knights Templars croſs-legged.
Tournaments.	
Tapeſtries.	At Bayeux. In a room near the houſe of commons, with cruſade of Richard I.
Vineyards.	Several houſes anciently called the Vineyard and the Vine. Mr. Chute's in Hampſhire. Mr. Talbot's, near Dorking. The Vineyard in St. James's park; qu. how old? Vide Barnaby's Journal.
Wards.	Court of wards and liveries.
Wills.	Legacies. How many witneſſes. When they could not write, made the ſign of the croſs. Bequeathing their clothes, beds, &c. &c. Cups and covers, their plate.

Then follows the ſubſequent liſt of authors to be conſulted:

Madox's Hiſtory of the Exchequer.	Fuller's Worthies.	Statutes at large.
Dugdale.	Hollingſhed.	Fynes Moryſon.
Spelman.	Hall.	Blount's Jocular Tenures.
Hearne.	Cambden.	Speed and Stowe.
Skinner.	Froiſſart.	Search rolls for patents of manufactories and monopolies.
Peck's Deſiderata Curioſa.	Fleetwood's Chronicum Pretioſum.	

applied

applied perhaps to this uſe. Then at the end of each reign ſhould come a diſſertation explanatory of the plates, and pointing out the turn of thought, the cuſtoms, ceremonials, arms, dreſſes, luxury, and private life, with the improvement or decline of the arts during that period. This you muſt do yourſelf, beſide taking upon you the ſuperintendence, direction, and choice of materials. As to the expence, that muſt be the king's own entirely, and he muſt give the book to foreign miniſters and people of note; for it is obvious no private man can undertake ſuch a thing without a ſubſcription, and no gentleman will care for ſuch an expedient; and a gentleman it ſhould be, becauſe he muſt have eaſy acceſs to archives, cabinets, and collections of all ſorts. I proteſt I do not think it impoſſible but they may give into ſuch a ſcheme: they approve the deſign, they wiſh to encourage the arts and to be magnificent, and they have no Verſailles or Herculaneum.

I hope to ſee you toward the end of March. If you beſtow a line on me, pray tell me whether the baronne de la Peyriere is gone to her caſtle of Viry; and whether Fingal be diſcovered or ſhrewdly ſuſpected to be a forgery. Adieu!

I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

LETTER XV.

Sunday, December 30, 1764.

I HAVE received the Caſtle of Otranto, and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here[1], makes ſome of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o'nights. We take it for a tranſlation, and ſhould believe it to be a true ſtory, if it were not for St. Nicholas.

When your pen was in your hand you might have been a little more communicative: for, though diſpoſed enough to believe the oppoſition rather conſumptive, I am entirely ignorant of all the ſymptoms. Your canonical book I have been reading with great ſatisfaction. He ſpeaketh as one having authority. If Engliſhmen have any feeling left, methinks

[1] At Cambridge.

they muſt feel now; and if the miniſtry have any feeling (whom nobody will ſuſpect of inſenſibility) they muſt cut off the author's ears, for it is in all the forms a moſt wicked libel. Is the old man and the lawyer put on, or is it real? or has ſome real lawyer furniſhed a good part of the materials, and another perſon employed them? This I gueſs; for there is an uncouthneſs of diction in the beginning, which is not ſupported throughout—though it now and then occurs again, as if the writer was weary of ſupporting the character he had aſſumed, when the ſubject had warmed him beyond diſſimulation [1].

Rouſſeau's Letters [2] I am reading heavily, heavily! He juſtifies himſelf, till he convinces me that he deſerved to be burnt, at leaſt that his book did. I am not got through him, and you never will. Voltaire I deteſt, and have not ſeen his book: I ſhall in good time. You ſurpriſe me, when you talk of going [3] in February. Pray, does all the minority go too? I hope you have a reaſon. *Deſperare de republica* is a deadly ſin in politics.

Adieu! I will not take my leave of you; for (you perceive) this letter means to beg another, when you can ſpare a little.

[1] Mr. Gray may probably allude to a pamphlet called "A Letter concerning libels, warrants, ſeizure of papers, and ſecurity for the peace or behaviour, with a view to ſome late proceedings, and the defence of them by the majority."—Suppoſed to have been written by William Greaves, eſq. a maſter in Chancery, under the inſpection of the late lord Camden. E.

[2] The Lettres de la Montague.

[3] To Paris.

Heath Sculp.t

John Chute

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

OF THE VINE IN HAMPSHIRE,

From the Year 1753 to the Year 1771.

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LETTER I.

To Mr. CHUTE.

Stowe, Aug. 4, 1753.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU would deſerve to be ſcolded, if you had not loſt almoſt as much pleaſure as you have diſappointed me of[1]. Whether George Montagu will be ſo content with your commuting puniſhments, I don't know: I ſhould think not: he *cried and roared all night*[2] when I delivered your excuſe. He is extremely well-houſed, after having roamed like a Tartar about the country with his whole perſonal eſtate at his heels. There is an extenſive view, which is called pretty: but Northamptonſhire is no county to pleaſe me. What entertained me was, that he who in London was grown an abſolute recluſe, is over head and ears in neighbours, and as

[1] In not accompanying Mr. Walpole on a viſit to Mr. George Montagu at Greatworth.
[2] A phraſe of Mr. Montagu's.

popular

popular as if he intended to ſtand for the county, inſtead of having given up the town. The very firſt morning after my arrival, as we were getting into the chaiſe to go to Wroxton, they notified a ſir —— ——, a young ſquire, booted and ſpurred, and buckſkin-breeched. "Will you drink any chocolate?" —"No; a little wine and water, if you pleaſe."—I ſuſpected nothing but that he had rode till he was dry. "Nicolò, get ſome wine and water." He deſired the water might be warm—I began to ſtare—Montagu underſtood the dialect, and ordered a negus.——I had great difficulty to keep my countenance, and ſtill more when I ſaw the baronet finiſh a very large jug indeed. To be ſure, he wondered as much at me who did not finiſh a jug; and I could not help reflecting, that living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it. Knightley, the knight of the ſhire, has been entertaining all the pariſhes round with a turtle-feaſt, which, ſo far from ſucceeding, has almoſt made him ſuſpected for a *Jew*, as the country parſons have not yet learned to wade into green fat.

The roads are very bad to Greatworth, and ſuch numbers of gates, that if one loved punning one ſhould call it the *Gate-houſe*. The proprietor had a wonderful invention: the chimneys, which are of ſtone, have niches and benches in them, where the man uſed to ſit and ſmoke. I had twenty diſaſters, according to cuſtom; loſt my way, and had my French boy almoſt killed by a fall with his horſe: but I have been much pleaſed. When I was at Park-place I went to ſee ſir H. Englefield's [1], which Mr. C——— and lady M—— prefer, but I think very undeſervedly, to Mr. Southcote's. It is not above a quarter as extenſive, and wants the river. There is a pretty view of Reading ſeen under a rude arch, and the water is well diſpoſed. The buildings are very inſignificant, and the houſe far from good. The town of Henley has been extremely diſturbed with an engagement between the ghoſts of miſs Blandy and her father, which continued ſo violent, that ſome bold perſons, to prevent farther bloodſhed, broke in, and found it was two jackaſſes which had got into the kitchen.

I felt ſtrangely tempted to ſtay at Oxford and ſurvey it at my leiſure; but, as I was alone, I had not courage. I paſſed by ſir James Daſhwood's [2], a vaſt new houſe, ſituated ſo high that it ſeems to ſtand for the county as well as himſelf. I did look over lord Jerſey's [3], which was built for a hunting-

[1] Whiteknights. [2] At High Wycombe. [3] Middleton.

box, and is ſtill little better. But now I am going to tell you how delightful a day I paſſed at Wroxton. Lord Guildford has made George Montagu ſo abſolutely viceroy over it, that we ſaw it more agreeably than you can conceive; roamed over the whole houſe, found every door open, ſaw not a creature, had an extreme good dinner, wine, fruit, coffee and tea in the library, were ſerved by fairies, tumbled over the books, ſaid one or two taliſmanic words, and the caſcade played, and went home loaded with pine-apples and flowers.—You will take me for monſieur de Coulanges, I deſcribe eatables ſo feelingly; but the manner in which we were ſerved made the whole delicious. The houſe was built by a lord Downe in the reign of James the firſt; and though there is a fine hall and a vaſt dining-room below, and as large a drawing-room above, it is neither good nor agreeable; one end of the front was never finiſhed, and might have a good apartment. The library is added by this lord, and is a pleaſant chamber. Except loads of old portraits, there is no tolerable furniture. A whole length of the firſt earl of Downe is in the bath-robes, and has a coif under the hat and feather. There is a charming picture of prince Henry about twelve years old, drawing his ſword to kill a ſtag, with a lord Harrington; a good portrait of ſir Owen Hopton, 1590; your *pious* grandmother my lady Dacre, which I think like you; ſome good Cornelius Johnſons; a lord North by Riley, good; and an extreme fine portrait by him of the lord keeper: I have never ſeen but few of the hand, but moſt of them have been equal to Lely and the beſt of ſir Godfrey. There is too a curious portrait of ſir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity-college, Oxford, ſaid to be by Holbein. The chapel is new, but in a pretty Gothic taſte, with a very long window of painted glaſs, very tolerable. The frieze is pendent, juſt in the manner I propoſe for the eating-room at Strawberry-hill. Except one ſcene, which is indeed noble, I cannot much commend the without-doors. This ſcene conſiſts of a beautiful lake entirely ſhut in with wood: the head falls into a fine caſcade, and that into a ſerpentine river, over which is a little Gothic ſeat like a round temple, lifted up by a ſhaggy mount. On an eminence in the park is an obeliſk erected to the honour and at the expence of "optimus and munificentiſſimus" the late prince of Wales, "in loci amœnitatem et memoriam adventûs ejus." There are ſeveral paltry Chineſe buildings and bridges, which have the merit or demerit of being the progenitors of a very numerous race all over the kingdom: at leaſt they were of the very firſt. In the church is a beautiful tomb of an earl and counteſs of Downe, and the tower is in a

good plain Gothic ſtyle, and was once, they tell you, ſtill more beautiful; but Mr. Miller, who deſigned it, unluckily once in his life happened to think rather of beauty than of the water-tables, and ſo it fell down the firſt winter.

On Wedneſday morning we went to ſee a ſweet little chapel at Steane, built in 1620 by ſir T. Crewe, ſpeaker in the time of the firſt James and Charles. Here are remains of the manſion-houſe, but quite in ruins: the chapel is kept up by my lady Arran, the laſt of the race. There are ſeven or eight monuments. On one is this epitaph, which I thought pretty enough:

Conjux caſta, parens felix, matrona pudica,
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

On another is the moſt affected inſcription I ever ſaw, written by two brothers on their ſiſter; they ſay, *This agreeable mortal tranſlated her into immortality ſuch a-day:* but I could not help laughing at one quaint expreſſion, to which time has given a droll ſenſe: *She was a conſtant lover of the beſt.*

I have been here theſe two days, extremely amuſed and charmed indeed. Wherever you ſtand you ſee an Albano landſcape. Half as many buildings I believe would be too many, but ſuch a profuſion gives inexpreſſible richneſs. You may imagine I have ſome private reflections entertaining enough, not very communicable to the company: The temple of Friendſhip, in which, among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the buſt of Mr. Pitt: Mr. James Grenville is now in the houſe, whom his uncle diſinherited for his attachment to that very Pylades Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope, who is deified in the Elyſian fields, before the inſcription for his head was finiſhed. That of ſir J. Barnard, which was beſpoke by the name of a buſt of my lord mayor, was by a miſtake of the ſculptor done for alderman Perry. The ſtatue of the king, and that "honori, laudi, virtuti divæ Carolinæ," make one ſmile, when one ſees the ceiling where Britannia rejects and hides the reign of king——But I have no patience at building and planting a ſatire! Such is the temple of modern virtue in ruins! The Grecian temple is glorious: this I openly worſhip: in the heretical corner of my heart I adore the Gothic building, which by ſome unuſual inſpiration Gibbs has made pure and beautiful and venerable. The ſtyle has a propenſity to the Venetian or moſque-gothic, and the great column near it makes the whole put one in

mind of the place of St. Mark. The windows are throughout conſecrated with painted glaſs; moſt of it from the priory at Warwick, a preſent from that fooliſh ———, who quarrelled with me (becauſe his father was a gardener) for aſking him if lord Brook had planted much ——A-propos to painted glaſs. I forgot to tell you of a ſweet houſe which Mr. Montagu carried me to ſee, belonging to a Mr. Holman, a catholic, and called Warkworth. The ſituation is pretty, the front charming, compoſed of two round and two ſquare towers. The court within is incomplete on one ſide; but above ſtairs is a vaſt gallery with four bow-windows and twelve other large ones, all filled with the arms of the old peers of England with all their quarterings entire. You don't deſerve, after deſerting me, that I ſhould tempt you to ſuch a ſight; but this alone is worth while to carry you to Greatworth.

Adieu, my dear ſir! I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and forgive you enough not to deprive myſelf of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you there whenever you have nothing elſe to do.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 30, 1754.

MY God! Farinelli, what has this nation done to the king of Spain, that the moment we have any thing dear and precious, he ſhould tear it from us?——This is not the beginning of my letter to you, nor does it allude to *Mr. Bentley:* much leſs is it relative to the captivity of the ten tribes; nor does *the king* ſignify Benhadad, or Tiglath-pileſer; nor Spain, Aſſyria, as doctor Pocock or Warburton, miſled by diſſimilitude of names, or by the Septuagint, may for very good reaſons imagine—but it is literally the commencement of my lady Rich's[1] epiſtle to Farinelli, on the recall of general Wall, as ſhe relates it herſelf. It ſerves extremely well for my own lamen-

[1] One of the daughters and coheireſſes of the lord Mohun killed in a duel with duke Hamilton. E.

tation, when I ſit down by the waters of Strawberry, and think of ye, O Chute and Bentley!

I have ſeen Creuſa, and more than agree with you: it is the only new tragedy that I ever ſaw, and really liked. The plot is moſt intereſting, and, though ſo complicated, quite clear and natural. The circumſtance of ſo much diſtreſs being brought on by characters, every one good, yet acting conſiſtently with their principles towards the misfortunes of the drama, is quite new and pleaſing. Nothing offended me but that liſping miſs Haughton, whoſe every ſpeech is inarticulately oracular.

I was laſt night at a little ball at lady Anne Furneſe's for the new lords, Dartmouth and North; but nothing paſſed worth relating: indeed the only event ſince you left London was the tragi-comedy that was acted laſt Saturday at the opera. One of the dramatic guards fell flat on his face and motionleſs in an apoplectic fit. The princeſs[1] and her children were there. Miſs Chudleigh, who *apparemment* had never ſeen a man fall on his face before, went into the moſt theatric fit of kicking and ſhrieking that ever was ſeen. Several other women, who were preparing their fits, were ſo diſtanced, that ſhe had the whole houſe to herſelf, and indeed ſuch a confuſion for half an hour I never ſaw! The next day at my lady Townſhend's old Charles Stanhope aſked what theſe fits were called? Charles Townſhend replied, "*The true convulſive fits, to be had only of the maker.*"

Adieu, my dear ſir! To-day looks ſummeriſh, but we have no rain yet.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

Arlington-ſtreet, May 14, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WROTE to you the laſt day of laſt month: I only mention it, to ſhow you that I am punctual to your deſire. It is my only reaſon for writing

[1] The princeſs of Wales, mother to his preſent majeſty.

to-day, for I have nothing new to tell you. The town is empty, dusty, and disagreeable; the country is cold and comfortless; consequently I daily run from one to t'other, as if both were so charming that I did not know which to prefer. I am at present employed in no very lively manner; in reading a treatise on commerce, which count Perron has lent me, of his own writing: this obliges me to go through with it, though the subject and the style of the French would not engage me much. It does not want sense.

T'other night a description was given me of the most extraordinary declaration of love that ever was made. Have you seen young Poniatowski[1]? He is very handsome. You *have* seen the figure of the duchess of G——, who looks like a raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water. One day at the drawing-room, having never spoken to him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite Poniatowski to dinner with her for the next day. He bowed, and went. The moment the door opened, her two little sons, attired like Cupids with bows and arrows, shot at him, and one of them literally hit his hair, and was very near putting his eye out, and hindering his casting it to the couch

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

The only company besides this highland goddess were two Scotchmen, who could not speak a word of any language but their own Erse; and to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table; a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profusion of kindness by his great-grandmother being a G———; but I believe it is to be accounted for by * * * * *

Adieu, my dear sir!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Stanislaus, the late ill-fated king of Poland.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1757.

IT would be very eaſy to perſuade me to a *Vine-voyage*[a], without your being ſo indebted to me, if it were poſſible. I ſhall repreſent my impediments, and then you ſhall judge. I ſay nothing of the heat of this magnificent weather, with the glaſs yeſterday up to three-quarters of ſultry. In all Engliſh probability this will not be a hindrance long; though at preſent, ſo far from travelling, I have made the tour of my own garden but once theſe three days before eight at night, and then I thought I ſhould have died of it. For how many years we ſhall have to talk of the ſummer of fifty-ſeven!—But hear: My lady A—— and miſs Rich come hither on Thurſday for two or three days; and on Monday next the Officina Arbuteana opens in form. The ſtationers' company, that is, Mr. Dodſley, Mr. Tonſon, &c. are ſummoned to meet here on Sunday night. And with what do you think we open? Cedite, *Romani* Impreſſores—with nothing under *Graii* Carmina. I found him in town laſt week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I ſnatched them out of Dodſley's hands, and they are to be the firſt fruits of my preſs. An edition of Hentznerus, with a verſion by Mr. Bentley and a little preface of mine, were prepared, but are to wait—Now, my dear ſir, can I ſtir?

Not ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, ſhall avail!

Is not it the plaineſt thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you muſt come to me?

I tell you no news, for I know none, think of none. Elzevir, Aldus and Stephens are the freſheſt perſonages in my memory. Unleſs I was appointed printer of the Gazette, I think nothing could at preſent make me read an article in it. Seriouſly, you muſt come to us, and ſhall be witneſs that the firſt holidays we have I will return with you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[a] To viſiting Mr. Chute at the Vine, his ſeat in Hampſhire.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Strawberry-hill, July 26, 1757.

I LOVE to communicate my ſatisfactions to you. You will imagine that I have got an original portrait of John Guttemburg, the firſt inventor of printing, or that I have met with a little *boke* called *Eneydos*, which I am going to tranſlate and print—No, no; far beyond any ſuch thing! Old lady Sandwich[1] is dead at Paris, and my lord has given me her picture of Ninon L'Enclos; given it me in the prettieſt manner in the world.—I beg, if he ſhould ever meddle in any election in Hampſhire, that you will ſerve him to the laſt drop of your ſhrievalty. If you reckon by the thermometer of my natural impatience, the picture would be here already, but I fear I muſt wait ſome time for it.

The preſs goes on as faſt as if I printed myſelf. I hope in a very few days to ſend you a ſpecimen, though I could wiſh you was at the birth of the firſt produce. Gray has been gone theſe five days. Mr. Bentley has been ill, and is not recovered of the ſweating-ſickneſs, which I now firmly believe was only a hot ſummer like this, and England, being ſo unuſed to it, took it for a malady. Mr. Müntz is not gone; but pray don't think that I keep him: he has abſolutely done nothing this whole ſummer but paſte two chimney-boards. In ſhort, inſtead of Claud Lorrain, he is only one of Bromwich's men.

You never ſaw any thing ſo droll as Mrs. Clive's countenance, between the heat of the ſummer, the pride in her legacy[2], and the efforts to appear concerned.

We have given ourſelves for a day or two the air of an earthquake, but it proved an exploſion of the powder-mills at Epſom. I aſked Louis if it had done any miſchief: he ſaid, Only blown a man's head off; as if that was a part one could ſpare!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Daughter of the famous Wilmot earl of Rocheſter.

[2] A legacy of 50*l.* left her by John Robarts, the laſt earl of Radnor of that family.

P. S.

P. S. I hope Dr. Warburton will not think I encroach either upon his commentatorſhip or private pretenſions, if I aſſume theſe lines of Pope, thus altered, for myſelf:

Some have for wits and then for poets paſs'd,
Turn'd *printers* next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.

LETTER VI.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1758.

THE Tower-guns have ſworn through thick and thin that prince Ferdinand has entirely demoliſhed the French, and the city-bonfires all believe it. However, as no officer is yet come, nor confirmation, my crackers ſuſpend their belief. Our great fleet is ſtepped aſhore again near Cherbourg; I ſuppoſe, to ſinge half a yard more of the coaſt. This is all I know; leſs, as you may perceive, than any thing but the Gazette.

What is become of Mr. Montagu[a]? Has he ſtolen to Southampton, and ſlipped away a-volunteering like Norborne Berkeley, to conquer France in a dirty ſhirt and a frock? He might gather forty load more of laurels in my wood. I wiſh I could flatter myſelf that you would come with him.

My lady Suffolk has at laſt entirely ſubmitted her barn to our *ordination*. As yet it is only in *Deacon's orders*; but will very ſoon have our laſt impoſition of hands. Adieu! Let me know a word of you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[a] Mr. George Montagu.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Paris, October 3, 1765.

I DON'T know where you are, nor when I am likely to hear of you. I write at random, and, as I talk, the firſt thing that comes into my pen.

I am, as you certainly conclude, much more amuſed than pleaſed. At a certain time of life, ſights and new objects may entertain one, but new people cannot find any place in one's affection. New faces with ſome name or other belonging to them, catch my attention for a minute—I cannot ſay many preſerve it. Five or ſix of the women that I have ſeen already, are very ſenſible. The men are in general much inferior, and not even agreeable. They ſent us their beſt, I believe, at firſt, the duc de Nivernois. Their authors, who by the way are every where, are worſe than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the ſtyle of converſation is ſolemn, pedantic, and ſeldom animated, but by a diſpute. I was expreſſing my averſion to diſputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, ſaid with great ſurpriſe, "Why, what do you like, if you hate both diſputes and whiſk?"

What ſtrikes me the moſt upon the whole is, the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greateſt object to the leaſt. There is not the ſmalleſt ſimilitude in the twenty-four-hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the ſtreets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themſelves in open chaiſes in the country without hats, in the rain too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day, and yet wait behind their maſter, as I ſaw the duc of Praſlin's do, with a red pocket handkerchief about their necks. Verſailles, like every thing elſe, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every inſtance exhibits ſomething moſt diſſonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the ſtaircaſes, nay in the anti-chambers of the royal family, there are people ſelling all ſorts of wares. While we were waiting in the dauphin's ſumptu-

ous bed-chamber, till his dreſſing-room door ſhould be opened, two fellows were ſweeping it, and dancing about in ſabots to rub the floor.

You perceive that I have been preſented. The queen took great notice of me; none of the reſt ſaid a ſyllable. You are let into the king's bed-chamber juſt as he has put on his ſhirt; he dreſſes and talks good-humouredly to a few, glares at ſtrangers, goes to maſs, to dinner, and a-hunting. The good old queen, who is like lady Primroſe in the face, and queen Caroline in the immenſity of her cap, is at her dreſſing-table, attended by two or three old ladies, who are languiſhing to be in Abraham's boſom, as the only man's boſom to whom they can hope for admittance. Thence you go to the dauphin, for all is done in an hour. He ſcarce ſtays a minute; indeed, poor creature, he is a ghoſt, and cannot poſſibly laſt three months. The dauphineſs is in her bed-chamber, but dreſſed and ſtanding; looks croſs, is not civil, and has the true Weſtphalian grace and accents. The four meſdames, who are clumſy plump old wenches, with a bad likeneſs to their father, ſtand in a bed-chamber in a row, with black cloaks and knotting bags, looking good-humoured, not knowing what to ſay, and wriggling as if they wanted to make water. This ceremony too is very ſhort: then you are carried to the dauphin's three boys, who you may be ſure only bow and ſtare. The duke of Berry looks weak and weak-eyed: the count de Provence is a fine boy; the count d'Artois well enough. The whole concludes with ſeeing the dauphin's little girl dine, who is as round and fat as a pudding.

In the queen's anti-chamber we foreigners and the foreign miniſters were ſhown the famous beaſt of the Gevaudan, juſt arrived, and covered with a cloth, which two chaſſeurs lifted up. It is an abſolute wolf, but uncommonly large, and the expreſſion of agony and fierceneſs remains ſtrongly imprinted on its dead jaws.

I dined at the duc of Praſlin's with four-and-twenty embaſſadors and envoys, who never go but on Tueſdays to court. He does the honours ſadly, and I believe nothing elſe well, looking important and empty. The duc de Choiſeul's face, which is quite the reverſe of gravity, does not promiſe much more. His wife is gentle, pretty, and very agreeable. The ducheſs of Praſlin, jolly, red-faced, looking very vulgar, and being very attentive and civil. I ſaw the duc de Richelieu in waiting, who is pale, except

except his nose, which is red, much wrinkled, and exactly a remnant of that age which produced general Churchill, Wilkes the player, the duke of Argyle, &c.—Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

Bath, October 10, 1766.

I AM impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself—all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles[1] with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet armed chairs to all three. On either hand a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very vulgar enthusiasm; decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, I *thanks* God for every thing. Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch countess of B——,

[1] He means eagles in the same attitude as that in marble at Strawberry-hill. E.

who is carrying a pure roſy vulgar face to heaven, and who aſked miſs Rich, if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe ſhe meant me and the Noble Authors.

The Bedfords came laſt night. Lord Chatham was with me yeſterday two hours; looks and walks well, and is in excellent political ſpirits.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IX.

Paris, January 1765.

IT is in vain, I know, my dear ſir, to ſcold you, though I have ſuch a mind to it—nay, I muſt. Yes, you that will not lie a night at Strawberry in autumn for fear of the gout, to ſtay in the country till this time, and till you caught it! I know you will tell me, it did not come till you had been two days in town. Do, and I ſhall have no more pity for you, than if I was your wife, and had wanted to come to town two months ago.

I am perfectly well, though to be ſure Lapland is the torrid zone in compariſon of Paris. We have had ſuch a froſt for this fortnight, that I went nine miles to dine in the country to-day, in a villa exactly like a greenhouſe, except that there was no fire but in one room. We were four in a coach, and all our chinks ſtopped with furs, and yet all the glaſſes were frozen. We dined in a paved hall painted in freſco, with a fountain at one end; for in this country they live in a perpetual opera, and perſiſt in being young when they are old, and hot when they are frozen. At the end of the hall ſat ſhivering three glorious maccaws, a vaſt cockatoo, and two poor perroquets, who ſqualled like the children in the wood after their nurſery-fire! I am come home, and blowing my billets between every paragraph, yet can ſcarce move my fingers. However, I muſt be dreſſed preſently, and go to the comteſſe de la Marche, who has appointed nine at night for my audience. It ſeems a little odd to us to be preſented to a princeſs of the blood at

at that hour—but I told you, there is not a tittle in which our manners reſemble one another. I was preſented to her father-in-law the prince of Conti laſt Friday. In the middle of the levée entered a young woman, too plain I thought to be any thing but his near relation. I was confirmed in my opinion, by ſeeing her, after he had talked to her, go round the circle and do the honours of it. I aſked a gentleman near me if that was the comteſſe de la Marche? He burſt into a violent laughter, and then told me, it was mademoiſelle Auguſte, a dancer!—Now, who was in the wrong?

I give you theſe as ſamples of many ſcenes that have amuſed me, and which will be charming food at Strawberry. At the ſame time that I ſee all their ridicules, there is a *douceur* in the ſociety of the women of faſhion that captivates me. I like the way of life, though not lively; though the men are poſts and apt to be arrogant, and though there are twenty ingredients wanting to make the ſtyle perfect. I have totally waſhed my hands of their ſçavants and philoſophers, and do not even envy you Rouſſeau, who has all the charlatanerie of count St. Germain to make himſelf ſingular and talked of. I ſuppoſe Mrs. ———, my lord ———, and a certain lady friend of mine will be in raptures with him, eſpecially as conducted by Mr. Hume. But however I admire his parts, neither he nor any *Genius* I have known has had common ſenſe enough to balance the impertinence of their pretenſions. They hate prieſts, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet; for which reaſon it is much pleaſanter to read them than to know them. Adieu, my dear ſir!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

January 15.

THIS has been writ this week, and waiting for a conveyance, and as yet has got none. Favre tells me you are recovered, but you don't tell me ſo yourſelf. I incloſe a trifle that I wrote lately[1], which got about and has made enormous noiſe in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental huſk of a grape. It has made me the faſhion, and made madame de Boufflers and the prince of Conti very angry with me; the former intending to be rapt to the temple of Fame by clinging to Rouſſeau's Armenian robe. I am peeviſh that with his parts he

[1] The letter from the king of Pruſſia to Rouſſeau.

ſhould be ſuch a mountebank: but what made me more peeviſh was, that after receiving Wilkes with the greateſt civilities, he paid court to Mr. Hume by complaining of Wilkes's viſit and intruſion.

Upon the whole, I would not but have come hither; for, ſince I am doomed to live in England, it is ſome comfort to have ſeen that the French are ten times more contemptible than we are. I am a little ungrateful; but I cannot help ſeeing with my eyes, though I find other people make nothing of ſeeing without theirs. I have endleſs hiſtories to amuſe you with when we meet, which ſhall be at the end of March. It is much more tireſome to be faſhionable than unpopular; I am uſed to the latter, and know how to behave under it: but I cannot ſtand for member of parliament of Paris. Adieu!

LETTER X.

Paris, Auguſt 30, 1769.

I HAVE been ſo hurried with paying and receiving viſits, that I have not had a moment's worth of time to write. My paſſage was very tedious, and laſted near nine hours for want of wind——But I need not talk of my journey; for Mr. Morrice, whom I met on the road, will have told you that I was ſafe on terra firma.

Judge of my ſurpriſe at hearing four days ago that my lord D—— and my lady were arrived here. They are lodged within a few doors of me. He is come to conſult a doctor Pomme, who has proſcribed wine, and lord D—— already complains of the violence of his appetite. If you and I had *pommed* him to eternity, he would not have believed us. A man acroſs the ſea tells him the plaineſt thing in the world; that man happens to be called a doctor; and happening for novelty to talk common ſenſe, is believed, as if he had talked nonſenſe! and what is more extraordinary, lord D—— thinks himſelf better, *though* he is ſo.

My dear old woman[1] is in better health than when I left her, and her

[1] Madame du Deffand.

ſpirits ſo increaſed, that I tell her ſhe will go mad with age. When they aſk her how old ſhe is, ſhe anſwers, J'ai ſoixante & mille ans. She and I went to the Boulevard laſt night after ſupper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to ſup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-ſhow. A protegé of hers has written a piece for that theatre. I have not yet ſeen madame du Barri, nor can get to ſee her picture at the expoſition at the Louvre, the crowds are ſo enormous that go thither for that purpoſe. As royal curioſities are the leaſt part of my virtù, I wait with patience. Whenever I have an opportunity I viſit gardens, chiefly with a view to Roſette's [1] having a walk. She goes no where elſe, becauſe there is a diſtemper among the dogs.

There is going to be repreſented a tranſlation of Hamlet; who, when his hair is cut, and he is curled and powdered, I ſuppoſe will be exactly *monſieur le prince Oreſte*. T'other night I was at Merope. The Dumenil was as divine as Mrs. Porter; they ſaid her familiar tones were thoſe of a *poiſſonniere*. In the laſt act, when one expected the cataſtrophe, Narbas, more intereſted than any body to ſee the event, remained coolly on the ſtage to hear the ſtory. The queen's maid of honour entered without her handkerchief, and with her hair moſt artfully undreſſed, and reeling as if ſhe was maudlin, ſobbed out a long narrative, that did not prove true; while Narbas, with all the good breeding in the world, was more attentive to her fright than to what had happened. So much for propriety. Now for probability. Voltaire has publiſhed a tragedy, called *Les Guebres*. Two Roman colonels open the piece: they are brothers, and relate to one another, how they lately in company deſtroyed, by the emperor's mandate, a city of the Guebres, in which were their own wives and children, and they recollect that they want prodigiouſly to know whether both their families did not periſh in the flames. The ſon of the one and the daughter of the other are taken up for heretics, and, thinking themſelves brother and ſiſter, inſiſt upon being married, and upon being executed for their religion. The ſon ſtabs his father, who is half a Guebre too. The high prieſt rants and roars. The emperor arrives, blames the pontiff for being a perſecutor, and forgives the ſon for aſſaſſinating his father (who does not die) becauſe —I don't know why, but that he may marry his couſin.—The grave-dig-

[1] A favourite dog of Mr. Walpole's.

ger

gers in Hamlet have no chance, when ſuch a piece as the Guebres is written agreeably to all rules and unities. Adieu, my dear ſir! I hope to find you quite well at my return.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

Amiens, Tueſday evening, July 9, 1771.

I AM got no farther yet, as I travel leiſurely, and do not venture to fatigue myſelf. My voyage was but of four hours. I was ſick only by choice and precaution, and find myſelf in perfect health. The enemy, I hope, has not returned to pinch you again, and that you defy the foul fiend. The weather is but lukewarm, and I ſhould chooſe to have all the windows ſhut, if my ſmelling was not much more ſummerly than my feeling; but the frowſineſs of obſolete tapeſtry and needle-work is inſupportable. Here are old fleas and bugs talking of Louis quatorze like tattered refugees in the Park, and they make poor Roſette attend to them whether ſhe will or not. This is a woful account of an evening in July, and which monſieur de St. Lambert has omitted in his Seaſons, though more natural than any thing he has placed there. If the Grecian religion had gone into the folly of ſelf-mortification, I ſuppoſe the devotees of Flora would have ſhut themſelves up in a naſty inn, and have puniſhed their noſes for the ſenſuality of having ſmelt to a roſe or a honey-ſuckle. This is all I have yet to ſay; for I have had no adventure, no accident, nor ſeen a ſoul but my couſin R——— W———, whom I met on the road and ſpoke to in his chaiſe. To-morrow I ſhall lie at Chantilly, and be at Paris early on Thurſday. The C——— are there already. Good night—and a *ſweet* one to you!

Paris, Wedneſday night, July 10.

I WAS ſo ſuffocated with my inn laſt night, that I muſtered all my reſolution, roſe with the alouette, and was in my chaiſe by five o'clock this morning. I got hither by eight this evening, tired, but rejoiced, have had a comfortable diſh of tea, and am going to bed in clean ſheets. I ſink myſelf even to my dear old woman and my ſiſter; for it is impoſſible to ſit down

down and be made charming at this time of night after fifteen posts, and after having been here twenty times before.

At Chantilly I crossed on the countess of W———, who lies there to-night on her way to England. But I concluded she had no curiosity about me—and I could not brag of more about her—and so we had no intercourse.

I am woe-begone to find my lord F——— in the same hotel. He is as starched as an old-fashioned plaited neckcloth, and come to suck wisdom from this curious school of philosophy. He reveres me because I was acquainted with his father; and that does not at all increase my partiality to the son.

Luckily, the post departs early to-morrow morning. I thought you would like to hear I was arrived well. I should be happy to hear you are so; but do not torment yourself too soon, nor will I torment you. I have fixed the 26th of August for setting out on my return. These jaunts are too juvenile. I am ashamed to look back and remember in what year of Methuselah I was here first. Rosette sends her blessing to her daughter. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Paris, August 5, 1771.

IT is a great satisfaction to me to find by your letter of the 30th that you have had no return of your gout. I have been assured here that the best remedy is to cut one's nails in hot water.—It is, I fear, as certain as any other remedy! It would at least be so here, if their bodies were of a piece with their understandings; or if both were as curable, as they are the contrary. Your prophecy, I doubt, is not better founded than the prescription. I may be lame; but I shall never be a duck, nor deal in the garbage of the alley.

I envy your *Strawberry tide*, and need not say how much I wish I was there to receive you. Methinks I should be as glad of a little grass, as a

ſeaman after a long voyage. Yet Engliſh gardening gains ground here prodigiouſly—not much at a time indeed—I have literally ſeen one that is exactly like a taylor's paper of patterns. There is a monſieur Boutin, who has tacked a piece of what he calls an Engliſh garden to a ſet of ſtone-terraſſes with ſteps of turf. There are three or four very high hills, almoſt as high as, and exactly in the ſhape of, a tanſy-pudding. You ſqueeze between theſe and a river, that is conducted at obtuſe angles in a ſtone-channel, and ſupplied by a pump; and when walnuts come in, I ſuppoſe it will be navigable. In a corner encloſed by a chalk wall are the ſamples I mentioned: there is a ſtripe of graſs, another of corn, and a third *en friche*, exactly in the order of beds in a nurſery. They have tranſlated Mr. Whateley's book, and the lord knows what barbariſm is going to be laid at our door. This new Anglomanie will literally be *mad Engliſh*.

New arrêts, new retrenchments, new miſery, ſtalk forth every day. The parliament of Beſançon is diſſolved; ſo are the *grenadiers de France*. The king's tradeſmen are all bankrupt, no penſions are paid, and every body is reforming their ſuppers and equipages. Deſpotiſm makes converts faſter than ever chriſtianity did. Louis quinze is the true Rex chriſtianiſſimus, and has ten times more ſucceſs than his dragooning great grandfather. Adieu, my dear ſir!

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Friday 9th.

THIS was to have gone by a private hand, but cannot depart till Monday; ſo I may be continuing my letter till I bring it myſelf. I have been again at the Chartreuſe; and though it was the ſixth time, I am more enchanted with thoſe paintings[1] than ever. If it is not the firſt work in the world, and muſt yield to the Vatican, yet in ſimplicity and harmony it beats Raphael himſelf. There is a vapour over all the pictures that makes them more natural than any repreſentation of objects—I cannot conceive how it is effected! you ſee them through the ſhine of a ſouth-eaſt wind. Theſe poor folks do not know the ineſtimable treaſure they poſſeſs—but they are periſhing theſe pictures, and one gazes at them as at a ſetting ſun. There is the purity of Racine in them, but they give me more pleaſure—and I ſhould much ſooner be tired of the poet than of the painter.

[1] The life of St. Bruno, painted by Le Sœur, in the cloiſter of the Chartreuſe at Paris. E.

It

It is very ſingular that I have not half the ſatisfaction in going into churches and convents that I uſed to have. The conſciouſneſs that the viſion is diſpelled, the want of fervour ſo obvious in the religious, the ſolitude that one knows proceeds from contempt, not from contemplation, make thoſe places appear like abandoned theatres deſtined to deſtruction. The monks trot about as if they had not long to ſtay there; and what uſed to be holy gloom is now but dirt and darkneſs. There is no more deception, than in a tragedy acted by candle-ſnuffers. One is ſorry to think that an empire of common ſenſe would not be very pictureſque; for, as there is nothing but taſte that can compenſate for the imagination of madneſs, I doubt there will never be twenty men of taſte for twenty thouſand madmen. The world will no more ſee Athens, Rome, and the Medici again, than a ſucceſſion of five good emperors, like Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines.

Auguſt 13.

Mr. Edmondſon has called on me; and as he ſets out to-morrow, I can ſafely truſt my letter to him.

I have, I own, been much ſhocked at reading Gray's death in the papers. 'Tis an hour that makes one forget any ſubjects of complaint, eſpecially towards one with whom I lived in friendſhip from thirteen years old. As ſelf lies ſo rooted in ſelf, no doubt the nearneſs of our ages made the ſtroke recoil to my own breaſt; and having ſo little expected his death, it is plain how little I expect my own. Yet to you, who of all men living are the moſt forgiving, I need not excuſe the concern I feel. I fear, moſt men ought to apologize for their want of feeling, inſtead of palliating that ſenſation when they have it. I thought that what I had ſeen of the world had hardened my heart; but I find it had formed my language, not extinguiſhed my tenderneſs. In ſhort, I am really ſhocked—nay, I am hurt at my own weakneſs, as I perceive that when I love any body, it is for my life; and I have had too much reaſon not to wiſh that ſuch a diſpoſition may very ſeldom be put to the trial. You at leaſt are the only perſon to whom I would venture to make ſuch a confeſſion.

Adieu, my dear ſir!—Let me know when I arrive, which will be about the

laſt day of the month, when I am likely to ſee you. I have much to ſay to you. Of being here I am moſt heartily tired, and nothing but this dear old woman ſhould keep me here an hour—I am weary of them to death—but that is not new!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Heath Sculp.r

William Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, &c.

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD,

From the Year 1756 to the Year 1790.

LETTERS

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THE EARL OF STRAFFORD,

From the Year 1756 to the Year 1790.

LETTER I.

To the EARL of STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, June 6, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM not ſorry to be paving my way to Wentworth caſtle by a letter, where I ſuppoſe you are by this time, and for which I waited: it is not that I ſtaid ſo long before I executed my embaſſy *auprès de milord* Tylney. He has but one pair of gold pheaſants at preſent, but promiſes my lady Strafford the firſt fruits of their loves. He gave me hopes of ſome pied peacocks ſooner, for which I aſked directly, as one muſt wait for the lying-in of the pheaſants. If I go on *negotiating* ſo ſucceſsfully, I may hope to arrive at a peerage a little ſooner than my uncle has.

As your lordſhip, I know, is ſo good as to intereſt yourſelf in the calamities of your friends, I will, as ſhortly as I can, deſcribe and grieve your heart with a cataſtrophe that has happened to two of them. My lady A——, Mr.

Mr. Conway, and miſs Rich paſſed two days laſt week at Strawberry-hill. We were returning from Mrs. Clive's through the long field, and had got over the high ſtile that comes into the road, that is, three of us. It had rained, and the ſtile was wet. I could not let miſs Rich ſtraddle acroſs ſo damp a palfrey; but took her in my arms to lift her over. At that inſtant I ſaw a coach and ſix come thundering down the hill from my houſe; and hurrying to ſet down my charge, and ſtepping backwards, I miſſed the firſt ſtep, came down headlong with the nymph in my arms: but turning quite round as we ruſhed to the ground, the firſt thing that touched the earth was miſs Rich's head. You muſt gueſs in how improper a ſituation we fell; and you muſt not tell my lady Strafford before any body, that every petticoat, &c. in the world were canted—high enough indeed! The coach came on, and never ſtopped. The apprehenſion that it would run over my Chloe, made me lie where I was, holding out my arm to keep off the horſes, which narrowly miſſed trampling us to death. The ladies, who were lady Holderneſs, miſs Pelham, and your ſiſter lady M—— C——, ſtared with aſtoniſhment at the theatre which they thought I had choſen to celebrate our loves; the footmen laughed; and you may imagine the aſtoniſhment of Mr. Conway and lady A———, who did not ſee the fall, but turned and ſaw our attitude. It was theſe ſpectators that amazed miſs Pelham, who deſcribed the adventure to Mrs. Pitt, and ſaid, "What was moſt amazing, there was Mr. Conway and lady A——— looking on!" I ſhall be vexed to have told you this long ſtory, if lady Mary has writ it already; only tell me honeſtly if ſhe has deſcribed it as decently as I have.

If you have not got the new letters and memoires of madame Maintenon, I beg I may recommend them for your ſummer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the letters, I think you will find them very curious, and ſome very entertaining. The fourth volume has perſuaded me of the ſincerity of her devotion; and two or three letters at the beginning of my preſent tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored madame de Sevigné. I am quite glad to find that they do *not* continue equally agreeable.—The extreme miſery to which France was reduced at the end of queen Anne's war, is more ſtriking than one could conceive. I hope it is a debt that they are not going to pay, though the news that arrived on Wedneſday have but a black aſpect.—The conſternation on the behaviour of Byng, and on the amazing council of war at Gib-

raltar is extreme: many think both next to impoſſibilities. In the mean time we fear the loſs of Minorca! I could not help ſmiling t'other day at two paſſages in madame Maintenon's letters relating to the duc de Richelieu, when he firſt came into the world: "Jamais homme n'a mieux reuſſi à la cour, la premiere fois qu'il y a paru: c'eſt réellement une très-jolie creature!" Again:—"C'eſt la plus aimable poupée qu'on puiſſe voir." How mortifying, that this *jolie poupée* ſhould be the avenger of the Valoiſes!

Adieu, my lord!—I don't believe that a daughter of the duke of Argyle[1] will think that the preſent I have announced in the firſt part of my letter balances the inglorious article in the end. I wiſh you would both renew the breed of heroes, which ſeems ſcarcer than that of gold pheaſants!

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

Strawberry-hill, July 4, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT is well I have not obeyed you ſooner, as I have often been going to do: what a heap of lies and contradictions I ſhould have ſent you! What joint miniſtries and ſole miniſtries! What acceptances and reſignations!—Viziers and bowſtrings never ſucceeded one another quicker. Luckily I have ſtaid till we have got an adminiſtration that will laſt a little more than for ever. There is ſuch content and harmony in it, that I don't know whether it is not as perfect as a plan which I formed for Charles Stanhope, after he had plagued me for two days for news. I told him the duke of Newcaſtle was to take orders, and have the reverſion of the biſhoprick of Wincheſter; that Mr. Pitt was to have a regiment, and go over to the Duke; and Mr. Fox to be chamberlain to the princeſs, in the room of ſir William Irby. Of all the new ſyſtem I believe the happieſt is O——; though in great humility he ſays he only takes the bed-chamber *to accommodate*. Next to

[1] Lady Strafford was the youngeſt daughter of John duke of Argyle.

him in joy is the earl of Holderneſs—who has not got the garter. My lord Waldegrave has; and the garter by this time I believe has got fifty ſpots [1].

Had I written ſooner, I ſhould have told your lordſhip too of the king of Pruſſia's triumphs—but they are addled too! I hoped to have had a few bricks from Prague to ſend you towards building Mr. Bentley's deſign, but I fear none will come from thence this ſummer. Thank God, the happineſs of the menagerie does not depend upon adminiſtrations or victories! The happieſt of beings in this part of the world is my lady Suffolk: I really think her acquiſition and concluſion of her law-ſuit will lengthen her life ten years. You may be ſure I am not ſo ſatisfied, as lady Mary [2] has left Sudbroke.

Are your charming lawns burnt up like our humble hills? Is your ſweet river as low as our deſerted Thames?—I am wiſhing for a handful or two of thoſe floods that drowned me laſt year all the way from Wentworth-caſtle. I beg my beſt compliments to my lady, and my beſt wiſhes that every pheaſant egg and peacock egg may produce as many colours as a harlequin-jacket.

I am hers and your lordſhip's moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Tueſday, July 5.

LUCKILY, my good lord, my conſcience had ſaved its diſtance. I had writ the above laſt night, when I received the honour of your kind letter this morning. You had, as I did not doubt, received accounts of all our ſtrange hiſtories. For that of the pretty counteſs, I fear there is too much truth in all you have heard: but you don't ſeem to know that lord Corydon and captain Corydon his brother have been moſt abominable. I don't care to write ſcandal; but when I ſee you, I will tell you how much the chits deſerve to be whipped. Our favourite general [3] is at his camp: lady A——— don't go to him theſe three weeks. I expect the pleaſure of ſeeing her and miſs Rich and Fred. Campbell here ſoon for a few days. I don't wonder your

[1] He was apt to be dirty.

[2] Lady Mary Coke, daughter of John Campbell, duke of Argyle, and ſiſter to lady Strafford.

[3] General Conway.

lordſhip likes St. Philippe better than Torcy: except a few paſſages intereſting to Engliſhmen, there cannot be a more dry narration than the latter. There is an addition of ſeven volumes of Univerſal Hiſtory to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you: I almoſt like it the beſt of his works. It is what you have ſeen extended, and the memoires of Louis XIV. *refondues* in it. He is a little tireſome with contradicting La Beaumelle out of pique—and there is too much about Rouſſeau. Between La Beaumelle and Voltaire, one remains with ſcarce a fixed idea about that time. I wiſh they would produce their authorities and proofs; without which, I am grown to believe neither. From miſtakes in the Engliſh part, I ſuppoſe there are great ones in the more diſtant hiſtories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worſt informed on the preſent times.—He ſays eight hundred perſons were put to death for the laſt rebellion—I don't believe a quarter of the number were: and he makes the firſt lord Derwentwater—who, poor man! was in no ſuch high-ſpirited mood—bring his ſon, who by the way was not above a year and a half old, upon the ſcaffold to be ſprinkled with his blood.—However, he is in the right to expect to be believed: for he believes all the romances in lord Anſon's Voyage, and how admiral Almanzor made one man of war box the ears of the whole empire of China!—I know nothing elſe new but a new edition of doctor Young's Works. If your lordſhip thinks like me, who hold that even in his moſt frantic rhapſodies there are innumerable fine things, you will like to have this edition. Adieu, once more, my beſt lord!

LETTER III.

Strawberry-hill, October 11, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU will have ſeen or heard that the fleet is returned[1]. They have brought home nothing but one little iſland, which is a great deal more than I expected, having neither thought ſo deſpicably of France, or ſo conſiderably of ourſelves, as to believe they were expoſed to much damage. My joy for Mr. Conway's return is not at all leſſened by the clamour on this diſappoint-

[1] From the expedition againſt Rochfort.

ment. Had he been chief commander, I ſhould be very ſure the nothing he had done was all he could do. As he was under orders, I wait with patience to hear his general's vindication.

I hope the Yorkiſts have not knocked out your brains for living in a county. In my neighbourhood they have inſulted the parliament *in perſon*[1]. He called in the blues, inſtead of piquing himſelf on dying in his Curule chair in the ſtable-yard at Ember-court.—So entirely have we loſt our ſpirit, that the ſtanding-army is forced to defend us againſt the people, when we endeavour to give them a militia, to ſave them from a ſtanding-army; and that the repreſentative of the parliament had rather owe his life to the guards than die in the cauſe of a militia. Sure Lenthall's ghoſt will come and pull him by the noſe!

I hope you begin to caſt a ſouthward look, and that my lady's chickens and ducklings are old enough to go to a day-ſchool, and will not want her any longer.

My lord Townſhend and George[2] are engaged in a paper-war againſt one another, about the militia. That bill, the ſuſpenſion at Stade, and the late expedition which has coſt millions, will find us in amuſements this winter. It is lucky, for I deſpair of the Opera. The Mattei has ſent certificates to prove that ſhe is ſtopped by an inundation. The certificates I ſuppoſe can ſwim. Adieu, my dear lord!

My lady's and your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IV.

Arlington-ſtreet, June 16, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I STAID to write to you, in obedience to your commands, till I had ſomething worth telling you. St. Maloes is taken by ſtorm. The governor leaped into the ſea at the very name of the duke of Marlborough. Sir

[1] Mr. Onſlow, the ſpeaker.

[2] The preſent marquis Townſhend.

James Lowther put his hand into his pocket, and gave the ſoldiers two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds to drink the king's health on the top of the Great Church. Norborne Berkeley begged the favour of the biſhop to go back with him and ſee his houſe in Glouceſterſhire. Delaval is turned capuchin, with remorſe, for having killed four thouſand French with his own hand. Commodore Howe [1] does nothing but *talk* of what he has done. Lord Downe, who has killed the intendant, has ſent for Dupré [2] to put in his place; and my lord A—— has raviſhed three abbeſſes, the youngeſt of whom was eighty-five. Sure, my lord, this account is glorious enough! Don't you think one might 'bate a little of it? How much will you give up? Will you compound for the town capitulating, and for threeſcore men of war and two hundred privateers burned in the harbour? I would fain beat you down as low as I could.—What, if we ſhould not have taken the town? Shall you be very much ſhocked, if, after burning two ſhips of fifty-four and thirty-ſix guns, and a buſhel of privateers and ſmall-ware, we had thought it prudent to leave the town where we found it, and had re-embarked laſt Monday (in ſeven hours, the diſpatch of which implies at leaſt as much precipitation as conduct), and that of all the large bill of fare above, nothing ſhould be true but Downe's killing the intendant; who coming out to reconnoitre, and not ſurrendering, Downe at the head of ſome grenadiers ſhot him dead. In truth, this is all the truth, as it came in the middle of the night; and if your lordſhip is obſtinately bent on the conqueſt of France, you muſt wait till we have found another loophole into it, which it ſeems our fleet is gone to look for. I fear it is not even true that we have beat them in the Mediterranean! nor have I any hopes, but in admiral Forbes, who muſt ſail up the Rhone, burn Lyons, and force them to a peace at once.

I hope you have had as favourable ſucceſſion of ſun and rain as we have. I go to Park-place next week, where I fancy I ſhall find our little ducheſs [3] quite content with the proſpect of recovering her duke [4], without his being loaded with laurels like a boar's head. Adieu, my dear lord! My beſt compliments to my lady and her whole menagerie.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The preſent earl Howe.
[2] A French maſter.
[3] Of Richmond.
[4] The duke of Richmond was a volunteer on the expedition to St. Maloes.

LETTER V.

Strawberry-hill, June 12, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

AFTER ſo kind a note as you left for me at your going out of town, you cannot wonder that I was determined to thank you the moment I knew you ſettled in Yorkſhire. At leaſt I am not ungrateful, if I deſerve your goodneſs by no other title. I was willing to ſtay till I could amuſe you; but I have not a battle big enough even to ſend in a letter. A war that reaches from Muſcovy to Alſace, and from Madras to California, don't produce an article half ſo long as Mr. Johnſon's riding three horſes at once. The king of Pruſſia's campaign is ſtill in its papillotes; prince Ferdinand is laid up like the reſt of the penſioners on Ireland; Guadaloupe has taken a ſleeping-draught; and our heroes in America ſeem to be planting ſuckers of laurels that will not make any figure theſe three years. All the war that is in faſhion lies between thoſe two ridiculous things, an invaſion and the militia. Prince Edward is going to ſea, to inquire after the invaſion from France; and all the old pot-bellied country colonels are preparing to march and make it drunk when it comes. I don't know, as it is an event in Mr. Pitt's adminiſtration, whether the jacobite corporations, who are converted by his eloquence which they never heard, do not propoſe to beſtow their freedom on the firſt corps of French that ſhall land.

Adieu, my lord, and my lady! I hope you are all beauty and verdure. We are drowned with obtaining ours.

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VI.

Strawberry-hill, Thurſday 3 o'clock, Auguſt 9, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

LORD Granby has entirely defeated the French[1]!—The foreign gazettes, I ſuppoſe, will give this victory to prince Ferdinand; but the mob

[1] At Minden.

of

of London, whom I have this minute left, and who muſt know beſt, aſſure me that it is all their own marquis's doing. Mr.[1] Yorke was the firſt to ſend this news, *to be laid with himſelf and all humility at his majeſty's feet*[2], about eleven o'clock yeſterday morning. At five this morning came captain Ligonier, who was diſpatched in ſuch a hurry that he had not time to pack up any particulars in his portmanteau: thoſe we are expecting with our own army, who we conclude are now at Paris, and will lie to-morrow night at Amiens. All we know is, that not one Engliſhman is killed, nor one Frenchman left alive. If you ſhould chance to meet a bloody waggon-load of heads, you will be ſure that it is the part of the ſpoils that came to Downe's ſhare, and going to be hung up in the great hall at Cowick[3].

We have a vaſt deal of other good news; but as not one word of it is true, I thought you would be content with this victory. His majeſty is *in high ſpirits*, and is to make a triumphal entry into Hanover on Tueſday fortnight. I envy you the illuminations and rejoicings that will be made at Workſop on this occaſion.

Four days ago we had a great victory over the Ruſſians; but in the hurry of this triumph it has ſomehow or other been miſlaid, and nobody can tell where to find it:—however, it is not given over for loſt.

Adieu, my dear lord! As I have been ſo circumſtantial in the account of this battle, I will not tire you with any thing elſe. My compliments to the lady of the menagerie.—I ſee your new offices[4] riſe every day in a very reſpectable manner.

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The late lord Dover, then miniſter at the Hague.
[2] The words of his diſpatch.
[3] Lord Downe's ſeat in Yorkſhire.
[4] At lord Strafford's houſe at Twickenham.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Arlington-ſtreet, September 13, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU are very good to ſay you would accept of my letters, though I ſhould have no particular news to tell you; but at preſent, it would be treating heroes and conquerors with great ſupercilioufneſs, if I made uſe of your indulgence and ſaid nothing of them. We have taken more places and ſhips in a week than would have ſet up ſuch pedant nations as Greece and Rome to all futurity. If we did but call ſir William Johnſon, Gulielmus Johnſonus Niagaricus; and Amherſt, Galfridus Amherſta Ticonderogicus, we ſhould be quoted a thouſand years hence as the patterns of valour, virtue, and diſintereſtedneſs; for poſterity always aſcribes all manner of modeſty and ſelf-denial to thoſe that take the moſt pains to perpetuate their own glory. Then admiral Boſcawen has, in a very Roman ſtyle, made free with the coaſt of Portugal, and uſed it to make a bonfire of the French fleet. When Mr. Pitt was told of this infraction of a neutral territory, he replied, "It is very true, but they are burned."—In ſhort, we want but a little more inſolence and a worſe cauſe to make us a very claſſic nation.

My lady T. who has not learning enough to copy a Spartan mother, has loſt her youngeſt ſon. I ſaw her this morning—her affectation is on t'other ſide; ſhe affects grief—but not ſo much for the ſon ſhe has loſt, as for t'other that ſhe may loſe.

Lord George[1] is come, has aſked for a court-martial, was put off, and is turned out of every thing. Waldegrave has his regiment, for what he did; and lord Granby the ordnance—for what he would have done.

Lord Northampton is to be married[2] to-night in full *Comptonhood.*

I am indeed happy that Mr. Campbell[3] is a general; but how will his father like being the *dowager general* Campbell?

You are very kind, my lord (but that is not new), in intereſting yourſelf

[1] Lord George Sackville.
[2] To lady Anne Somerſet.
[3] The preſent duke of Argyle.

about

about Strawberry-hill. I have juſt finiſhed a Holbein-chamber, that I flatter myſelf you will not diſlike; and I have begun to build a new printing-houſe, that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower. This noble ſummer is not yet over with us—it ſeems to have cut a colt's *week*. I never write without talking of it, and ſhould be glad to know in how many letters *this ſummer* has been mentioned.

I have lately been at Wilton, and was aſtoniſhed at the heaps of rubbiſh. The houſe is grand, and the place glorious; but I ſhould ſhovel three parts of the marbles and pictures into the river. Adieu, my lord and lady!

Your faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

Strawberry-hill, October 30, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT would be very extraordinary indeed if I was not glad to ſee one whoſe friendſhip does me ſo much honour as your lordſhip's, and who always expreſſes ſo much kindneſs to me. I have an additional reaſon for thanking you now, when you are erecting a building after the deſign of the Strawberry-committee. It will look, I fear, very ſelfiſh, if I pay it a viſit next year; and yet it anſwers ſo many ſelfiſh purpoſes that I certainly ſhall.

My ignorance of all the circumſtances relating to Quebec is prodigious; I have contented myſelf with the rays of glory that reached hither, without going to London to baſk in them. I have not even ſeen the conqueror's mother[1], though I hear ſhe has covered herſelf with more laurel-leaves than were heaped on the children in the wood. Seriouſly it is very great; and as I am too inconſiderable to envy Mr. Pitt, I give him all the honour he deſerves.

I paſſed all the laſt week at Park-place, where one of the braveſt men in

[1] Lady Townſhend. On the death of general Wolfe, colonel now marquis Townſhend received the ſurrender. E.

the world, who is not permitted to contribute to our conquests, was indulged in being the happiest by being with one of the most deserving women—for Campbell-goodness no more wears out than Campbell-beauty—all their good qualities are *huckaback*[1]. You see the duchess[2] has imbibed so much of their durableness, that she is good-humoured enough to dine at a tavern at seventy-six.

Sir William Stanhope wrote to Mrs. Ellis[3], that he had pleased himself, having seen much of Mr. Nugent and lady Berkeley, this summer, and having been so charmed with the felicity of their menage, that he could not resist marrying again. His daughter replied, that it had always been her opinion, that people should please themselves, and that she was glad he had; but as to taking the precedent of my lady Berkeley, she hoped it would answer in nothing but in my lady Stanhope having three children the first year. You see, my lord, Mrs. Ellis has bottled up her words[4], till they sparkle at last!

I long to have your approbation of my Holbein-chamber; it has a comely sobriety that I think answers very well to the tone it should have. My new printing-house is finished, in order to pull down the old one, and lay the foundations next summer of my round tower. Then follows the gallery and chapel-cabinet.—I hear your lordship has tapped your magnificent front too. Well, when all your magnificences and my *minimificences* are finished, then, we—won't sit down and drink, as Pyrrhus said,—no, I trust we shall never conclude our plans so filthily; then—I fear we shall begin others.—Indeed, I don't know what the countess may do: if she imitates her mother, she will go to a tavern at fourscore, and then she and Pyrrhus may take a bottle together—I hope she will live to try at least whether she likes it. Adieu, both!

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Lady A———, and lady Strafford, both Campbells, preserved their beauty so long, that Mr. Walpole called them *huckaback beauties*, that never wear out. H. W.

[2] The duchess of Argyle, widow of John Campbell, duke of Argyle, and mother to lady Strafford.

[3] His daughter.

[4] She was very silent.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Strawberry-hill, June 7, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN at my time of day one can think a ball worth going to London for on purpoſe, you will not wonder that I am childiſh enough to write an account of it. I could give a better reaſon, your bidding me ſend you any news; but I ſcorn a good reaſon when I am idle enough to do any thing for a bad one.

You had heard, before you left London, of miſs Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the prince's birth-day. Poor thing, I fear ſhe has thrown away above a quarter's ſalary! It was magnificent and well-underſtood—no crowd—and though a ſultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole ſummit of the wall with a battlement of lamps; ſmaller ones on every ſtep, and a figure of lanthorns on the outſide of the houſe. The virgin-miſtreſs began the ball with the duke of York, who was dreſſed in a pale blue watered tabby, which, as I told him, if he danced much, would ſoon be *tabby all over*, like the man's advertiſement[1]; but nobody did dance much. There was a new miſs Biſhop from ſir Cecil's endleſs hoard of beauty daughters, who is ſtill prettier than her ſiſters. The new Spaniſh embaſſy was there—alas! Sir Cecil biſhop has never been in Spain! Monſieur de Fuentes is a halfpenny print of my lord H———. His wife homely, but ſeems good-humoured and civil. The ſon does not degenerate from ſuch high-born uglineſs—the daughter-in-law was ſick, and they ſay is not ugly, and has as good a ſet of teeth as one can have, when one has but two and thoſe black. They ſeem to have no curioſity, ſit where they are placed, and aſk no queſtions about ſo ſtrange a country. Indeed the embaſſadreſs could ſee nothing; for Doddington[2] ſtood before her the whole time, ſweating Spaniſh at her, of which it was evident by her civil nods without anſwers ſhe did not underſtand a word. She ſpeaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away—though there was a miraculous draught of fiſhes for their ſupper, as it was a faſt—but being the octave of their fête-dieu, they dared not even faſt plentifully. Miſs Chud-

[1] A ſtay-maker of the time, who advertiſed in the newſpapers making ſtays at ſuch a price; "*tabby all over.*" E.

[2] Afterwards lord Melcombe. He had been miniſter in Spain.

leigh desired the gamblers would go up into the garrets—"nay, they are not garrets—it is only the roof of the house hollowed for upper servants—but I have no upper servants." Every body ran up: there is a low gallery with bookcases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures on different colours, and with Chinese chairs of the same colours. Vases of flowers in each for nosegays, and in one retired nook a most critical couch!

The lord of the festival[1] was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expence of his pleasures. At supper she offered him tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms and very fine, and on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries; you would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus. Last night my lady Northumberland lighted up her garden for the Spaniards: I was not there, having excused myself for a head-ache, which I had not, but *ought* to have caught the night before. Mr. Doddington entertained these Fuentes's at Hammersmith; and to the shame of our nation, while they were drinking tea in the summer-house, some gentlemen, aye, my lord, gentlemen, went into the river and showed the embassadress and her daughter more than ever they expected to see of England.

I dare say you are sorry for poor lady Anson. She was exceedingly good-humoured, and did a thousand good-natured and generous actions. I tell you nothing of the rupture of lord Halifax's match, of which you must have heard so much; but you will like a bon mot upon it—They say, the *hundreds of Drury* have got the better of the *thousands of Drury*[2].

The pretty countess[3] is still alive, was thought actually dying on Tuesday night, and I think will go off very soon.

I think there will soon be a peace: my only reason is, that every body seems so backward at making war. Adieu, my dear lord!

I am your most affectionate servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The duke of Kingston.

[2] Lord Halifax kept an actress belonging to Drury-lane theatre. And the marriage broken off was with a daughter of sir Thomas Drury, an heiress.

[3] Of Coventry.

LETTER X.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 7, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU will laugh, but I am ready to cry, when I tell you that I have no notion when I ſhall be able to wait on you.—Such a calamity!—My tower is not fallen down, nor lady Fanny Shirley run away with another printer; nor has my lady D—— inſiſted on living with me as half way to Weybridge. Something more diſgraceful than all theſe, and wofully mortifying for a young creature, who is at the ſame time in love with lady M—— C——, and following the ducheſs of G—— and Loo all over the kingdom. In ſhort, my lord, I have got the gout—yes, the gout in earneſt. I was ſeized on Monday morning, ſuffered diſmally all night, am now wrapped in flannels like the picture of a Morocco embaſſador, and am carried to bed by two ſervants. You ſee virtue and leanneſs are no preſervatives. I write this now to your lordſhip, becauſe I think it totally impoſſible that I ſhould be able to ſet out the day after to-morrow, as I intended. The moment I can, I will; but this is a tyrant that will not let one name a day. All I know is, that it may abridge my other parties, but ſhall not my ſtay at Wentworth-caſtle. The duke of Devonſhire was ſo good as to aſk me to be at Chatſworth yeſterday, but I did not know it time enough. As it happens, I muſt have diſappointed him. At preſent I look like Pam's father more than one of his ſubjects; only one of my legs appears:

The reſt my parti-colour'd robe conceals.

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

Strawberry-hill, September 4, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU ordered me to tell you how I liked Hardwicke. To ſay the truth, not exceedingly. The bank of oaks over the ponds is fine, and the vaſt lawn

lawn behind the houſe: I ſaw nothing elſe that is ſuperior to the common run of parks. For the houſe, it did not pleaſe me at all; there is no grace, no ornament, no gothic in it. I was glad to ſee the ſtyle of furniture of that age; and my imagination helped me to like the apartment of the queen of Scots. Had it been the chateau of a ducheſs of Brunſwic, on which they had exhauſted the revenues of ſome centuries, I don't think I ſhould have admired it at all. In ſhort, Hardwicke diſappointed me as much as Chatſworth ſurpaſſed my expectation. There is a richneſs and vivacity of proſpect in the latter; in the former, nothing but triſte grandeur.

Newſteade delighted me. There is grace and gothic indeed—good chambers and a comfortable houſe. The monks formerly were the only ſenſible people that had really good manſions. I ſaw Althorpe too, and liked it very well: the pictures are fine. In the gallery I found myſelf quite at home; and ſurpriſed the houſekeeper by my familiarity with the portraits.

I hope you have read prince Ferdinand's Thankſgiving, where he has made out a victory by the exceſs of his praiſes. I ſupped at Mr. Conway's t'other night with miſs Weſt[1], and we diverted ourſelves with the encomiums on her colonel Johnſton[2]. Lady A——— told her, that to be ſure next winter ſhe would burn nothing but laurel-faggots. Don't you like prince Ferdinand's being ſo tired with thanking, that at laſt he is forced to turn God over to be thanked by the officers?

In London there is a more cruel campaign than that waged by the Ruſſians: the ſtreets are a very picture of the murder of the innocents—one drives over nothing but poor dead dogs! The dear, good-natured, honeſt, ſenſible creatures! Chriſt! how can any body hurt them? Nobody could but thoſe Cherokees the Engliſh, who deſire no better than to be halloo'd to blood:—one day admiral Byng, the next lord George Sackville, and to-day the poor dogs!

I cannot help telling your lordſhip how I was diverted the night I returned hither. I was ſitting with Mrs. Clive, her ſiſter and brother, in the

[1] Eldeſt daughter of John (afterwards) earl of De la Warre.

[2] The late general James Johnſton.

bench near the road at the end of her long walk. We heard a violent ſcolding; and looking out, ſaw a pretty woman ſtanding by a high chaiſe, in which was a young fellow, and a coachman riding by. The damſel had loſt her hat, her cap, her cloak, her temper, and her ſenſes; and was more drunk and more angry than you can conceive. Whatever the young man had or had not done to her, ſhe would not ride in the chaiſe with him, but ſtood curſing and ſwearing in the moſt outrageous ſtyle: and when ſhe had vented all the oaths ſhe could think of, ſhe at laſt wiſhed *Perfidion* might ſeize him. You may imagine how we laughed.—The fair intoxicate turned round, and cried, "I am laughed at!—Who is it?—What, Mrs. Clive? Kitty Clive?—No: Kitty Clive would never behave ſo!"—I wiſh you could have ſeen my neighbour's confuſion.—She certainly did not grow paler than ordinary.—I laugh now while I repeat it to you.

I have told Mr. Bentley[1] the great honour you have done him, my lord. He is happy the Temple ſucceeds to pleaſe you.

I am your lordſhip's moſt faithful friend and ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Oct. 26, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I BEG your pardon for ſo long a ſilence in the late reign; I knew nothing worth telling you; and the great event of this morning you will certainly hear before it comes to you by ſo ſober and regular a perſonage as the poſtman. The few circumſtances known yet are, that the king went well to-bed laſt night; roſe well at ſix this morning; went to the

[1] Richard, only ſon of doctor Bentley.—— The Gothic building like an old market-croſs in the Menagerie at Wentworth-caſtle was erected by lord Strafford, after a deſign of Mr. Bentley's. E.

water-

water-closet a little after seven; had a fit, fell against a bureau, and gashed his right temple: the valet-de-chambre heard a noise and a groan, and ran in: the king tried to speak, but died instantly. I should hope this would draw you southward: such scenes are worth looking at, even by people who regard them with such indifference as your lordship or I. I say no more, for what will mix in a letter with the death of a king?

I am my lady's and your lordship's most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIII.

Strawberry-hill, July 5, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT live at Twickenham and not think of you: I have long wanted to write, and had nothing to tell you. My lady D. seems to have lost her sting; she has neither blown up a house nor a quarrel since you departed. Her wall, contiguous to you, is built, but so precipitate and slanting, that it seems hurrying to take water. I hear she grows sick of her undertakings. We have been ruined by deluges; all the country was under water. Lord Holderness's new fossé[1] was beaten in for several yards: this tempest was a little beyond the dew of Hermon, that fell on the *hill of Sion.* I have been in still more danger by water: my perroquet was on my shoulder as I was feeding my gold-fish, and flew into the middle of the pond: I was very near being the Nouvelle Eloise, and tumbling in after him; but with much ado I ferried him out with my hat.

Lord E——— has had a fit of apoplexy; your brother Charles[2] a bad return of his old complaint; and lord Melcombe has tumbled down the kitchen stairs, and——waked himself.

[1] At Sion-hill, near Brentford.

[2] Charles Townshend, married to lady Greenwich, eldest sister to lady Strafford.

London is a deſert; no ſoul in it but the king. Buſſy has taken a temporary houſe. The World talks of peace—would I could believe it! every newſpaper frightens me: Mr. Conway would be very angry if he knew how I dread the very name of the prince de Soubiſe.

We begin to perceive the tower of Kew[1] from Montpellier-row; in a fortnight you will ſee it in Yorkſhire.

The apoſtle Whitfield is come to ſome ſhame: he went to lady Huntingdon lately, and aſked for forty pounds for ſome diſtreſſed ſaint or other. She ſaid ſhe had not ſo much money in the houſe, but would give it him the firſt time ſhe had. He was very preſſing, but in vain. At laſt he ſaid, "There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want ſuch vanities; I will have that." She would have put him off; but he perſiſting, ſhe ſaid, "Well, if you muſt have it, you muſt." About a fortnight afterwards, going to his houſe, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the counteſs found her own offering. This has made a terrible ſchiſm: ſhe tells the ſtory herſelf—I had not it from Saint Frances[2], but I hope it is true.

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. My gallery ſends its humble duty to your new front, and all my creatures beg their reſpects to my lady.

LETTER XIV.

Strawberry-hill, July 22, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I LOVE to be able to contribute to your ſatisfaction, and I think few things would make you happier than to hear that we have totally defeated

[1] The pagoda in the royal garden at Kew.

[2] Lady Frances Shirley.

the French combined armies, and that Mr. Conway is ſafe. The account came this morning: I had a ſhort note from poor lady A———, who was waked with the good news, before ſhe had heard there had been a battle. I don't pretend to ſend you circumſtances, no more than I do of the wedding and coronation, becauſe you have relations and friends in town nearer and better informed. Indeed, only the bloſſom of victory is come yet.—Fitzroy is expected, and another fuller courier after him. Lord Granby, to the mob's heart's content, has the chief honour of the day—rather, of the two days. The French behaved to the mob's content too, that is, ſhamefully. And all this glory cheaply bought on our ſide. Lieutenant-colonel Keith killed; and colonel Marlay and Harry Townſhend wounded. If it produces a peace, I ſhall be happy for mankind—if not, ſhall content myſelf with the ſingle but pure joy of Mr. Conway's being ſafe.

Well! my lord, when do you come? You don't like the queſtion, but kings will be married and muſt be crowned—and if people will be earls, they muſt now and then give up caſtles and new fronts, for proceſſions and ermine. By the way, the number of peereſſes that propoſe to excuſe themſelves makes great noiſe; eſpecially as ſo many are breeding, or trying to breed, by commoners, that they cannot walk. I hear that my lord D———, concluding all women would not diſlike the ceremony, is negotiating his peerage in the city, and trying if any great fortune will give fifty thouſand pounds for one day, as they often do for one night. I ſaw miſs ——— this evening at my lady Suffolk's, and fancy ſhe does not think my lord ——— quite ſo ugly as ſhe did two months ago.

Adieu, my lord! This is a ſplendid year!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XV.

Arlington-ſtreet, Tueſday morning.

MY DEAR LORD,

NOTHING was ever equal to the buſtle and uncertainty of the town for theſe three days. The queen was ſeen off the coaſt of Suſſex on Saturday

Saturday laſt, and is not arrived yet—nay, laſt night at ten o'cloek it was neither certain when ſhe landed, nor when ſhe would be in town. I forgive hiſtory for knowing nothing, when ſo public an event as the arrival of a new queen is a myſtery even at the very moment in St. James's-ſtreet. The meſſenger that brought the letter yeſterday morning, ſaid, ſhe *arrived* at half an hour after four at Harwich. This was immediately tranſlated into *landing*, and notified in thoſe words to the miniſters. Six hours afterwards it proved no ſuch thing, and that ſhe was only in Harwich-road; and they recollected that *half an hour after four* happens twice in twenty-four hours, and the letter did not ſpecify which of the *twices* it was. Well! the bridemaids whipped on their virginity; the new road and the parks were thronged; the guns were choaking with impatience to go off; and ſir James Lowther, who was to pledge his majeſty, was actually married to lady Mary Stuart. Five, ſix, ſeven, eight o'clock came, and no queen—She lay at Witham at lord Abercorn's, who was moſt tranquilly in town; and it is not certain even whether ſhe will be compoſed enough to be in town to-night. She has been ſick but half an hour; ſung and played on the harpſichord all the voyage, and been cheerful the whole time. The coronation will now certainly not be put off—ſo I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing you on the 15th. The weather is cloſe and ſultry; and if the wedding is to-night, we ſhall all die.

They have made an admirable ſpeech for the Tripoline embaſſador—that he ſaid he heard the king had ſent his *firſt eunuch* to fetch the princeſs. I ſhould think he meaned lord ——.

You will find the town over head and ears in diſputes about rank, precedence, proceſſions, entrées, &c. One point, that of the Iriſh peers, has been excellently liquidated: lord Halifax has ſtuck up a paper in the coffee-room at Arthur's, importing, "that his majeſty, not having leiſure to determine a point of ſuch great conſequence, permits for this time ſuch Iriſh peers as ſhall be at the marriage to walk in the proceſſion." Every body concludes thoſe perſonages will underſtand this order, as it is drawn up in their *own* language; otherwiſe it is not very clear how they are to walk *to* the marriage, if they are *at* it before they come *to* it.

Strawberry returns its duty and thanks for all your lordſhip's goodneſs to

it, and, though it has not got its wedding-clothes yet, will be happy to ſee you. Lady B—— M——— is the individual woman ſhe was—ſhe ſeems to have been gone three years, like the ſultan in the Perſian tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim. She is not altered in a tittle. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Twenty minutes paſt three in the afternoon, not in the middle of the night.

MADAME CHARLOTTE is this inſtant arrived. The noiſe of coaches, chaiſes, horſemen, mob, that have been to ſee her paſs through the parks, is ſo prodigious that I cannot diſtinguiſh the guns. I am going to be dreſſed, and before ſeven ſhall launch into the crowd. Pray for me!

LETTER XVI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 5, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

AS you have correſpondents of better authority in town, I don't pretend to ſend you great events, and I know no ſmall ones. Nobody talks of any thing under a revolution. That in Ruſſia alarms me, leſt lady —— ſhould fall in love with the czarina, who has depoſed *her* lord ——, and ſet out for Peterſburgh. We throw away a whole ſummer in writing Britons and North Britons; the Ruſſians change ſovereigns faſter than Mr. Wilkes can chooſe a motto for a paper. What years were ſpent here in controverſy on the abdication of king James, and the legitimacy of the pretender! Commend me to the czarina. They doubted, that is, her huſband did, whether her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobazinſky guards, excellent caſuiſts, and, to prove duke Paul heir to the crown, aſſumed it herſelf. The proof was compendious and unanſwerable.

I truſt you know that Mr. Conway has made a figure by taking the caſtle of

of Waldeck. There has been another action to prince Ferdinand's advantage, but no Engliſh were engaged.

You tantaliſe me by talking of the verdure of Yorkſhire; we have not had a tea-cup full of rain till to-day for theſe ſix weeks. Corn has been reaped that never wet its lips; not a blade of graſs; the leaves yellow and falling as in the end of October. In ſhort, Twickenham is rueful; I don't believe Weſtphalia looks more barren. Nay, we are forced to fortify ourſelves too. Hanworth was broken open laſt night, though the family was all there. Lord Vere loſt a ſilver ſtandiſh, an old watch, and his writing-box with fifty pounds in it. They broke it open in the park, but miſſed a diamond ring, which was found, and the teleſcope, which by the weight of the caſe they had fancied full of money. Another houſe in the middle of Sunbury has had the ſame fate. I am mounting cannon on my battlements.

Your chateau, I hope, proceeds faſter than mine. The carpenters are all aſſociated for increaſe of wages; I have had but two men at work theſe five weeks. You know, to be ſure, that lady Mary Wortley cannot live. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 10, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE waited in hopes that the world would do ſomething worth telling you: it will not, and I cannot ſtay any longer without aſking you how you do, and hoping you have not quite forgot me. It has rained ſuch deluges, that I had ſome thoughts of turning my gallery into an ark, and began to pack up a pair of bantams, a pair of cats, in ſhort, a pair of every living creature about my houſe: but it is grown fine at laſt, and the workmen quit my gallery to-day without hoiſting a ſail in it. I know nothing upon earth but what the ancient ladies in my neighbourhood knew threeſcore years ago; I write merely to pay you my pepper-corn of affection, and

and to enquire after my lady, who I hope is perfectly well. A longer letter would not have half the merit: a line in return will however repay all the merit I can poſſibly have to one to whom I am ſo much obliged.

I am, my dear lord, your moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, September 3, 1765.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT quit a country where I leave any thing that I honour ſo much as your lordſhip and lady Strafford, without taking a ſort of leave of you. I ſhall ſet out for Paris on Monday next the 9th, and ſhall be happy if I can execute any commiſſion for you there.

A journey to Paris ſounds youthful and healthy. I have certainly mended much this laſt week, though with no pretenſions to a recovery of youth. Half the view of my journey is to re-eſtabliſh my health—the other half, to waſh my hands of politics, which I have long determined to do whenever a change ſhould happen. I would not abandon my friends while they were martyrs; but now they have gained their crown of glory, they are well able to ſhift for themſelves; and it was no part of my compact to go to that heaven, St. James's, with them. Unleſs I diſlike Paris very much, I ſhall ſtay ſome time; but I make no declarations, leſt I ſhould be ſoon tired of it, and come back again. At firſt I muſt like it, for lady M—— C—— will be there, as if by aſſignation. The counteſſes of Carliſle and Berkeley too, I hear, will ſet up their ſtaves there for ſome time; but as my heart is faithful to lady M——, they would not charm me if they were forty times more diſpoſed to it.

The emperor is dead— but ſo are all the Maximilians and Leopolds his predeceſſors, and with no more influence on the preſent ſtate of things. The

empreſs dowager queen will ſtill be maſter—unleſs ſhe marries an Iriſhman, as I wiſh with all my ſoul ſhe may.

The duke [1] and ducheſs of Richmond will follow me in about a fortnight: lord and lady George Lenox go with them; and ſir Charles Bunbury and lady Sarah are to be at Paris too for ſome time: ſo the Engliſh court there will be very juvenile and blooming. This ſet is rather younger than the dowagers with whom I paſs ſo much of my ſummers and autumns; but this is to be my laſt ſally into the world; and when I return, I intend to be as ſober as my cat, and purr quietly in my own chimney corner.

Adieu, my dear lord! May every happineſs attend you both, and may I paſs ſome agreeable days next ſummer with you at Wentworth-caſtle!

Your moſt devoted and faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 29, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM very ſorry that I muſt ſpeak of a loſs that will give you and lady Strafford concern; an eſſential loſs to me, who am deprived of a moſt agreeable friend, with whom I paſſed here many hours. I need not ſay I mean poor lady Suffolk [2]. I was with her two hours on Saturday night; and indeed found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to ſay ſhe complained—but you know ſhe never did complain—of the gout and rheumatiſm all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and ſhe ſat below ſtairs when ſhe ſhould have been in

[1] Appointed embaſſador to Paris.

[2] Henrietta Hobart counteſs of Suffolk. For a further account of her ſee the Reminiſcences. E.

bed;

bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I ſent next morning. She had a bad night; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her; and when ſhe was gone, lady Suffolk ſaid to lord Chetwynd, She would eat her ſupper in her bed-chamber. He went up with her, and thought the appearances promiſed a good night: but ſhe was ſcarce ſat down in her chair, before ſhe preſſed her hand to her ſide, and died in half an hour.

I believe both your lordſhip and lady Strafford will be ſurpriſed to hear that ſhe was by no means in the ſituation that moſt people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myſelf were the only perſons at all acquainted with her affairs, and they were far from being even eaſy to her. It is due to her memory to ſay, that I never ſaw more ſtrict honour and juſtice. She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the ſtricteſt œconomy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income conſiderably. The anguiſh of the laſt years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehenſion of not ſatisfying her few wiſhes, which were, not to be in debt, and to make a proviſion for miſs H——[1]. I can give your lordſhip ſtrong inſtances of the ſacrifices ſhe tried to make to her principles. I have not yet heard if her will is opened; but it will ſurpriſe thoſe who thought her rich. Lord Chetwynd's friendſhip to her has been unalterably kind and zealous, and is not ceaſed. He ſtays in the houſe with miſs H——— till ſome of her family come to take her away. I have perhaps dwelt too long on this ſubject; but as it was not permitted me to do her juſtice when alive, I own I cannot help wiſhing that thoſe who had a regard for her, may now at leaſt know how much more ſhe deſerved it than even they ſuſpected. In truth, I never knew a woman more reſpectable for her honour and principles, and have loſt few perſons in my life whom I ſhall miſs ſo much.

I am, my dear lord, yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Her great-niece.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Strawberry-hill, June 25, 1768.

YOU ordered me, my dear lord, to write to you, and I am always ready to obey you, and to give you every proof of attachment in my power: but it is a very barren ſeaſon for all but cabaliſts, who can compound, divide, multiply N° 45 forty-five thouſand different ways. I ſaw in the papers to-day, that ſomehow or other this famous number and the number of the beaſt in the Revelations is the ſame—an obſervation from which different perſons will draw various concluſions. For my part, who have no ill wiſhes to Wilkes, I wiſh he was in Patmos or the New Jeruſalem, for I am exceedingly tired of his name. The only good thing I have heard in all this controverſy was of a man who began his letter thus: "I take the Wilkes-and-liberty to aſſure you, &c."

I peeped at London laſt week, and found a tolerably full opera. But now the Birth-day is over, I ſuppoſe every body will go to waters and races till his majeſty of Denmark arrives. He is extremely amorous; but ſtays ſo ſhort a time, that the ladies who intend to be undone muſt not haggle. They muſt do their buſineſs in the twinkling of an allemande, or he will be flown. Don't you think he will be a little ſurpriſed, when he inquires for the ſeraglio in B——houſe, to find, in full of all accounts, two old *Mecklenburghereſſes?*

Is it true that ——— is turned methodiſt? It will be a great acquiſition to the ſect to have their hymns ſet by Giardini. Pope Joan Huntingdon will be depoſed, if the huſband becomes firſt miniſter. I doubt too the ſaints will like to call at Canterbury and Wincheſter in their way to Heaven. My charity is ſo ſmall, that I do not think their virtue a jot more obdurate than that of patriots.

We have had ſome ſevere rain; but the ſeaſon is now beautiful, though ſcarce hot. The hay and the corn promiſe that we ſhall have no riots on their account. Thoſe black dogs the whiteboys or coal-heavers are diſperſed or taken; and I really ſee no reaſon to think we ſhall have another rebellion this fortnight. The moſt comfortable event to me is, that we ſhall have no civil war all the ſummer at Brentford. I dreaded two kings there;

but the writ for Middleſex will not be iſſued till the parliament meets; ſo there will be no pretender againſt king Glynn [1]. As I love peace, and have done with politics, I quietly acknowledge the king de facto; and hope to paſs and repaſs unmoleſted through his majeſty's *long*, *lazy*, *louſy* capital [2].

My humble duty to my lady Strafford and all her pheaſants. I have juſt made two caſcades; but my naiads are fools to Mrs. C——— or my lady S———, and don't give me a gallon of water in a week.—Well, this is a very ſilly letter! But you muſt take the will for the deed. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 16, 1768.

AS you have been ſo good, my dear lord, as twice to take notice of my letter, I am bound in conſcience and gratitude to try to amuſe you with any thing new. A royal viſitor, quite freſh, is a real curioſity—by the reception of him, I do not think many more of the breed will come hither. He came from Dover in hackney-chaiſes; for ſomehow or other the maſter of the horſe happened to be in Lincolnſhire; and the king's coaches having received no orders, were too good ſubjects to go and fetch a ſtranger king of their own heads. However, as his Daniſh majeſty travels to improve himſelf for the good of his people, he will go back extremely enlightened in the arts of government and morality, by having learned that crowned heads may be reduced to ride in a hired chaiſe.

By another miſtake, king George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before king Chriſtiern arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long; and the diſtance to Richmond ſtill longer: ſo with all the diſpatch that could poſſibly be made, king George could not get back to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his cloſet at St. James's to the king of Denmark's apartment on t'other ſide of the palace is about

[1] Serjeant Glynn, member of parliament for Middleſex.

[2] Brentford.

thirty miles, which poſterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and magnificence of St. James's, will never believe, it was half an hour after three before his Daniſh majeſty's courier could go, and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace in which they both were, in order to receive him at the queen's palace, which you know is about a million of ſnail's paces from St. James's. Notwithſtanding theſe difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Friga, and all the gods that watch over the kings of the North, did bring theſe two invincible monarchs to each other's embraces about half an hour after five that ſame evening. They paſſed an hour in projecting a family compact that will regulate the deſtiny of Europe to lateſt poſterity: and then, the Fates ſo willing it, the Britiſh prince departed for Richmond, and the Daniſh potentate repaired to the widowed manſion of his royal mother-in-law, where he poured forth the fullneſs of his heart in praiſes on the lovely bride ſhe had beſtowed on him, from whom nothing but the benefit of his ſubjects could ever have torn him.——And here let calumny bluſh, who has aſperſed ſo chaſte and faithful a monarch with low amours; pretending that he has raiſed to the honour of a ſeat in his ſublime council, an artiſan of Hamburgh, known only by repairing the ſoles of buſkins, becauſe that mechanic would, on no other terms, conſent to his fair daughter's being honoured with majeſtic embraces. So victorious over his paſſions is this young Scipio from the pole, that though on Shooter's-hill he fell into an ambuſh laid for him by an illuſtrious counteſs, of blood-royal herſelf, his majeſty, after deſcending from his car, and courteouſly greeting her, again mounted his vehicle, without being one moment eclipſed from the eyes of the ſurrounding multitude.——Oh! mercy on me! I am out of breath—Pray let me deſcend from my ſtilts, or I ſhall ſend you as fuſtian and tedious a hiſtory as that of Henry II.—Well then, this great king is a very little one; not ugly, nor ill-made. He has the ſublime ſtrut of his grandfather, or of a cock-ſparrow; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's ſide. His curioſity ſeems to have conſiſted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot ſay he takes notice of any thing in particular. His manner is cold and dignified, but very civil and gracious and proper. The mob adore him and huzza him; and ſo they did the firſt inſtant. At preſent they begin to know why—for he flings money to them out of his windows; and by the end of the week I do not doubt but they will want to chooſe him for Middleſex. His court is extremely well ordered; for they

bow as low to him at every word as if his name was Sultan Amurat. You would take his firſt miniſter for only the firſt of his ſlaves.—I hope this example, which they have been ſo good as to exhibit at the opera, will contribute to civiliſe us. There is indeed a pert young gentleman, who a little diſcompoſes this auguſt ceremonial. His name is count Holke, his age three-and-twenty; and his poſt anſwers to one that we had formerly in England, many ages ago, and which in our tongue was called the lord high favourite. Before the Daniſh monarchs became abſolute, the moſt refractory of that country uſed to write libels, called *North Danes*, againſt this great officer; but that practice has long ſince ceaſed. Count Holke ſeems rather proud of his favour, than ſhy of diſplaying it.

End of Volume the firſt.

I hope, my dear lord, you will be content with my Daniſh politics, for I trouble myſelf with no other. There is a long hiſtory about the baron de Bottetourt, and ſir Jeffery Amherſt, who has reſigned his regiment; but it is nothing to me, nor do I care a ſtraw about it. I am deep in the anecdotes of the new court; and if you want to know more of count Holke or count Molke, or the grand vizier Bernſdorff, or mynheer Schimmelman, apply to me and you ſhall be ſatisfied——But what do I talk of? You will ſee them yourſelf. Minerva, in the ſhape of count Bernſdorff, or out of all ſhape in the perſon of the ducheſs of ——, is to conduct Telemachus to York races; for can a monarch be perfectly accompliſhed in the myſteries of kingcraft, as our Solomon James I. called it, unleſs he is initiated in the arts of jockeyſhip? When this northern ſtar travels towards its own ſphere, lord Hertford will go to Ragley. I ſhall go with him; and if I can avoid running foul of the Magi that will be thronging from all parts to worſhip that ſtar, I will endeavour to call at Wentworth caſtle for a day or two, if it will not be inconvenient. I ſhould think it would be about the ſecond week in September; but your lordſhip ſhall hear again, unleſs you ſhould forbid me, who am ever

Lady Strafford's and your lordſhip's moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXII.

Strawberry-hill, Monday October 10, 1768.

I GIVE you a thouſand thanks, my dear lord, for the account of the ball at Welbeck. I ſhall not be able to repay it with a relation of the maſquerade to-night; for I have been confined here this week with the gout in my foot, and have not ſtirred off my bed or couch ſince Tueſday. I was to have gone to the great ball at Sion[1] on Friday, for which a new road, paddock and bridge were made, as other folks make a deſſert. I conclude lady Mary[2] has and will tell you of all theſe pomps, which health thinks ſo ſerious, and ſickneſs with her grave face tells one are ſo idle. Sickneſs may make me moralize, but I aſſure you ſhe does not want humour. She has diverted me extremely with drawing a compariſon between the repoſe (to call neglect by its dignified name) which I have enjoyed in this fit, and the great anxiety in which the whole world was when I had the laſt gout three years ago—You remember my friends were then coming into power. Lord W——— was ſo good as to call at leaſt once every day, and enquire after me; and the foreign miniſters inſiſted that I ſhould give them the ſatisfaction of ſeeing me, that they might tranquillize their ſovereigns with the certainty of my not being in any danger. The duke and ducheſs of Newcaſtle were ſo kind, though very nervous themſelves, as to ſend meſſengers and long meſſages every day from Claremont. I cannot ſay this fit has alarmed Europe quite ſo much. I heard the bell ring at the gate, and aſked with much majeſty if it was the duke of Newcaſtle had ſent? No, ſir, it was only the butcher's boy. The butcher's boy is indeed the only courier I have had. Neither the king of France nor king of Spain appears to be under the leaſt concern about me.

My dear lord, I have had ſo many of theſe tranſitions in my life, that you will not wonder they divert me more than a maſquerade. I am ready to ſay to moſt people, "Maſk, I know you."—I wiſh I might chooſe their dreſſes!

[1] The villa of the duke of Northumberland near Brentford.

[2] Lady Mary Coke, ſiſter to lady Strafford.

When

When I have the honour of ſeeing lady Strafford, I ſhall beſeech her to tell me all the news; for I am too nigh and too far to know any. Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, July 3, 1769.

WHEN you have been ſo conſtantly good to me, my dear lord, without changing, do you wonder that our friendſhip has laſted ſo long? Can I be inſenſible to the honour or pleaſure of your acquaintance? When the advantage lies ſo much on my ſide, am I likely to alter the firſt? Oh, but it will laſt now! We have ſeen friendſhips without number born and die. Ours was not formed on intereſt, nor alliance; and politics, the poiſon of all Engliſh connections, never entered into ours. You have given me a new proof by remembering the chapel of Luton. I hear it is to be preſerved; and am glad of it, though I might have been the better for its ruins.

I ſhould have anſwered your lordſhip's laſt poſt, but was at Park-place. I think lady A—— quite recovered; though her illneſs has made ſuch an impreſſion that ſhe does not yet believe it.

It is ſo ſettled that we are never to have tolerable weather in June, that the firſt hot day was on Saturday—hot by compariſon; for I think it is three years ſince we have really felt the feel of ſummer. I was, however, concerned to be forced to come to town yeſterday on ſome buſineſs; for, however the country feels, it looks divine, and the verdure we buy ſo dear is delicious. I ſhall not be able, I fear, to profit of it this ſummer in the loveliеſt of all places, as I am to go to Paris in Auguſt. But next year I truſt I ſhall accompany Mr. Conway and lady A——— to Wentworth-caſtle. I ſhall be glad to viſit Caſtle Howard and Beverley; but neither would carry me ſo far, if Wentworth-caſtle was not in the way.

The

The Chatelets are gone, without any more battles with the Ruſſians [1]. The papers ſay the latter have been beaten by the Turks; which rejoices me, though againſt all rules of politics: but I deteſt that murdereſs, and like to have her humbled. I don't know that this piece of news is true: it is enough to me that it is agreeable. I had rather take it for granted, than be at the trouble of enquiring about what I have ſo little to do with. I am juſt the ſame about the City and Surrey petitions. Since I have *diſmembered* [2] myſelf, it is incredible how cool I am to all politics.

London is the abomination of deſolation; and I rejoice to leave it again this evening. Even Pam has not a levée above once or twice a week. Next winter I ſuppoſe it will begin to be a faſhion to remove into the city; for, ſince it is the mode to chooſe aldermen at this end of the town, the macaronis will certainly adjourn to Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, for fear of being fined for ſheriffs. Mr. J——— and Mr. B——— will die of the thought of being aldermen of Groſvenor-ward and Berkeley-ſquare-ward. Adam and Eve in their paradiſe laugh at all theſe tumults, and have not taſted of the tree that forfeits paradiſe; which I take to have been the tree of politics, not of knowledge. How happy you are not to have your ſon Abel knocked on the head by his brother Cain at the Brentford election! You do not hunt the poor deer and hares that gambol around you.—If Eve has a ſin, I doubt it is angling; but as ſhe makes all other creatures happy, I beg ſhe would not impale worms nor whiſk carp out of one element into another. If ſhe repents of that guilt, I hope ſhe will live as long as her grandſon Methuſelah. There is a commentator that ſays *his* life was protracted for never having boiled a lobſter alive. Adieu, dear couple, that I honour as much as I could honour my firſt grandfather and grandmother!

Your moſt dutiful

HOR. JAPHET.

[1] The duc de Chatelet, the French embaſſador, had affronted comte Czernicheff the Ruſſian embaſſador at a ball at court for precedence; and a challenge enſued: but their meeting was prevented. E.

[2] Mr. Walpole means, ſince he quitted parliament.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

Paris, September 8, 1769.

T'OTHER night at the ducheſs of Choiſeul's at ſupper the intendant of Rouen aſked me, if we have roads of communication all over England and Scotland?—I ſuppoſe he thinks that in general we inhabit trackleſs foreſts and wild mountains, and that once a year a few legiſlators come to Paris to learn the arts of civil life, as to ſow corn, plant vines, and make operas. If this letter ſhould contrive to ſcramble through that *deſert* Yorkſhire, where your lordſhip has *attempted* to improve a dreary hill and uncultivated vale, you will find I remember your commands of writing from this capital of the world, whither I am come for the benefit of my country, and where I am intenſely ſtudying thoſe laws and that beautiful frame of government, which can alone render a nation happy, great and flouriſhing; where lettres de cachet ſoften manners, and a proper diſtribution of luxury and beggary enſures a common felicity. As we have a prodigious number of ſtudents in legiſlature of both ſexes here at preſent, I will not anticipate their diſcoveries; but, as your particular friend, will communicate a rare improvement on nature, which theſe great philoſophers have made, and which would add conſiderable beauties to thoſe parts which your lordſhip has already recovered from the waſte, and taught to look a little like a chriſtian country. The ſecret is very ſimple, and yet demanded the effort of a mighty genius to ſtrike it out. It is nothing but this: Trees ought to be educated as much as men, and are ſtrange awkward productions when not taught to hold themſelves upright or bow on proper occaſions. The academy de belles lettres have even offered a prize for the man that ſhall recover the long loſt art of an ancient Greek, called *le ſieur Orphée*, who inſtituted a dancing-ſchool for plants, and gave a magnificent ball on the birth of the dauphin of Thrace, which was performed entirely by foreſt trees. In this whole kingdom there is no ſuch thing as ſeeing a tree that is not well behaved. They are firſt ſtripped up and then cut down; and you would as ſoon meet a man with his hair about his ears as an oak or aſh. As the weather is very hot now, and the ſoil chalk, and the duſt white, I aſſure you it is very difficult, powdered as both are all over, to diſtinguiſh a tree from a hair-dreſſer. Leſt this ſhould ſound like a travelling hyperbole, I muſt advertiſe your lordſhip, that there is

little

little difference in their heights; for a tree of thirty years growth being liable to be marked as royal timber, the proprietors take care not to let their trees live to the age of being enliſted, but burn them, and plant others as often almoſt as they change their faſhions. This gives an air of perpetual youth to the face of the country, and if adopted by us would realize Mr. Addiſon's viſions, and

Make our bleak rocks and barren mountains ſmile.

What other remarks I have made in my indefatigable ſearch after knowledge muſt be reſerved to a future opportunity; but as your lordſhip is my friend, I may venture to ſay without vanity to you, that Solon nor any of the ancient philoſophers who travelled to Egypt in queſt of religions, myſteries, laws and fables, ever ſat up ſo late with the ladies and prieſts and *preſidents de parlement* at Memphis, as I do here—and conſequently were not half ſo well qualified as I am to new model a commonwealth. I have learned how to make remonſtrances, and how to anſwer them. The latter, it ſeems, is a ſcience much wanted in my own country[1]—and yet is as eaſy and obvious as their treatment of trees, and not very unlike it. It was delivered many years ago in an oracular ſentence of my nameſake—

Odi profanum vulgus, & arceo.

You muſt drive away the vulgar, and you muſt have an hundred and fifty thouſand men to drive them away with—that is all. I do not wonder the intendant of Rouen thinks we are ſtill in a ſtate of barbariſm, when we are ignorant of the very rudiments of government.

The duke and ducheſs of Richmond have been here a few days, and are gone to Aubigné. I do not think him at all well, and am exceedingly concerned for it, as I know no man who has more eſtimable qualities. They return by the end of the month. I am fluctuating whether I ſhall not return with them, as they have preſſed me to do, through Holland. I never was there, and could never go ſo agreeably; but then it would protract my ab-

[1] Alluding to the number of remonſtrances under the name of petitions, which were preſented this year from the livery of London and many other corporate bodies, on the ſubject of the Middleſex election. E.

ſence three weeks, and I am impatient to be in my own cave, notwithſtanding the wiſdom I imbibe every day. But one cannot ſacrifice one's ſelf wholly to the public: Titus and Wilkes have now and then loſt a day. Adieu, my dear lord! Be aſſured that I ſhall not diſdain yours and lady Strafford's converſation, though you have nothing but the goodneſs of your hearts, and the ſimplicity of your manners, to recommend you to the more enlightened underſtanding of

Your old friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXV.

Strawberry-hill, July 9, 1770.

I AM not going to tell you, my dear lord, of the diverſions or honours [1] of Stowe, which I conclude lady Mary has writ to lady Strafford. Though the week paſſed cheerfully enough, it was more glory than I ſhould have ſought of my own head. The journeys to Stowe and Park-place have deranged my projects ſo that I don't know where I am, and I wiſh they have not given me the gout into the bargain; for I am come back very lame, and not at all with the bloom that one ought to have imported from the Elyſian-fields [2]. Such jaunts when one is growing old is playing with edged-tools, as my lord Cheſterfield, in one of his Worlds, makes the huſband ſay to his wife, when ſhe pretends that grey powder does not become her. It is charming at twenty to play at Elyſian-fields, but it is no joke at fifty; or too great a joke. It made me laugh as we were deſcending the great flight of ſteps from the houſe to go and ſup in the grotto on the banks of Helicon: we were ſo cloaked up, for the evening was very cold, and ſo many of us were limping and hobbling, that Charon would have eaſily believed we were going to ferry over in earneſt. It is with much more comfort that I am writing to your lordſhip in the great bow window of my new round room, which collects all the rays of the ſouth-weſt ſun, and compoſes a ſort of ſummer; a feel I have not known this year, except laſt Thurſday. If the rains ſhould ever ceaſe, and the weather ſettle to fine, I ſhall pay you my viſit at Wentworth-caſtle; but hitherto the damps

[1] Princeſs Amelia was there.

[2] At Stowe.

have

have affected me ſo much, that I am more diſpoſed to return to London and light my fire, than brave the humours of a climate ſo capricious and uncertain, in the country. I cannot help thinking it grows worſe: I certainly remember ſuch a thing as duſt; nay, I ſtill have a clear idea of it, though I have ſeen none for ſome years, and ſhould put ſome grains in a bottle for a curioſity, if it ſhould ever fly again.

News I know none. You may be ſure it was a ſubject carefully avoided at Stowe; and Beckford's death had not raiſed the glaſs or ſpirits of the maſter of the houſe. The papers make one ſick with talking of that noiſy vapouring fool, as they would of Algernon Sidney.

I have not happened to ſee your future[1] nephew, though we have exchanged viſits. It was the firſt time I had been at Marble-hill, ſince poor lady Suffolk's death; and the impreſſion was ſo uneaſy, that I was not ſorry not to find him at home. Adieu, my good lord! Except ſeeing you both, nothing can be more agreeable than to hear of yours and lady Strafford's health, who, I hope, continues perfectly well.

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVI.

Arlington-ſtreet, October 16, 1770.

THOUGH I have ſo very little to ſay, it is but my duty, my dear lord, to thank you for your extreme goodneſs to me and your inquiring after me. I was very bad again laſt week, but have mended ſo much ſince Friday night, that I really now believe the fit is over. I came to town on Sunday, and can creep about my room even without a ſtick, which is more felicity to me than if I had got a white one. I do not aim yet at ſuch preferment as walking up ſtairs; but having moulted my ſtick, I flatter myſelf I ſhall come forth again without being lame.

[1] John, ſecond earl of Buckingham, married to his ſecond wife a daughter of lady Anne Conolly, ſiſter of lord Strafford.

The few I have ſeen tell me there is nobody elſe in town. That is no grievance to me, when I ſhould be at the mercy of all that ſhould pleaſe to beſtow their idle time upon me. I know nothing of the war-egg[1], but that ſometimes it is to be hatched, and ſometimes to be addled. Many folks get into the neſt and ſit as hard upon it as they can, concluding it will produce a golden chick. As I ſhall not be a feather the better for it, I hate that game-breed, and prefer the old hen Peace and her dunghill brood. My compliments to my lady and all her poultry.

I am, my dear lord,

Your infinitely obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVII.

Strawberry-hill, June 20, 1771.

I HAVE waited impatiently, my dear lord, for ſomething worth putting into a letter; but trees do not ſpeak in parliament, nor flowers write in the newſpapers; and they are almoſt the only beings I have ſeen. I dined on Tueſday at Notting-hill[2] with the counteſſes of Powis and Holderneſs, lord and lady Pelham, and lord Frederic Cavendiſh—and Pam; and ſhall go to town on Friday to meet the ſame company at lady Holderneſs's; and this ſhort journal compriſes almoſt my whole hiſtory and knowledge.

I muſt now aſk your lordſhip's and lady Strafford's commands for Paris. I ſhall ſet out on the ſeventh of next month. You will think, though you will not tell me ſo, that theſe are very juvenile jaunts at my age. Indeed I ſhould be aſhamed if I went for any other pleaſure but that of once more ſeeing my dear blind friend[3], whoſe much greater age forbids my depending on ſeeing her often. It will indeed be amuſing to change the ſcene of politics; for though I have done with our own, one cannot help hearing them

[1] Alluding to the diſpute with Spain about the affair of Falkland iſland. E.

[2] The villa of lady Mary Coke near Kenſington.

[3] Madame du Deffand.

—nay reading them; for, like flies, they come to breakfaſt with one's bread and butter. I wiſh there was any other vehicle for them but a newſpaper; a place into which, conſidering how they are exhauſted, I am ſure they have no pretenſions. The duc d'Aiguillon I hear is miniſter. Their politics, ſome way or other, muſt end ſeriouſly, either in deſpotiſm, a civil war, or aſſaſſination. Methinks it is playing deep for the power of tyranny. C—— F—— is more moderate: he only games for an hundred thouſand pounds that he has not.

Have you read the Life of Benvenuto Cellini, my lord? I am angry with him for being more diſtracted and wrong-headed than my lord Herbert. Till the revival of theſe two, I thought the preſent age had borne the palm of abſurdity from all its predeceſſors. But I find our cotemporaries are quiet good folks, that only game till they hang themſelves, and do not kill every body they meet in the ſtreet. Who would have thought we were ſo reaſonable?

Ranelagh, they tell me, is full of foreign dukes. There is a duc de la Tremouille, a duc d'Aremberg, and other grandees. I know the former, and am not ſorry to be out of his way.

It is not pleaſant to leave groves and lawns and rivers for a dirty town with a dirtier ditch, calling itſelf the Seine; but I dare not encounter the ſea and bad inns in cold weather. This conſideration will bring me back by the end of Auguſt. I ſhould be happy to execute any commiſſion for your lordſhip. You know how earneſtly I wiſh always to ſhow myſelf

Your lordſhip's moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVIII.

Paris, Auguſt 25, 1771.

I HAVE paſſed my biennial ſix weeks here, my dear lord, and am preparing to return as ſoon as the weather will allow me. It is ſome comfort to

to the patriot-virtue, envy, to find this climate worſe than our own. There were four very hot days at the end of laſt month, which you know with us northern people compoſe a ſummer: it has rained half this, and for theſe three days there has been a deluge, a ſtorm, and extreme cold. Yet theſe folks ſhiver in ſilk, and ſit with their windows open till ſupper-time.—Indeed, firing is very dear, and nabobs very ſcarce. Oeconomy and retrenchment are the words in faſhion, and are founded in a little more than caprice. I have heard no inſtance of luxury but in mademoiſelle Guimard, a favourite dancer, who is building a palace: round the *ſale à manger* there are windows that open upon hot-houſes, that are to produce flowers all winter.—That is worthy of —— ——. There is a finer dancer whom Mr. H——— is to tranſplant to London; a mademoiſelle Heinel or Ingle, a Fleming. She is tall, perfectly made, very handſome, and has a ſet of attitudes copied from the claſſics. She moves as gracefully ſlow as Pygmalion's ſtatue when it was coming to life, and moves her leg round as imperceptibly as if ſhe was dancing in the zodiac.—But ſhe is not Virgo.

They make no more of breaking parliaments here than an Engliſh mob does of breaking windows. It is pity people are ſo ill-ſorted. If this king and ours could croſs over and figure in, Louis XV. would diſſolve our parliament if Polly Jones did but ſay a word to him. They have got into ſuch a habit of it here, that you would think a parliament was a polypus: they cut it in two, and by next morning half of it becomes a whole aſſembly. This has literally been the caſe at Beſançon. Lord and lady Barrymore, who are in the higheſt favour at Compiegne, will be able to carry over the receipt.

Every body feels in their own way. My grief is to ſee the ruinous condition of the palaces and pictures. I was yeſterday at the Louvre. Le Brun's noble gallery, where the battles of Alexander are, and of which he deſigned the ceiling, and even the ſhutters, bolts and locks, is in a worſe condition than the old gallery at Somerſet-houſe. It rains in upon the pictures, though there are ſtores of much more valuable pieces than thoſe of Le Brun. Heaps of glorious works by Raphael and all the great maſters are piled up and equally neglected at Verſailles. Their care is not leſs deſtructive in private houſes. The duke of Orleans's pictures and the prince of Monaco's have been cleaned, and varniſhed ſo thick that

you

you may ſee your face in them; and ſome of them have been tranſported from board to cloth, bit by bit, and the ſeams filled up with colour; ſo that in ten years they will not be worth ſixpence. It makes me as peeviſh as if I was poſterity! I hope your lordſhip's works will laſt longer than theſe of Louis XIV. The glories of his *ſiecle* haſten faſt to their end, and little will remain but thoſe of his authors.

I am, my dear lord,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIX.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 24, 1773.

THE multiplicity of buſineſs which I found chalked out to me by my journey to Houghton, has engaged me ſo much, my dear lord, and the unpleaſant ſcene opened to me there ſtruck me ſo deeply, that I have neither had time nor cheerfulneſs enough to flatter myſelf I could amuſe my friends by my letters. Except the pictures, I found every thing worſe than I expected, and the proſpect almoſt too bad to give me courage to purſue what I am doing. I am totally ignorant in moſt of the branches of buſineſs that are fallen to my lot, and not young enough to learn any new leſſon well. All I can hope is to clear the worſt part of the way; for in undertaking to retrieve an eſtate, the beginning is certainly the moſt difficult of the work. It is fathoming a chaos. But I will not unfold a confuſion to your lordſhip which your good ſenſe will always keep you from experiencing—very unfaſhionably; for the firſt geniuſes of this age hold, that the beſt method of governing the world is to throw it into diſorder. The experiment is not yet complete, as the re-arrangement is ſtill to come.

I am very ſeriouſly glad of the birth of your nephew [1], my lord. I am going this evening with my gratulations; but have been ſo much abſent, and

[1] A ſon of John earl of Buckingham's, who died young.

ſo

ſo hurried, that I have not yet had the pleaſure of ſeeing lady Anne [1], though I have called twice. To Gunnerſbury I have had no ſummons this ſummer: I receive ſuch honours, or the want of them, with proper reſpect. Lady ——, I fear, is in chace of a *Dulcineus* that ſhe will never meet. When the ardour of peregrination is a little abated, will not ſhe probably give into a more comfortable purſuit; and, like a print I have ſeen of the bleſſed martyr Charles I. abandon the hunt of *a corruptible* for that of *an incorruptible crown?* There is another beatific print juſt publiſhed in that ſtyle: it is of lady Huntingdon. With much pompous humility, ſhe looks like an old baſket-woman trampling on her coronet at the mouth of a cavern.—Poor Whitfield! If he was forced to do the honours of the *ſpelunca!*—Saint Fanny Shirley is nearer conſecration. I was told two days ago that ſhe had written a letter to lady Selina that was not intelligible. Her grace of Kingſton's glory approaches to conſummation in a more worldly ſtyle. The duke is dying, and has given her the whole eſtate, 17,000*l.* a year. I am told ſhe has already notified the contents of the will, and made offers of the ſale of Thoreſby. Pious matrons have various ways of expreſſing decency.

Your lordſhip's new bow-window thrives.—I do not want it to remind me of its maſter and miſtreſs, to whom

I am ever the moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXX.

Arlington-ſtreet, Nov. 15, 1773.

I AM very ſorry, my dear lord, that you are coming towards us ſo ſlowly and unwillingly. I cannot quite wonder at the latter. The world is an old acquaintance that does not improve upon one's hands:—however, one muſt not give way to the diſguſts it creates. My maxim, and practice too, is to laugh, becauſe I do not like to cry. I could ſhed a pail-full of tears over

[1] Lady Anne Conolly.

all

all I have ſeen and learnt ſince my poor nephew's misfortune[1]—the more one has to do with men the worſe one finds them.—But can one mend them?—No.—Shall we ſhut ourſelves up from them?—No.—We ſhould grow humouriſts—and of all animals an Engliſhman is leaſt made to live alone. For my part, I am conſcious of ſo many faults, that I think I grow better the more bad I ſee in my neighbours; and there are ſo many I would not reſemble, that it makes me watchful over myſelf. You, my lord, who have forty more good qualities than I have, ſhould not ſeclude yourſelf. I do not wonder you deſpiſe knaves and fools; but remember, they want better examples. They will never grow aſhamed by converſing but with one another.

I came to ſettle here on Friday, being drowned out of Twickenham. I find the town deſolate, and no news in it, but that the miniſtry give up the Iriſh tax—ſome ſay, becauſe it will not paſs even in Ireland; others, becauſe the city of London would have petitioned againſt it; and ſome, becauſe there were factions in the council—which is not the moſt incredible of all. I am glad, for the ſake of ſome of my friends who would have ſuffered by it, that it is over. In other reſpects, I have too much private buſineſs of my own to think about the public, which is big enough to take care of itſelf.

I have heard of ſome of lady ——'s mortifications. I have regard and eſteem for her good qualities, which are many—but I doubt her genius will never ſuffer her to be quite happy. As ſhe will not take the pſalmiſt's advice of not putting truſt, I am ſure ſhe would not follow mine; for, with all her piety, king David is the only royal perſon ſhe will not liſten to, and therefore I forbear my ſweet council. When ſhe and lord H——— meet, will not they put you in mind of count Gage and lady Mary Herbert, who met in the mines of Aſturias after they had failed of the crown of Poland? —Adieu, my dear lord! Come you and my lady among us. You have ſome friends that are not odious, and who will be rejoiced to ſee you both—witneſs, for one,

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The infanity of George earl of Orford.

LETTER XXXI.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 11, 1774.

I AM ſorry there is ſtill time, my dear lord, to write to you again; and that though there is, I have ſo little to amuſe you with. One is not much nearer news for being within ten miles of London than if in Yorkſhire; and beſides, whatever reaches us, lady Greenwich catches at the rebound before me, and ſends you before I can. Our own circle furniſhes very little. Dowagers are good for propagating news when planted, but have done with ſending forth ſuckers. Lady Blandford's coffee-houſe is removed to town, and the ducheſs of Newcaſtle's is little frequented, but by your ſiſter Anne, lady Browne and me. This morning indeed I was at a very fine concert at old Franks's at Iſleworth, and heard Leoni, who pleaſed me more than any thing I have heard theſe hundred years. There is a full melancholy melody in his voice, though a falſetta, that nothing but a natural voice almoſt ever compaſſes. Then he ſung ſongs of Handel in the genuine ſimple ſtyle, and did not put one in pain like rope-dancers. Of the opera I hear a diſmal account; for I did not go to it to ſit in our box like an old king dowager by myſelf. Garrick is treating the town, as it deſerves and likes to be treated, with ſcenes, fire-works, and his own writing. A good new play I never expect to ſee more, nor have ſeen ſince The Provoked Huſband, which came out when I was at ſchool.

——— is dead, they ſay by his own hand: I don't know wherefore. I was told it was a great political event. If it is, our politics run as low as our plays. From town I heard that lord Briſtol was taken ſpeechleſs with a ſtroke of the palſy. If he dies, madam Chudleigh muſt be tried by her peers, as ſhe is certainly either ducheſs or counteſs.

Mr. Conway and his company are ſo pleaſed with Paris, that they talk of ſtaying till Chriſtmas. I am glad; for they will certainly be better diverted there than here.

Your lordſhip's moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Strawberry-hill, November 2, 1776.

THOUGH inclination, and conſciouſneſs that a man of my age, who is neither in parliament nor in buſineſs, has little to do in the world, keep me a good deal out of it, yet I will not, my dear lord, encourage you in retirement, to which for the intereſt of your friends you have but too much propenſity. The manners of the age cannot be agreeable to thoſe who have lived in ſomething ſoberer times; nor do I think, except in France, where old people are never out of faſhion, that it is reaſonable to tire thoſe whoſe youth and ſpirits may excuſe ſome diſſipation. Above all things it is my reſolution never to profeſs retirement, leſt, when I have loſt all my real teeth, the imaginary one, called a colt's, ſhould hurry me back and make me ridiculous. But one never outlives all one's cotemporaries; one may aſſort with them. Few Engliſhmen, too, I have obſerved, can bear ſolitude without being hurt by it. Our climate makes us capricious, and we muſt rub off our roughneſſes and humours againſt one another. We have too an always increaſing reſource, which is, that though we go not to the young, they muſt come to us: younger uſurpers tread on their heels, as they did on ours, and revenge us that have been depoſed. They may retain their titles, like queen Chriſtina, ſir M—— N——, and lord R——; but they find they have no ſubjects. If we could but live long enough, we ſhould hear lord C——, Mr. S——, &c. complain of the airs and abominable hours of the youth of the age. You ſee, my dear lord, my eaſy philoſophy can divert itſelf with any thing, even with viſions; which perhaps is the beſt way of treating the great viſion itſelf, life. For half one's time one ſhould laugh *with* the world; the other half, *at* it—and then it is hard if we want amuſement.

I am heartily glad, for your lordſhip's and lady Anne Conolly's ſakes, that general Howe is ſafe. I ſincerely intereſt myſelf for every body you are concerned for. I will ſay no more on a ſubject on which I fear I am ſo unlucky as to differ very much with your lordſhip, having always fundamentally diſapproved our conduct with America. Indeed the preſent proſpect of war with France, when we have ſo much diſabled ourſelves, and are expoſed in ſo many quarters, is a topic for general lamentation, rather than

for canvaſſing of opinions, which every man muſt form for himſelf: and I doubt the moment is advancing when we ſhall be forced to think alike at leaſt on the preſent.

I have not been yet above a night at a time in town—but ſhall be glad to give your lordſhip and lady Strafford a meeting there whenever you pleaſe.

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 12, 1780.

MY DEAR LORD,

IF the late events had been within the common proportion of news, I would have tried to entertain your lordſhip with an account of them; but they were far beyond that ſize, and could only create horror and indignation. Religion has often been the cloak of injuſtice, outrage and villainy: in our late tumults, it ſcarce kept on its maſk a moment; its perſecution was downright robbery; and it was ſo drunk, that it killed its banditti faſter than they could plunder. The tumults have been carried on in ſo violent and ſcandalous a manner, that I truſt they will have no copies. When priſons are levelled to the ground, when the bank is aimed at, and reformation is attempted by conflagrations, the ſavages of Canada are the only fit allies of lord George Gordon and his crew. The Tower is much too dignified a priſon for him—but he had left no other.

I came out of town on Friday, having ſeen a good deal of the ſhocking tranſactions of Wedneſday night—in fact, it was difficult to be in London and not ſee, or think ſome part of it in flames—I ſaw thoſe of the King's Bench, New priſon, and thoſe on the three ſides of the Fleet-market, which united into one blaze. The town and parks are now one camp—the next diſagreeable ſight to the capital being in aſhes. It will ſtill not have been a fatal tragedy, if it brings the nation *one* and all to their ſenſes. It will ſtill be not quite an unhappy country, if we reflect that the old conſtitution, exactly as it was in the laſt reign, was the moſt deſirable of any in the univerſe.

verſe. It made us *then* the firſt people in Europe—we have a vaſt deal of ground to recover—but can we take a better path than that which king William pointed out to us? I mean the ſyſtem he left us at the revolution. I am averſe to *all* changes of it—it fitted us juſt as it was.

For ſome time even individuals muſt be upon their guard. Our new and now imprifoned apoſtle has delivered ſo many congenial ſaint Peters from jail, that one hears of nothing but robberies on the highway. Your lordſhip's ſiſter, lady Browne and I have been at Twickenham-park this evening, and kept together and had a horſeman at our return. Baron d'Aguilar was ſhot at in that very lane on Thurſday night. A troop of the fugitives had rendezvouſed in Combe-wood, and were diſlodged thence yeſterday by the light-horſe.

I do not know a ſyllable but what relates to theſe diſturbances. The newſpapers have neglected few truths. Lies, without their natural propenſity to falſehoods, they could not avoid, for every minute produces ſome, at leaſt exaggerations. We were threatened with ſwarms of good proteſtants *à bruler* from all quarters, and report ſent various detachments from the metropolis on ſimilar errands; but thank God they have been but reports!——Oh! when ſhall we have peace and tranquillity? I hope your lordſhip and lady Strafford will at leaſt enjoy the latter in your charming woods. I have long doubted which of our paſſions is the ſtrongeſt—perhaps every one of them is equally ſtrong in ſome perſon or other—but I have no doubt but ambition is the moſt deteſtable, and the moſt inexcuſable; for its miſchiefs are by far the moſt extenſive, and its enjoyments by no means proportioned to its anxieties. The latter, I believe, is the caſe of moſt paſſions—but then all but ambition coſt little pain to any but the poſſeſſor. An ambitious man muſt be diveſted of all feeling but for himſelf. The torment of others is his high road to happineſs. Were the tranſmigration of ſouls true, and accompanied by conſciouſneſs, how delighted would Alexander or Crœſus be to find themſelves on four legs, and diveſted of a wiſh to conquer new worlds, or to heap up all the wealth of this! Adieu, my dear lord!

I am moſt gratefully your lordſhip's obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, September 9, 1780.

I AM very happy at receiving a letter from your lordſhip this moment, as I thought it very long ſince we had correſponded, but am afraid of being troubleſome, when I have not the excuſe of thanking you, or ſomething worth telling you, which in truth is not the caſe at preſent. No ſoul, whether intereſted or not, but deafens one about elections. I always deteſted them, even when in parliament; and when I lived a good deal at White's, preferred hearing of Newmarket to elections; for the former, being uttered in a language I did not underſtand, did not engage my attention; but as they talked of elections in *Engliſh*, I could not help knowing what they ſaid. It does ſurpriſe me, I own, that people can chooſe to ſtuff their heads with details and circumſtances, of which in ſix weeks they will never hear or think more. The weather till now has been the chief topic of converſation. Of late it has been the third very hot ſummer; but refreſhed by ſo little rain, that the banks of the Thames have been and are, I believe, like thoſe of the Manzanares. The night before laſt we had ſome good ſhowers, and to-day a thick fog has diſſolved in ſome as thin as gauze. Still I am not quite ſorry to enjoy the weather of aduſt climates without their tempeſts and inſects.—Lady Cowper I lately viſited, and but lately: if what I hear is true, I ſhall be a gainer, for they talk of lord D——— having her houſe at Richmond: like your lordſhip, I confeſs I was ſurpriſed at his choice. I know nothing to the prejudice of the young lady—but I ſhould not have ſelected, for ſo gentle and very amiable a man, a ſiſter of the empreſs of faſhion, nor a daughter of the goddeſs of wiſdom.

They talk of great diſſatisfactions in the fleet. Geary and Barrington are certainly retired. It looks, if this deplorable war ſhould continue, as if all our commanders by ſea and land were to be diſgraced or diſguſted.

The people here have chriſtened Mr. Shirley's new houſe, *Spite-hall*[1]. It is diſmal to think that one may live to ſeventy-ſeven, and go out of the world doing as ill-natured an act as poſſible! When I am reduced to detail the gazette of Twickenham, I had better releaſe your lordſhip—but either

[1] Becauſe built (it was ſaid) on purpoſe to intercept a view of the Thames from his oppoſite neighbour. E.

way it is from the utmoſt atttention and reſpect for your lordſhip and lady Strafford, as I am ever

Moſt devotedly and gratefully yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXV.

Strawberry-hill, June 13, 1781.

IT was very kind, my dear lord, to recollect me ſo ſoon: I wiſh I could return it by amuſing you; but here I know nothing, and ſuppoſe it is owing to age that even in town I do not find the tranſactions of the world very entertaining. One muſt ſit up all night to ſee or hear any thing—and if the town intends to do any thing, they never begin to do it till next day.

Mr. Conway will certainly be here the end of this month, having thoroughly ſecured his iſland from ſurpriſe, and it is not liable to be taken any other way. I wiſh he was governor of this bigger one too, which does not ſeem quite ſo well guarantied.

Your lordſhip will wonder at a viſit I had yeſterday: it was from Mr. ———, who has paſſed a day and night here. It was not from my being a fellow-ſcholar of Veſtris, but from his being turned antiquary; the laſt patina I ſhould have thought a Macaroni would have taken. I am as proud of ſuch a diſciple as of having converted Dicky Bateman from a Chineſe to a Goth. Though he was the founder of the Sharawadgi taſte in England, I preached ſo effectually that his every pagoda took the veil. The methodiſts ſay, one muſt have been very wicked before one can be of the elect—yet is that extreme more diſtant from *the ton*, which avows knowing and liking nothing but the faſhion of the inſtant, to ſtudying what were the modes of five hundred years ago? I hope this converſion will not ruin Mr. ———'s fortune under the lord lieutenant of Ireland. How his Iriſh majeſty will be ſhocked, when he aſks how large prince B———'s ſhoe-buckles are grown, to be anſwered, he does not know, but that Charles Brandon's cod-piece at the laſt birth-day had three yards of velvet in it! and that the

ducheſs of Buckingham thruſt out her chin two inches farther than ever, in admiration of it! and that the marchioneſs of Dorſet had put out her jaw by endeavouring to imitate her!

We have at laſt had ſome rains, which I hope extended to Yorkſhire, and that your lordſhip has found Wentworth-caſtle in the bloom of verdure. I always, as in duty bound, wiſh proſperity to every body and every thing there, and am

Your lordſhip's ever devoted and grateful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 31, 1781.

YOUR lordſhip's too friendly partiality ſees talents in me, which I am ſure I do not poſſeſs. With all my deſire of amuſing you, and with all my ſenſe of gratitude for your long and unalterable goodneſs, it is quite impoſſible to ſend you an entertaining letter from hence. The inſipidity of my life, that is paſſed with a few old people that are wearing out like myſelf, after ſurviving ſo many of my acquaintance, can furniſh no matter of correſpondence. What few novelties I hear, come ſtale, and not till they have been haſhed in the newſpapers; and though we are engaged in ſuch big and wide wars, they produce no ſtriking events, nor furniſh any thing but regrets for the lives and millions we fling away to no purpoſe! One cannot divert when one can only compute; nor extract entertainment from prophecies that there is no reaſon to colour favourably. We have indeed foretold ſucceſs for ſeven years together, but debts and taxes have been the ſole completion.

If one turns to private life, what is there to furniſh pleaſing topics? Diſſipation without object, pleaſure, or genius, is the only colour of the times. One hears every day of ſomebody undone, but can we or they tell how, except when it is by the moſt expeditious of all means, gaming? And now,

now, even the loſs of an hundred thouſand pounds is not rare enough to be ſurpriſing. One may ſtare or growl, but cannot relate any thing that is worth hearing. I do not love to cenſure a younger age; but in good truth they neither amuſe me nor enable me to amuſe others.

The pleaſanteſt event I know, happened to myſelf laſt Sunday morning, when general Conway, very unexpectedly, walked in as I was at breakfaſt, in his way to Park-place. He looks as well in health and ſpirits as ever I ſaw him; and though he ſtaid but half an hour, I was perfectly content, as he is at home.

I am glad your lordſhip likes the fourth book of The Garden, which is admirably coloured. The verſion of Freſnoy I think the fineſt tranſlation I ever ſaw. It is a moſt beautiful poem extracted from as dry and proſaic a parcel of verſes as could be put together: Mr. Maſon has gilded lead, and burniſhed it highly. Lord and lady Harcourt I ſhould think would make him a viſit, and I hope for their ſakes will viſit Wentworth-caſtle. As they both have taſte, I ſhould be ſorry they did not ſee the perfecteſt ſpecimen of architecture I know.

Mrs. D—— certainly goes abroad this winter. I am glad of it for every reaſon but her abſence. I am certain it will be eſſential to her health; and ſhe has ſo eminently a claſſic genius, and is herſelf ſo ſuperior an artiſt, that I enjoy the pleaſure ſhe will have in viſiting Italy.

As your lordſhip has honoured all the productions of my preſs with your acceptance, I venture to incloſe the laſt, which I printed to oblige the L——s. There are many beautiful and poetic expreſſions in it. A wedding to be ſure is neither a new nor a promiſing ſubject, nor will outlaſt the favours: ſtill I think Mr. Jones's ode is uncommonly good for the occaſion[1]; at leaſt, if it does not much charm lady Strafford and your lordſhip, I know you will receive it kindly as a tribute from Strawberry-hill, as every homage is due to you both from its maſter.

Your devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The marriage of lord Althorp with miſs Bingham.

LETTER XXXVII.

Berkeley-ſquare, November 27, 1781.

EACH freſh mark of your lordſhip's kindneſs and friendſhip calls on me for thanks and an anſwer: every other reaſon would enjoin me ſilence. I not only grow ſo old, but the ſymptoms of age increaſe ſo faſt, that, as they adviſe me to keep out of the world, that retirement makes me leſs fit to be informing or entertaining. The philoſophers who have ſported on the verge of the tomb, or they who have *affected* to ſport in the ſame ſituation, both tacitly implied that it was not out of their thoughts—and however dear what we are going to leave may be, all that is not particularly dear muſt ceaſe to intereſt us much. If thoſe reflections blend themſelves with our gayeſt thoughts, muſt not their hue grow more duſty when public misfortunes and diſgraces caſt a general ſhade? The age, it is true, ſoon emerges out of every gloom, and wantons as before.—But does not that levity imprint a ſtill deeper melancholy on thoſe who do think? Have any of our calamities corrected us? Are we not revelling on the brink of the precipice? Does adminiſtration grow more ſage, or deſire that we ſhould grow more ſober? Are theſe themes for letters, my dear lord? Can one repeat common news with indifference, while our ſhame is writing for future hiſtory by the pens of all our numerous enemies? When did England ſee two whole armies lay down their arms and ſurrender themſelves priſoners? Can venal addreſſes efface ſuch ſtigmas, that will be recorded in every country in Europe? Or will ſuch diſgraces have no conſequences? Is not America loſt to us? Shall we offer up more human victims to the dæmon of obſtinacy—and ſhall we tax ourſelves deeper to furniſh out the ſacrifice? Theſe are thoughts I cannot ſtifle at the moment that enforces them; and though I do not doubt but the ſame ſpirit of diſſipation that has ſwallowed up all our principles, will reign again in three days with its wonted ſovereignty, I had rather be ſilent than vent my indignation.—Yet I cannot talk, for I cannot think, on any other ſubject. It was not ſix days ago, that in the height of four raging wars I ſaw in the papers an account of the opera and of the dreſſes of the company; and thence the town, and thence of courſe the whole nation, were informed that Mr. F——— had very little powder in his hair. Would not one think that our newſpapers were penned by boys juſt come from ſchool for the information

of

of their ſiſters and couſins? Had we had Gazettes and Morning Poſts in thoſe days, would they have been filled with ſuch tittle-tattle after the battle of Agincourt, or in the more reſembling weeks after the battle of Naſeby? Did the French trifle equally even during the ridiculous war of the Fronde? If they were as impertinent then, at leaſt they had wit in their levity. We are monkeys in conduct, and as clumſy as bears when we try to gambol. Oh! my lord! I have no patience with my country! and ſhall leave it without regret!—Can we be proud when all Europe ſcorns us? It was wont to envy us, ſometimes to hate us, but never deſpiſed us before. James the firſt was contemptible, but he did not loſe an America! His eldeſt grandſon ſold us, his younger loſt us—but we kept ourſelves. Now we have run to meet the ruin—and it is coming!

I beg your lordſhip's pardon, if I have ſaid too much—but I do not believe I have. You have never ſold yourſelf, and, therefore, have not been acceſſary to our deſtruction. You muſt be happy *now* not to have a ſon, who would live to grovel in the dregs of England. Your lordſhip has long been ſo wiſe as to ſecede from the follies of your countrymen. May you and lady Strafford long enjoy the tranquillity that has been your option even in better days!—and may you amuſe yourſelf without giving looſe to ſuch reflections as have overflowed in this letter from

Your devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE!

LETTER XXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 16, 1782.

IF this letter reaches your lordſhip, I believe it muſt be conveyed by a dove; for we are all under water, and a poſtman has not where to ſet the ſole of his foot. They tell me, that in the north you have not been ſo drowned: which will be very fortunate; for in theſe parts every thing is to be apprehended for the corn, the ſheep, and the camps—but, in truth, all kinds of proſpects are moſt gloomy, and even in leſſer lights uncomfortable. Here we cannot ſtir, but armed for battle. Mr. Potts, who

lives at Mr. Hindley's, was attacked and robbed laſt week at the end of Gunnerſbury-lane, by five footpads who had two blunderbuſſes. Lady Browne and I do continue going to Twickenham-park; but I don't know how long it will be prudent, nor whether it is ſo now.

I have not been at Park-place, for Mr. Conway is never there, at leaſt only for a night or two. His regiment was reviewed yeſterday at Aſhford-common, but I did not go to ſee it.—In truth, I have ſo little taſte for common ſights, that I never did ſee a review in my life. I was in town laſt week, yet ſaw not monſieur de Graſſe; nor have ſeen the giant or the dwarf.

Poor Mrs. Clive is certainly very declining, but has been better of late, and, which I am glad of, thinks herſelf better. All viſions that comfort one are deſirable—the conditions of mortality do not bear being pryed into; nor am I an admirer of that philoſophy that ſcrutinizes into them: the philoſophy of deceiving one's ſelf is vaſtly preferable. What ſignifies anticipating what we cannot prevent?

I do not pretend to ſend your lordſhip any news, for I do not know a tittle, nor inquire. Peace is the ſole event of which I wiſh to hear. For private news I have outlived almoſt all the world with which I was acquainted, and have no curioſity about the next generation, ſcarce more than about the 20th century. I wiſh I was leſs indifferent for the ſake of the few with whom I correſpond, your lordſhip in particular, who are always ſo good and partial to me, and on whom I ſhould indubitably wait, were I fit to take a long journey; but as I walk no better than a tortoiſe, I make a conſcience of not incommodating my friends, whom I ſhould only confine at home. Indeed both my feet and hands are ſo lame, that I now ſcarce ever dine abroad. Being ſo antiquated and inſipid, I will releaſe your lordſhip, and am, with my unalterable reſpects to lady Strafford,

Your lordſhip's moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, October 3, 1782.

I DID think it long ſince I had the honour of hearing from your lordſhip; but conſcious how little I could repay you with any entertainment, I waited with patience. In fact, I believe ſummer-correſpondences often turn on complaints of want of news. It is unlucky that that is generally the ſeaſon of correſpondence as it is of ſeparation. People aſſembled in a capital contrive to furniſh matter, but then they have not occaſion to write it. Summer being the ſeaſon of campaigns ought to be more fertile—I am glad when that is not the caſe, for what is an account of a battle but a liſt of burials? Vultures and birds of prey might write with pleaſure to their correſpondents in the Alps of ſuch events—but they ought to be melancholy topics to thoſe who have no beaks or talons. At this moment if I was an epicure among the ſharks, I ſhould rejoice that general Elliot has juſt ſent the carcaſes of 1500 Spaniards down to market under Gibraltar—but I am more pleaſed that he diſpatched boats and ſaved ſome of thoſe whom he had overſet. What muſt a man of ſo much feeling have ſuffered at being forced to do his duty ſo well as he has done! I remember hearing ſuch another humane being, that brave old admiral ſir Charles Wager, ſay, that in his life he had never killed a fly.

This demolition of the Spaniſh armada is a great event—a very good one, if it prevents a battle between lord Howe and the combined fleets, as I ſhould hope; and yet better if it produces peace; the only political criſis to which I look with eagerneſs. Were that happy moment arrived, there is ample matter to employ our great men, if we have any, in retrieving the affairs of this country, if they are to be retrieved.—But though our ſedentary politicians write abundance of letters in the newſpapers, full of plans of public ſpirit, I doubt the nation is not ſober enough to ſet about its own work in earneſt. When none reform themſelves, little good is to be expected. We ſee by the exceſs of highwaymen how far evils will go before any attempt is made to cure them. I am ſure, from the magnitude of this inconvenience, that I am not talking merely like an old man. I have lived here above thirty years, and uſed to go every where round at all hours

hours of the night without any precaution. I cannot now ſtir a mile from my own houſe after ſun-ſet without one or two ſervants with blunderbuſſes. I am not ſurpriſed your lordſhip's pheaſants were ſtolen: a woman was taken laſt Saturday night loaded with nine geeſe, and they ſay has impeached a gang of fourteen houſe-breakers—but theſe are under graduates—when they ſhould have taken their doctor's degrees, they would not have piddled in ſuch little game. Thoſe regius-profeſſors the nabobs have taught men not to plunder for farthings.

I am very ſenſible of your lordſhip's kindneſs to my nephew Mr. C——. He is a ſenſible, well-behaved young man, and, I truſt, would not have abuſed your goodneſs.

Mr. Maſon writes to me, that he ſhall be at York at the end of this month. I was to have gone to Nuneham; but the houſe is ſo little advanced, that it is a queſtion whether they can receive me. Maſon, I doubt, has been idle there. I am ſure, if he found no muſes there, he could pick up none at Oxford, where there is not ſo much as a bed-maker that ever lived in a muſe's family.

Tonton begs his duty to all the lambs, and truſts that lady Strafford will not reject his homage.

I am ever her ladyſhip's and your lordſhip's

Moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XL.

Strawberry-hill, June 24, 1783.

THOUGH your lordſhip's partiality extends even to my letters, you muſt perceive that they grow as antiquated as the writer. News are the ſoul of letters: when we give them a body of our own invention, it is as unlike to life as a ſtatue. I have withdrawn ſo much from the world, that the newſpapers know every thing before me, eſpecially ſince they have uſurped the

province of telling every thing, private as well as public; and conſequently a great deal more than I ſhould wiſh to know, or like to report. When I do hear the tranſactions of much younger people, they do not paſs from my ears into my memory; nor does your lordſhip intereſt yourſelf more about them than I do. Yet ſtill, when one reduces one's department to ſuch narrow limits, one's correſpondence ſuffers by it. However, as I deſire to ſhow only my gratitude and attachment, not my wit, I ſhall certainly obey your lordſhip as long as you are content to read my letters, after I have told you fairly how little they can entertain you.

For imports of French, I believe we ſhall have few more. They have not ruined us ſo totally by the war, much leſs enriched themſelves ſo much by it, but that they who have been here, complained ſo piteouſly of the expenſiveneſs of England, that probably they will deter others from a ſimilar jaunt—nor, ſuch is their fickleneſs, are the French conſtant to any thing but admiration of themſelves. Their Anglomanie I hear has mounted—or deſcended—from our cuſtoms to our perſons. Engliſh people are in faſhion at Verſailles. A Mr. ———, who wrote ſome pretty verſes at Bath two or three years ago, is a favourite there. One who was ſo, or may be ſtill, the *beau Dillon*, came upon a very different errand—in ſhort, to purchaſe at any price a book written by Linguet, which was juſt coming out, called *Antoinette*. That will tell your lordſhip why the *beau Dillon* was the meſſenger.

Monſieur de Guignes and his daughters came hither—but it was at eight o'clock at night in the height of the deluge. You may be ſure I was much flattered by ſuch a viſit! I was forced to light candles to ſhow them any thing; and muſt have lighted the moon to ſhow them the views. If this is their way of ſeeing England, they might as well look at it with an opera glaſs from the ſhore of Calais.

Mr. Maſon is to come to me on Sunday, and will find me mighty buſy in making my lock of hay, which is not yet cut. I don't know why, but people are always more anxious about their hay than their corn, or twenty other things that coſt them more. I ſuppoſe my lord Cheſterfield, or ſome ſuch dictator, made it faſhionable to care about one's hay.—Nobody betrays ſolicitude about getting in his rents.

We

We have exchanged ſpring and ſummer for autumn and winter, as well as day for night. If religion or law enjoined people to love light and proſpects and verdure, I ſhould not wonder if perverſeneſs made us hate them—no, nor if ſociety made us prefer living always in town to ſolitude and beauty.—But that is not the caſe. The moſt faſhionable hurry into the country at Chriſtmas and Eaſter, let the weather be ever ſo bad—and the fineſt ladies, who will go no whither till eleven at night, certainly paſs more tireſome hours in London alone than they would in the country.—But all this is no buſineſs of mine: they do what they like, and ſo do I—And I am exceedingly tolerant about people who are perfectly indifferent to me. The ſun and the ſeaſons were not gone out of faſhion when I was young—and I may do what I will with them now I am old: for faſhion is fortunately no law but to its devotees. Were I five-and-twenty, I dare to ſay, I ſhould think every whim of my cotemporaries very wiſe, as I did then. In one light I am always on the ſide of the young; for they only ſilently deſpiſe thoſe who do not conform to their ordonnances; but age is very apt to be angry at the change of cuſtoms, and partial to others no better founded. It is happy when we are occupied by nothing more ſerious. It is happy for a nation, when mere faſhions are a topic that can employ its attention; for though diſſipation may lead to graver moments, it commences with eaſe and tranquillity; and they at leaſt who live before the ſcene ſhifts are fortunate, conſidering and comparing themſelves with the various regions who enjoy no parallel felicity. I confeſs my reflections are *couleur de roſe* at preſent. I did not much expect to live to ſee peace, without far more extenſive ruin than has fallen on us. I will not probe futurity in ſearch of leſs agreeable conjectures. Prognoſticators may ſee many ſeeds of duſky hue—but I am too old to look forwards. Without any omens, common ſenſe tells one, that in the revolution of ages nations muſt have unproſperous periods.—But why ſhould I torment myſelf for what may happen in twenty years after my death, more than for what may happen in two hundred? Nor ſhall I be more intereſted in the one than in the other. This is no indifference for my country.—I wiſh it could always be happy—But ſo I do to all other countries. Yet who could ever paſs a tranquil moment, if ſuch future ſpeculations vexed him?

Adieu, my good lord!—I doubt this letter has more marks of ſenility than the one I announced at the beginning. When I had no news to ſend you, it was no reaſon for tiring you with common places.—But your lord-

ſhip's indulgence ſpoils me. Does not it look as if I thought, that, becauſe you commend my letters, you would like whatever I ſay? Will not lady Strafford think that I abuſe your patience?——I aſk both your pardons—and am to both

A moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 1, 1783.

IT would be great happineſs indeed to me, my dear lord, if ſuch nothings as my letters could contribute to any part of your lordſhip's; but as your own partiality beſtows their chief merit on them, you ſee they owe more to your friendſhip than to the writer. It is not my intereſt to depreciate them; much leſs to undermine the foundation of their ſole worth. Yet it woud be diſhoneſt not to warn your lordſhip, that if my letters have had any intrinſic recommendation, they muſt loſe of it every day. Years and frequent returns of gout have made a ruin of me. Dullneſs, in the form of indolence, grows upon me. I am inactive, lifeleſs, and ſo indifferent to moſt things, that I neither enquire after nor remember any topics that might enliven my letters. Nothing is ſo inſipid as my way of paſſing my time. But I need not ſpecify what my letters ſpeak.—They can have no ſpirit left—and would be perfectly inanimate, if attachment and gratitude to your lordſhip were as liable to be extinguiſhed by old age as our more amuſing qualities. I make no new connections; but cheriſh thoſe that remain with all the warmth of youth and the piety of grey hairs.

The weather here has been, and is, with very few intervals, ſultry to this moment. I think it has been of ſervice to me; though by overheating myſelf I had a few days of lameneſs. The harveſt is half over already all round us, and ſo pure, that not a poppy or cornflower is to be ſeen. Every field ſeems to have been weeded like B——'s bowling-green. If Ceres, who is at leaſt as old as many of our faſhionable ladies, loves tricking herſelf out in flowers as they do, ſhe muſt be mortified; and with more reaſon;

for ſhe looks well always with top-knots of ultramarine and vermilion, which modern goddeſſes do not for half ſo long as they think they do. As providence ſhowers ſo many bleſſings on us, I wiſh the peace may confirm them! Neceſſary I am ſure it was—and when it cannot reſtore us, where ſhould we have been, had the war continued! Of our ſituation and proſpect I confeſs my opinion is melancholy—not from preſent politics, but from paſt. We flung away the moſt brilliant poſition—I doubt, for a long ſeaſon! With politics I have totally done. I wiſh the preſent miniſters may laſt; for I think better of their principles than of thoſe of their opponents (with a few ſalvos on both ſides), and ſo I do of their abilities.—But it would be folly in me to concern myſelf about new generations.—How little a way can I ſee of their progreſs!

I am rather ſurpriſed at the new counteſs of ———. How could a woman be ambitious of reſembling Prometheus, to be pawed and clawed and gnawed by a vulture? I beg your earldom's pardon; but I could not conceive that a coronet was ſo very tempting!

Lady Browne is quite recovered—unleſs ſhe relapſes from what we ſuffer at Twickenham-park from a lord N——, an old ſeaman, who is come to Richmond on a viſit to the duke of Montroſe. I think the poor man muſt be out of his ſenſes—at leaſt he talks us out of ours. It is the moſt inceſſant and incoherent rhapſody that ever was heard. He ſits by the card-table, and pours on Mrs. N—— all that ever happened in his voyages or his memory. He details the ſhip's allowance, and talks to her as if ſhe was his firſt mate. Then in the mornings he carries his daughter to town to ſee St. Paul's, and the Tower, and Weſtminſter-abbey; and at night diſgorges all he has ſeen; till we don't know the ace of ſpades from queen Elizabeth's pocket-piſtol in the armory. Mercy on us!—And mercy on your lordſhip too! Why ſhould you be ſtunned with that alarum? Have you had your earthquake, my lord? Many have had theirs. I aſſure you I have had mine. Above a week ago, when broad awake, the doors of the cabinet by my bed-ſide rattled, without a breath of wind. I imagined ſomebody was walking on the leads, or had broken into the room under me. It was between four and five in the morning. I rang my bell. Before my ſervant could come it happened again; and was exactly like the horizontal tremor I felt from the earthquake ſome years ago. As I had rung once, it is plain I

was

was awake. I rang again; but heard nothing more. I am quite perſuaded there was ſome commotion; nor is it ſurpriſing that the dreadful eruptions of fire on the coaſts of Italy and Sicily ſhould have occaſioned ſome alteration that has extended faintly hither, and contributed to the heats and miſts that have been ſo extraordinary. George Montagu ſaid of our laſt earthquake, that it was ſo tame you might have ſtroked it. It is comfortable to live where one can reaſon on them without dreading them! What ſatisfaction ſhould you have in having erected ſuch a monument of your taſte, my lord, as Wentworth-caſtle, if you did not know but it might be overturned in a moment and cruſh you? Sir William Hamilton is expected: he has been groping in all thoſe devaſtations.—Of all vocations I would not be a profeſſor of earthquakes! I prefer ſtudies that are *couleur de roſe*—nor would ever think of calamities, if I can do nothing to relieve them. Yet this is a weakneſs of mind that I do not defend. They are more reſpectable who can behold philoſophically the great theatre of events—or rather this little theatre of ours! In ſome ampler ſphere, they may look on the cataſtrophe of Meſſina as we do on kicking to pieces an ant-hill.

Bleſs me! what a farrago is my letter! It is like the extracts of books in a monthly magazine—I had no right to cenſure poor lord N———'s ramblings! Lady Strafford will think he has infected me. Good-night, my dear lord and lady!

Your ever devoted

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 12, 1783.

YOUR lordſhip tells me you hope my ſummer has glided pleaſantly, like our Thames. I cannot ſay it has paſſed very pleaſantly to me, though, like the Thames, dry and low; for ſomehow or other I caught a rheumatic fever in the great heats, and cannot get rid of it. I have juſt been at Park-place and Nuneham, in hopes change of air would cure me; but to no purpoſe. Indeed, as want of ſleep is my chief complaint, I doubt I muſt make uſe of a very different and more diſagreeable remedy, the air of London, the only place that I ever find agree with me when I am out of order.

order. I was there for two nights a fortnight ago, and ſlept perfectly well. In vain has my predilection for Strawberry made me try to perſuade myſelf that this was all fancy; but I fear, reaſons that appear ſtrong, though contrary to our inclinations, muſt be good ones. London at this time of year is as nauſeous a drug as any in an apothecary's ſhop. I could find nothing at all to do, and ſo went to Aſtley's, which indeed was much beyond my expectation. I do not wonder any longer that Darius was choſen king by the inſtructions he gave to his horſe; nor that Caligula made his conſul. Aſtley can make his dance minuets and hornpipes; which is more extraordinary than to make them vote at an election, or act the part of a magiſtrate, which animals of leſs capacities can perform as dextrouſly as a returning officer or a maſter in chancery.——But I ſhall not have even Aſtley now. Her majeſty the queen of France, who has as much taſte as Caligula, has ſent for the whole dramatis perſonas to Paris.

Sir William Hamilton was at Park-place, and gave us dreadful accounts of Calabria: he looks much older, and has the patina of a bronze.

At Nuneham I was much pleaſed with the improvements both within doors and without. Mr. Maſon was there; and, as he ſhines in every art, was aſſiſting Mrs. Harcourt with his new diſcoveries in painting, by which he will unite miniature and oil. Indeed, ſhe is a very apt and extraordinary ſcholar. Since our profeſſors ſeem to have loſt the art of colouring, I am glad at leaſt that they have ungraduated aſſeſſors.

We have plenty and peace at laſt! conſequently leiſure for repairing ſome of our loſſes, if we have ſenſe enough to ſet about the taſk. On what will happen I ſhall make no conjectures, as it is not likely I ſhould ſee much of what is to come. Our enemies have humbled us enough to content them; and we have ſucceeded ſo ill in innovations, that ſurely we ſhall not tempt new ſtorms in haſte.

From this place I can ſend your lordſhip nothing new or entertaining, nor expect more game in town, whither nothing but ſearch of health ſhould carry me. Perhaps it is a vain chace at my age—but at my age one cannot truſt to nature's operating cures without aiding her—it is always time enough to abandon one's ſelf, when no care will palliate our decays. I hope your lordſhip and lady Strafford will long be in no want of ſuch attentions;

tentions: nor ſhould I have talked ſo much of my own cracks, had I had any thing elſe to tell you. It would be ſilly to aim at vivacity when it is gone: and though a lively old man is ſometimes an agreeable being, a pretending old man is ridiculous. Aches and an apothecary cannot give one genuine ſpirits. 'Tis ſufficient if they do not make one peeviſh. Your lordſhip is ſo kind as to accept of me as I am, and you ſhall find nothing more counterfeit in me than the ſincere reſpect and gratitude with which I have the honour to be

Your lordſhip's moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIII.

Strawberry-hill, October 11, 1783.

MY rheumatiſm, I thank your lordſhip, is certainly better, though not quite gone. It was very troubleſome at night till I took the bark; but that medicine makes me ſleep like opium——But I will ſay no more about it, nothing is ſo troubleſome as to talk of chronical complaints: has one any right to draw on the compaſſion of others, when one muſt renew the addreſs daily and for months?

The aſpect of Ireland is very tempeſtuous. I doubt they will hurt us materially without benefiting themſelves. If they obtain very ſhort parliaments, they will hurt themſelves more than us, by introducing a confuſion that will prevent their improvements.—Whatever country does adopt ſhort parliaments, will, I am entirely perſuaded, be forced to recur to their former practice—I mean, if the diſorders introduced do not produce deſpotiſm of ſome ſort or other. I am very ſorry Mr. Maſon concurs in trying to revive the aſſociations. Methinks our ſtate is ſo deplorable, that every healing meaſure ought to be attempted inſtead of innovations. For my own part, I expect nothing but diſtractions, and am not concerned to be ſo old. I *am* ſo old, that, were I diſpoſed to novelties, I ſhould think they little became my age. I ſhould be aſhamed, when my hour ſhall come, to be

be caught in a riot of country 'ſquires and parſons, and haranguing a mob with a ſhaking head. A leader of faction ought to be young and vigorous. If an aged gentleman does get an aſcendant, he may be ſure that younger men are counting on his exit, and only flatter him to ſucceed to his influence, while they are laughing at his miſplaced activity. At leaſt, theſe would be my thoughts, who of all things dread being a jeſt to the juvenile, if they find me out of my ſphere.

I have ſeen lord C———'s play, and it has a great deal of merit—perhaps more than your lordſhip would expect. The language and images are the beſt part, after the two principal ſcenes, which are really fine.

I did, as your lordſhip knows and ſays, always like and eſteem lady F———. I ſcarce know my lord; but, from what I have heard of him in the houſe of lords, have conceived a good opinion of his ſenſe: of his character I never heard any ill—which is a great teſtimonial in his favour, when there are ſo many horrid characters, and when all that are conſpicuous have their minuteſt actions tortured to depoſe againſt them.

You may be ſure, my dear lord, that I heartily pity lady Strafford's and your loſs of four-legged friends. Senſe and fidelity are wonderful recommendations; and when one meets with them, and can be confident that one is not impoſed upon, I cannot think that the two additional legs are any drawback. At leaſt I know that I have had friends who would never have vexed or betrayed me, if they had walked on all-fours.

I have no news to ſend your lordſhip—indeed I inquire for none, nor wiſh to hear any. Whence is any good to come? I am every day ſurpriſed at hearing people eager for news. If there is any, they are ſure of hearing it.—How can one be curious to know one does not know what—and perpetually curious to know? Has one nothing to do but to hear and relate ſomething new?—And why can one care about nothing but what one does not know?—And why is every event worth hearing, only becauſe one has not heard it? Have not there been changes enough? divorces enough? bankruptcies and robberies enough?—and, above all, lies enough?—No; or people would not be every day impatient for the newſ-

paper. I own, I am glad on Sunday when there is no paper, and no freſh lies circulating. Adieu, my good lord and lady! May you long enjoy your tranquillity, undiſturbed by villainy, folly and madneſs!

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIV.

Berkeley-ſquare, November 10, 1783.

IF I conſulted my reputation as a writer, which your lordſhip's partiality is ſo kind as to allot me, I ſhould wait a few days till my granary is fuller of ſtock, which probably it would be by the end of next week—but in truth, I had rather be a grateful, and conſequently a punctual correſpondent, than an ingenious one; as I value the honour of your lordſhip's friendſhip more than ſuch tinſel bits of fame as can fall to my ſhare, and of which I am particularly ſick at preſent, as the Public Advertiſer dreſſed me out t'other day with a heap of that droſs, which he had pillaged from ſome other ſtrolling playwrights, who I did not deſire ſhould be plundered for me.

Indeed, when the parliament does meet, I doubt, nay hope it will make leſs ſenſation than uſual. The orators of Dublin have brought the flowers of Billingſgate to ſo high perfection, that ours comparatively will have no more ſcent than a dead dandelion. If your lordſhip has not ſeen the ſpeeches of Mr. F—— and Mr. G——, you may perhaps ſtill think that our oyſter-women can be more abuſive than members of parliament.

Since I began my letter, I hear that the meeting of the delegates from the volunteers is adjourned to the firſt of February. This ſeems a very favourable circumſtance. I don't like a reformation begun by a popiſh army! Indeed I did hope that peace would bring us peace, at leaſt not more than the diſcords incidental to a free government: but we ſeem not to have attained that æra yet! I hope it will arrive, though I may not ſee it. I ſhall not eaſily believe that any radical alteration of a conſtitution that preſerved us ſo long and carried us to ſo great a height, will recover our affairs. There

There is a wide difference between correcting abuſes, and removing landmarks. Nobody diſliked more than I the ſtrides that were attempted towards increaſing the prerogative; but as the excellence of our conſtitution above all others, conſiſts in the balance eſtabliſhed between the three powers of king, lords, and commons, I wiſh to ſee that equilibrium preſerved. No ſingle man, nor any private junto, has a right to dictate laws to all three. In Ireland, truly, a ſtill worſe ſpirit I apprehend to be at bottom—in ſhort, it is phrenſy or folly to ſuppoſe that an army compoſed of three parts of catholics can be intended for any good purpoſes.

Theſe are my ſentiments, my dear lord, and, you know, very diſintereſted. For myſelf, I have nothing to wiſh but eaſe and tranquillity for the reſt of my time. I have no enmities to avenge. I do hope the preſent adminiſtration will laſt, as I believe there are *more* honeſt men in it, than in any ſet that could replace them, though I have not a grain of partiality more than I had for their aſſociates. Mr. Fox I think by far the ableſt and ſoundeſt head in England, and am perſuaded that the more he is tried the greater man he will appear.

Perhaps it is impertinent to trouble your lordſhip with my creed—it is certainly of no conſequence to any body—but I have nothing elſe that could entertain you—and at ſo ſerious a criſis, can one think of trifles? In general I am not ſorry that the nation is moſt diſpoſed to trifle—the leſs it takes part, the more leiſure will the miniſters have to attend to the moſt urgent points. When ſo many individuals aſſume to be legiſlators, it is lucky that very few obey their inſtitutes.

I rejoice to hear of lady Strafford's good health, and am her and your lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

Berkeley-ſquare, Dec. 11, 1783.

YOUR lordſhip is ſo partial to me and my idle letters, that I am afraid of writing them—not leſt they ſhould ſink below the ſtandard you have pleaſed to affix to them in your own mind, but from fear of being intoxicated into attempting to keep them up to it, which would deſtroy their only merit, their being written naturally and without pretenſions. Gratitude and good breeding compel me to make due anſwers; but I entreat your lordſhip to be aſſured, that however vain I am of your favour, my only aim is to preſerve the honour of your friendſhip; that it is all the praiſe I aſk or wiſh; and that, with regard to letter-writing, I am firmly perſuaded that it is a province in which women will always ſhine ſuperiorly; for our ſex is too jealous of the reputation of good ſenſe, to condeſcend to hazard a thouſand trifles and negligences, which give grace, eaſe and familiarity to correſpondence.—I will ſay no more on that ſubject, for I feel that I am on the brink of a diſſertation—and though that fault would prove the truth of my propoſition, I will not puniſh your lordſhip only to convince you that I am in the right.

The winter is not dull or diſagreeable: on the contrary, it is pleaſing, as the town is occupied on general ſubjects, and not, as is too common, on private ſcandal, private vices and follies. The India bill, air-balloons, Veſtris and the automaton, ſhare all attention. Mrs. Siddons, as leſs a novelty, does not engroſs all converſation. If abuſe ſtill keeps above par, it confines itſelf to its preſcriptive province, the miniſterial line. In that walk it has tumbled a little into the kennel—The low buffoonery of lord ——, in laying the caricatura of the Coalition on the table of your lordſhip's houſe, has levelled it to Sadler's Wells; and Mr. ——, the pillar of invective, does not promiſe to re-erect it—not, I conclude, from want of having imported a ſtock of ingredients, but his preſumptuous debut on the very night of his entry was ſo wretched, and delivered in ſo barbarous a brogue, that I queſtion whether he will ever recover the blow Mr. Courtenay gave him. A young man may correct and improve, and riſe from a firſt fall; but an elderly formed ſpeaker has not an equal chance. Mr. H——, lord A——'s heir,

but by no means ſo laconic, had more ſucceſs. Though his firſt eſſay, it was not at all daſhed by baſhfulneſs—and though he might have bluſhed for diſcovering ſo much perſonal rancour to Mr. Fox, he rather ſeemed to be impatient to diſcharge it.

Your lordſhip ſees in the papers, that the two houſes of Ireland have firmly reſiſted the innovations of the volunteers. Indeed it was time for the proteſtant proprietors to make their ſtand; for though the catholics behave decently, it would be into their hands that the prize would fall. The delegates, it is true, have ſent over a moſt loyal addreſs—but I wiſh their actions may not contradict their words! Mr. ——'s diſcomfiture here will, I ſuppoſe, carry him back to a field wherein his wicked ſpirit may have more effect. It is a very ſerious moment!—I am in pain leſt your county, my dear lord (you know what I mean), ſhould countenance ſuch pernicious deſigns.

I am impatient for next month, for the pleaſure of ſeeing your lordſhip and lady Strafford, and am of both

The devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLVI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 6, 1784.

I AM very ſorry, my dear lord, that I muſt anſwer your lordſhip's letter by a condolence. I had not the honour of being acquainted with Mrs. V——, but have heard ſo much good of her, that it is impoſſible not to lament her.

Since this month began, we have had fine weather, and 'twere great pity if we had not, when the earth is covered with ſuch abundant harveſts! They talk of an earthquake having been felt in London. Had ſir W. Hamilton been there, he would think the town gave itſelf great airs. He I believe is *putting*,

ting up volcanos in his own country. In my youth, philoſophers were eager to aſcribe every uncommon diſcovery to the deluge—now it is the faſhion to ſolve every appearance by conflagrations. If there was ſuch an inundation upon the earth, and ſuch a furnace under it, I am amazed that Noah and company were not boiled to death. Indeed I am a great ſceptic about human reaſonings. They predominate only for a time, like other mortal faſhions, and are ſo often exploded after the mode is paſſed, that I hold them little more ſerious, though they call themſelves wiſdom. How many have I lived to ſee eſtabliſhed and confuted! For inſtance, the neceſſity of a ſouthern continent as a balance was ſuppoſed to be unanſwerable—and ſo it was, till captain Cook found there was no ſuch thing. We are poor ſilly animals: we live for an inſtant upon a particle of a boundleſs univerſe, and are much like a butterfly that ſhould argue about the nature of the ſeaſons and what creates their viciſſitudes, and does not exiſt itſelf to ſee one annual revolution of them!

Adieu, my dear lord!—If my reveries are fooliſh, remember, I give them for no better. If I depreciate human wiſdom, I am ſure I do not aſſume a grain to myſelf, nor have any thing to value myſelf upon more than being

Your lordſhip's moſt obliged humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLVII.

Strawberry-hill, September 7, 1784.

THE ſummer is come at laſt, my lord, dreſt as fine as a birth-day, though not with ſo many flowers on its head. In truth, the ſun is an old fool, who apes the modern people of faſhion by arriving too late: the day is going to bed before he makes his appearance; and one has ſcarce time to admire his embroidery of green and gold. It was cruel to behold ſuch expanſe of corn every where, and yet ſee it all turned to a water-ſouchy. If I could admire Dante, which, aſking Mr. Hayley's pardon, I do not, I would have written an olio of Jews and Pagans, and ſent Ceres to reproach maſter Noah with breaking his promiſe of the world never being drowned again.—

But this laſt week has reſtored matters to their old channel; and I truſt we ſhall have bread to eat next winter, or I think we muſt have lived on apples, of which to be ſure there is enough to prevent a famine. This is all I know, my lord; and I hope no news to your lordſhip. I have exhauſted the themes of air-balloons and highwaymen; and if you *will* have my letters, you muſt be content with my common-place chat on the ſeaſons. I do nothing worth repeating, nor hear that others do: and though I am content to ruſt myſelf, I ſhould be glad to tell your lordſhip any thing that would amuſe you. I dined two days ago at Mrs. Garrick's with ſir William Hamilton, who is returning to the kingdom of cinders. Mrs. Walſingham was there with her ſon and daughter. He is a very pleaſing young man; a fine figure; his face like hers, with ſomething of his grandfather ſir Charles Williams, without his vanity; very ſenſible, and uncommonly well bred. The daughter is an imitatreſs of Mrs. D——, and has modelled a buſt of her brother. Mrs. D—— herſelf is modelling two maſks for the key-ſtones of the new bridge at Henley. Sir William, who has ſeen them, ſays they are in her true antique ſtyle. I am in poſſeſſion of her ſleeping dogs in terra cotta. She aſked me if I would conſent to her executing them in marble for the duke of Richmond?—I ſaid, Gladly; I ſhould like they ſhould exiſt in a more durable material—but I would not part with the original, which is ſharper and more alive. Mr. Wyat the architect ſaw them here lately; and ſaid, he was ſure that if the idea was given to the beſt ſtatuary in Europe, he would not produce ſo perfect a groupe. Indeed, with theſe dogs and the riches I poſſeſs by lady Di[1], poor Strawberry may vie with much prouder collections.

Adieu, my good lord! When I fold up a letter I am aſhamed of it—but it is your own fault. The laſt thing I ſhould think of would be troubling your lordſhip with ſuch inſipid ſtuff, if you did not command it. Lady Strafford will bear me teſtimony how often I have proteſted againſt it.

I am her ladyſhip's and your lordſhip's obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The number of original drawings by lady Diana Beauclerc, at Strawberry-hill.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 29, 1786.

SINCE I received the honour of your lordſhip's laſt, I have been at Park-place for a few days. Lord and lady F—— C—— and Mrs. D—— were there. We went on the Thames to ſee the new bridge at Henley, and Mrs. D——'s coloſſal maſks. There is not a ſight in the iſland more worthy of being viſited. The bridge is as perfect as if bridges were natural productions, and as beautiful as if it had been built for Wentworth-caſtle; and the maſks, as if the Romans had left them here. We ſaw them in a fortunate moment; for the reſt of the time was very cold and uncomfortable, and the evenings as chill as many we have had lately. In ſhort, I am come to think that the beginning of an old ditty which paſſes for a collection of blunders, was really an old Engliſh paſtoral, it is ſo deſcriptive of our climate:

Three children ſliding on the ice
All on a ſummer's day—

I have been overwhelmed more than ever by viſitants to my houſe. Yeſterday I had count Oghinſki, who was a pretender to the crown of Poland at the laſt election, and has been ſtripped of moſt of a vaſt eſtate. He had on a ring of the new king of Pruſſia—or I ſhould have wiſhed him joy on the death of one of the plunderers of his country.

It has long been my opinion that the out-penſioners of Bedlam are ſo numerous, that the ſhorteſt and cheapeſt way would be to confine in Moorfields the few that remain in their ſenſes, who would then be ſafe; and let the reſt go at large. They are the out-penſioners who are for deſtroying poor dogs! The whole canine race never did half ſo much miſchief as lord George Gordon; nor even worry hares, but when hallooed on by men. As it is a perſecution of animals, I do not love hunting; and what old writers mention as a commendation, makes me hate it the more, its being an image of war. Mercy on us! that deſtruction of any ſpecies ſhould be a ſport or a merit! What cruel unreflecting imps we are! Every body is unwilling to die, yet ſacrifices the lives of others to momentary paſtime, or to the ſtill emptier vapour, fame! A hero or a ſportſman who wiſhes for longer life,

is

is deſirous of prolonging devaſtation. We ſhall be crammed, I ſuppoſe, with panegyrics and epitaphs on the king of Pruſſia—I am content that he can now have an epitaph. But, alas! the emperor will write one for him probably in blood! and, while he ſhuts up convents for the ſake of population, will be ſtuffing hoſpitals with maimed ſoldiers, beſides making thouſands of widows!—I have juſt been reading a new publiſhed hiſtory of the colleges in Oxford by Anthony Wood, and there found a feature in a character that always offended me; that of archbiſhop Chicheley, who prompted Henry V. to the invaſion of France, to divert him from ſqueezing the overgrown clergy. When that prieſt meditated founding All Souls, and "conſulted his friends (who ſeem to have been honeſt men) what great matter of piety he had beſt perform to God in his old age, he was adviſed by them to build an hoſpital for the wounded and ſick ſoldiers, that daily returned from the wars then had in France"—I doubt his grace's friends thought as I do of his artifice—"But," continues the hiſtorian, "*diſliking thoſe motions*, and valuing the welfare of the deceaſed more than the wounded and diſeaſed, he reſolved with himſelf to promote his deſign—which was, to have maſſes, ſaid for the king, queen, and himſelf, &c. while living, and for their ſouls when dead."—And that mummery the old fooliſh rogue thought more efficacious than ointments and medicines for the wretches he had made! And of the chaplains and clerks he inſtituted in that dormitory, one was to teach grammar, and another, prick-ſong——How hiſtory makes one ſhudder and laugh by turns!—But I fear I have wearied your lordſhip with my idle declamation, and you will repent having commanded me to ſend you more letters; and I can only plead that I am

Your (perhaps too) obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 28, 1787.

ST. SWITHIN is no friend to correſpondence, my dear lord. There is not only a great fameneſs in his own proceedings, but he makes every body elſe dull—I mean, in the country, where one frets at its raining

every day and all day. In town he is no more minded than the proclamation againſt vice and immorality. Still, though he has all the honours of the quarantaine, I believe it often rained for forty days long before St. Swithin was born, if ever born he was; and the proverb was coined and put under his patronage, becauſe people obſerved that it frequently does rain for forty days together at this ſeaſon. I remember lady Suffolk telling me, that lord Dyſart's great meadow had never been mowed but once in forty years without rain. I ſaid, "all that that proved was, that rain was good for hay," as I am perſuaded the climate of a country and its productions are ſuited to each other. Nay, rain is good for haymakers too, who get more employment the oftener the hay is made over again. I do not know who is the ſaint that preſides over thunder; but he has made an unuſual quantity in this chill ſummer, and done a great deal of ſerious miſchief, though not a fiftieth part of what lord George Gordon did ſeven years ago—and happily he is fled.

Our little part of the world has been quiet as uſual. The duke of Queenſberry has given a ſumptuous dinner to the princeſſe de Lamballe—*et voilà tout.* I never ſaw her, not even in France. I have no particular penchant for ſterling princes and princeſſes, much leſs for thoſe of French plate.

The only entertaining thing I can tell your lordſhip from our diſtrict is, that old madam French, who lives cloſe by the bridge at Hampton-court, where, between her and the Thames, ſhe had nothing but one graſs-plot of the width of her houſe, has paved that whole plot with black and white marble in diamonds, exactly like the floor of a church; and this curious metamorphoſis of a garden into a pavement has coſt her three hundred and forty pounds:—a tarpaulin ſhe might have had for ſome ſhillings, which would have looked as well, and might eaſily have been removed. To be ſure this exploit, and lord Dudley's obeliſk *below* a hedge, with his canal at right angles with the Thames, and a ſham bridge no broader than that of a violin, and *parallel* to the river [1], are not preferable to the monſters in clipt yews of our anceſtors;

Bad taſte expellas furcâ, tamen uſque recurret.

[1] All theſe circumſtances actually exiſted till within theſe five years, at the villa of the late viſcount Dudley and Ward at Teddington.

On

On the contrary, Mrs. Walſingham is making her houſe at Ditton (now baptized Boyle-farm) very orthodox. Her daughter miſs Boyle [1], who has real genius, has carved three tablets in marble with boys deſigned by herſelf. Thoſe ſculptures are for a chimney-piece; and ſhe is painting pannels in groteſque for the library, with pilaſters of glaſs in black and gold. Miſs Crewe, who has taſte too, has decorated a room for her mother's houſe at Richmond, which was lady Margaret Compton's, in a very pretty manner. How much more amiable the old women of the next age will be, than moſt of thoſe we remember, who uſed to tumble at once from gallantry to devout ſcandal and cards! and revenge on the young of their own ſex the deſertion of ours. Now they are ingenious, they will not want amuſement.

Adieu, my dear lord! I am moſt gratefully

Your lordſhip's very faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER L.

Strawberry-hill, Tueſday night, June 17, 1788.

I GUESS, my dear lord, and only gueſs that you are arrived at Wentworth-caſtle. If you are not, my letter will loſe none of its bloom by waiting for you; for I have nothing freſh to tell you, and only write becauſe you enjoined it. I ſettled in my Lilliputian towers but this morning. I wiſh people would come into the country on May-day, and fix in town the firſt of November. But as they will not, I have made up my mind; and having ſo little time left, I prefer London when my friends and ſociety are in it, to living here alone, or with the weird ſiſters of Richmond and Hampton. I had additional reaſon now, for the ſtreets are as green as the fields: we are burnt to the bone, and have not a lock of hay to cover our nakedneſs: oats are ſo dear, that I ſuppoſe they will ſoon be eaten at Brooks's and faſhionable tables as a rarity. The drought has laſted ſo long, that for this fortnight I have been foretelling hay-making and winter, which June generally produces; but to-day is ſultry, and I am not a pro-

[1] Since married to lord Henry Fitzgerald.

phet worth a ſtraw. Though not reſident till now, I have flitted backwards and forwards, and laſt Friday came hither to look for a minute at a ball at Mrs. Walſingham's at Ditton; which would have been very pretty, for ſhe had ſtuck coloured lamps in the hair of all her trees and buſhes, if the eaſt wind had not danced a reel all the time by the ſide of the river.

Mr. Conway's play [1], of which your lordſhip has ſeen ſome account in the papers, has ſucceeded delightfully both in repreſentation and applauſe. The language is moſt genteel, though tranſlated from verſe; and both prologue and epilogue are charming. The former was delivered moſt juſtly and admirably by lord Derby, and the latter with inimitable ſpirit and grace by Mrs. Damer. Mr. Merry and Mrs. Bruce played excellently too.——But general Conway, Mrs. Damer, and every body elſe are drowned by Mr. Sheridan, whoſe renown has engroſſed all fame's tongues and trumpets [2]. Lord Townſhend ſaid he ſhould be ſorry were he forced to give a vote directly on Haſtings, before he had time to cool; and one of the peers ſaying the ſpeech had not made the ſame impreſſion on him, the marquis replied, a ſeal might be finely cut, and yet not be in fault for making a bad impreſſion.

I have, you ſee, been forced to ſend your lordſhip what ſcraps I brought from town: the next four months, I doubt, will reduce me to my old ſterility; for I cannot retail French gazettes, though as a good Engliſhman bound to hope they will contain a civil war. I care ſtill leſs about the double imperial campaign, only hoping that the poor dear Turks will heartily beat both emperor and empreſs. If the firſt Ottomans could be puniſhed, they deſerved it—but the preſent poſſeſſors have as good preſcription on their ſide as any people in Europe. We ourſelves are Saxons, Danes, Normans—our neighbours are Franks, not Gauls—who the reſt are, Goths, Gepidæ, Heruli, Mr. Gibbon knows—and the Dutch uſurped the eſtates of herrings, turbots, and other marine indigenæ.—Still, though I do not wiſh the hair of a Turk's beard hurt, I do not ſay that it would not be

[1] A comedy tranſlated from L'Homme du Jour of Boiſſy. It was firſt acted at the private theatre at Richmond-houſe, and afterwards at Drury-lane.

[2] From the ſpeech he made in Weſtminſter-hall, on bringing the charge of cruelty to the Begums of the province of Benares, in the trial of Mr. Haſtings.

amuſing to have Conſtantinople taken—merely as a luſty event—for neither could I live to ſee Athens revive, nor have I much faith in two ſuch bloody-minded vultures, cock and hen, as Catherine and Joſeph, conquering for the beneſit of humanity; nor does my chriſtianity admire the propagation of the goſpel by the mouth of cannon. What deſolation of peaſants and their families by the epiſodes of forage and quarters!—Oh! I wiſh Catherine and Joſeph were brought to Weſtminſter-hall and worried by Sheridan! I hope too, that the poor Begums are alive to hear of his ſpeech—it will be ſome comfort, though I doubt nobody thinks of reſtoring them a quarter of a lac!

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LI.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 2, 1788.

MATTER for a letter, alas! my dear lord, I have none—but *about* letters I have great news to tell your lordſhip, only may the goddeſs of poſt-offices grant it be true! A miſs S—— of Richmond, who is at Paris, writes to Mrs. B———, that a baron de la Garde (I am ſorry there are ſo many *a*'s in the genealogy of my ſtory) has found in a *vieille armoire* five hundred more letters of madame de Sevigny, and that they will be printed, if the expence is not too great. I am in a taking leſt they ſhould not appear before I ſet out for the Elyſian fields; for though the writer is one of the firſt perſonages I ſhould enquire after on my arrival, I queſtion whether St. Peter has taſte enough to know where ſhe lodges: he is more likely to be acquainted with St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Undecimillia; and therefore I had rather ſee the letters themſelves. It is true I have no ſmall doubt of the authenticity of the legend; and nothing will perſuade me of its truth ſo much as the non-appearance of the letters—a melancholy kind of conviction. But I vehemently ſuſpect ſome new coinage, like the letters of Ninon de l'Enclos, pope Ganganelli, and the princeſs Palatine. I have lately been reading ſome fragments of letters of the ducheſs of Orleans, which are certainly genuine, and contain ſome curious circumſtances; for though ſhe was a ſimple goſſiping old gentlewoman, yet many little facts ſhe could not help

learning: and to give her her due, ſhe was ready to tell all ſhe knew. To our late queen ſhe certainly did write often; and her majeſty, then only princeſs, was full as ready to pay her in her own coin: and a pretty conſiderable treaty of commerce for the exchange of ſcandal was faithfully executed between them; inſomuch that I remember to have heard forty years ago, that our gracious ſovereign entruſted her royal highneſs of Orleans with an intrigue of one of her women of the bed-chamber, Mrs. S. to wit; and the good ducheſs entruſted it to ſo many other dear friends, that at laſt it got into the Utrecht Gazette, and came over hither, to the ſignal edification of the court of Leiceſter-fields. This is an additional reaſon, beſides the internal evidence, for my believing the letters genuine. This old dame was mother of the regent: and when ſhe died, ſomebody wrote on her tomb, *Cy giſt l'Oiſiveté.* This came over too; and nobody could expound it, till our then third princeſs, Caroline, unravelled it—Idleneſs is the mother of all vice.

I wiſh well enough to poſterity to hope that dowager highneſſes will imitate the practice, and write all the trifles that occupy their royal brains; for the world ſo at leaſt learns ſome true hiſtory, which their huſbands never divulge; eſpecially if they are privy to their own hiſtory, which their miniſters keep from them as much as poſſible. I do not believe the preſent king of France knows much more of what he, or rather his queen, is actually doing, than I do. I rather pity him; for I believe he means well, which is not a common article of my faith.

I ſhall go about the end of this week to Park-place, where I expect to find the druidic temple from Jerſey erected. How dull will the world be, if conſtant pilgrimages are not made thither! where, beſides the delight of the ſcenes, that temple, the rude great arch, lady A———'s needle-works, and Mrs. D———'s Thame and Iſis on Henley-bridge, with other of her ſculptures, make it one of the moſt curious ſpots in the iſland, and unique. I want to have Mr. Conway's comedy acted there; and then the father, mother and daughter would exhibit a theatre of arts as uncommon. How I regret that your lordſhip did not hear Mrs. D—— ſpeak the epilogue!

I am, my dear lord, your lordſhip's moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LII.

Strawberry-hill, September 12, 1788.

MY late fit of gout, though very ſhort, was a very authentic one, my dear lord, and the third I have had ſince Chriſtmas. Still, of late years I have ſuffered ſo little pain, that I can juſtly complain of nothing but the confinement and the debility of my hands and feet, which however I can ſtill uſe to a certain degree; and as I enjoy ſuch good ſpirits and health in the intervals, I look upon the gout as no enemy: yet I know it is like the compacts ſaid to be made with the devil (no kind compariſon to a friend!), who ſhowers his favours on the contractors, but is ſure to ſeize and carry them off at laſt.

I would not ſay ſo much of myſelf, but in return to your lordſhip's obliging concern for me—yet, inſignificant as the ſubject, I have no better in bank—and if I plume myſelf on the tolerable ſtate of my outward man, I doubt your lordſhip finds that age does not treat my interior ſo mildly as the gout does the other. If my letters, as you are pleaſed to ſay, uſed to amuſe you, you muſt perceive how inſipid they are grown, both from my decays, and from the little intercourſe I have with the world. Nay, I take care not to aim at falſe vivacity: what do the attempts of age at livelineſs prove, but its weakneſs? What the Spectator ſaid wittily, ought to be practiſed in ſober ſadneſs by old folks: when he was dull, he declared it was by deſign. So far, to be ſure, we ought to obſerve it, as not to affect more ſpirits than we poſſeſs. To be purpoſely ſtupid, would be forbidding our correſpondents to continue the intercourſe; and I am ſo happy in enjoying the honour of your lordſhip's friendſhip, that I will be content (if you can be ſo) with my natural inanity, without ſtudying to increaſe it.

I have been at Park-place, and aſſure your lordſhip that the Druidic temple vaſtly more than anſwers my expectation. Small it is, no doubt, when you are within the incloſure, and but a chapel of eaſe to Stonehenge; but Mr. Conway has placed it with ſo much judgment, that it has a lofty effect, and infinitely more than it could have had, if he had yielded to Mrs. D——'s and my opinion, who earneſtly begged to have it placed within the incloſure of the home-grounds. It now ſtands on the ridge of the high hill

hill without, backed by the horizon, and with a grove on each ſide at a little diſtance; and being exalted beyond and above the range of firs that climb up the ſides of the hill from the valley, wears all the appearance of an ancient caſtle, whoſe towers are only ſhattered, not deſtroyed; and devout as I am to old caſtles, and ſmall taſte as I have for the ruins of ages abſolutely barbarous, it is impoſſible not to be pleaſed with ſo very rare an antiquity ſo abſolutely perfect, and it is difficult to prevent viſionary ideas from improving a proſpect.

If, as lady Anne Conolly told your lordſhip, I have had a great deal of company, you muſt underſtand it of my houſe, not of me; for I have very little. Indeed, laſt Monday both my houſe and I were included. The duke of York ſent me word the night before, that he would come and ſee it, and of courſe I had the honour of ſhowing it myſelf. He ſaid, and indeed it ſeemed ſo, that he was much pleaſed; at leaſt, I had every reaſon to be ſatisfied; for I never ſaw any prince more gracious and obliging, nor heard one utter more perſonally kind ſpeeches.

I do not find that *her grace* the counteſs of Briſtol's[1] will is really known yet. They talk of two wills—to be ſure, in her double capacity; and they ſay ſhe has made three coheireſſes to her jewels, the empreſs of Ruſſia, lady Saliſbury, and the whore of Babylon. The firſt of thoſe legatees, I am not ſorry, is in a piteous ſcrape: I like the king of Sweden no better than I do her and the emperor: but it is good that two deſtroyers ſhould be puniſhed by a third, and that two crocodiles ſhould be gnawed by an inſect. Thank God! *we* are not only at peace, but in full plenty—nay, and in full beauty too. Still better; though we have had rivers of rain, it has not, contrary to all precedent, waſhed away our warm weather. September, a month I generally diſlike for its irreſolute mixture of warm and cold, has hitherto been peremptorily fine. The apple and walnut trees bend down with fruit as in a poetic deſcription of Paradiſe.

I am with great gratitude, my dear lord,

Your lordſhip's devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The ducheſs of Kingſton.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 26, 1790.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DO not forget your lordſhip's commands, though I do recollect my own inability to divert you. Every year at my advanced time of life would make more reaſonable my plea of knowing nothing worth repeating, eſpecially at this ſeaſon. The general topic of elections is the laſt ſubject to which I could liſten: there is not one about which I care a ſtraw: and I believe your lordſhip quite as indifferent. I am not much more *au fait* of war or peace; I hope for the latter, nay and expect it, becauſe it is not yet war. Pride and anger do not deliberate to the middle of the campaign; and I believe even the great incendiaries are more intent on making a good bargain than on ſaving their honour. If they ſave lives, I care not who is the better politician: and as I am not to be their judge, I do not inquire what falſe weights they fling into the ſcales. Two-thirds of France, who are not ſo humble as I, ſeem to think they can entirely new-model the world with metaphyſical compaſſes, and hold that no injuſtice, no barbarity need to be counted in making the experiment. Such legiſlators are ſublime empirics, and in their univerſal benevolence have very little individual ſenſibility.—In ſhort, the reſult of my reflections on what has paſſed in Europe for theſe latter centuries is, that tyrants have no conſciences, and reformers no feeling—and the world ſuffers both by the plague and by the cure.—What oceans of blood were Luther and Calvin the authors of being ſpilt! The late French government was deteſtable—yet I ſtill doubt whether a civil war will not be the conſequence of the revolution—and then what may be the upſhot? Brabant was grievouſly provoked—is it ſure that it will be emancipated? For how ſhort a time do people who ſet out on the moſt juſt principles, advert to their firſt ſprings of motion, and retain conſiſtency? Nay, how long can promoters of revolutions be ſure of maintaining their own aſcendant? They are like projectors, who are commonly ruined, while others make fortunes on the foundation laid by the inventors.

I am always your lordſhip's very devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 12, 1790.

I MUST not pretend any longer, my dear lord, that this region is void of news and diverſions. Oh! we can innovate as well as neighbouring nations. If an earl S———, though he cannot be a tribune, is ambitious of being a plebeian, he may without a law be as vulgar as heart can wiſh; and though we have not a national aſſembly to lay the axe to the root of nobility, the peerage have got a precedent for laying themſelves in the kennel. Laſt night the earl of Barrymore was ſo humble as to perform a buffoon dance and act Scaramouch in a pantomime at Richmond for the benefit of Edwin, jun. the comedian: and I, like an old fool, but calling myſelf a philoſopher that loves to ſtudy human nature in all its diſguiſes, went to ſee the performance.

Mr. Gray thinks that ſome Milton or ſome Cromwell may be loſt to the world under the garb of a ploughman. Others may ſuppoſe that ſome excellent jack pudding may lie hidden under red velvet and ermine. I cannot ſay that by the experiment of laſt night the latter hypotheſis has been demonſtrated, any more than the inverſe propoſition in France, where, though there ſeem to be many as bloody-minded raſcals as Cromwell, I can diſcover none of his abilities. They have ſettled nothing like a conſtitution; on the contrary, they ſeem to protract every thing but violence, as much as they can, in order to keep their louis a day, which is more than two-thirds of the aſſembly perhaps ever ſaw in a month—I do not love legiſlators that pay themſelves ſo amply! They might have had as good a conſtitution as twenty-four millions of people could comport. As they have voted an army of an hundred and fifty thouſand men, I know what their conſtitution will be, after paſſing through a civil war—in ſhort, I deteſt them; they have done irreparable injury to liberty, for no monarch will ever ſummon *états* again; and all the real ſervice that will reſult from their fury will be, that every king in Europe, for theſe twenty or perhaps thirty years to come, will be content with the prerogative he has, without venturing to augment it.

The empreſs of Ruſſia has thraſhed the king of Sweden; and the king of Sweden has thraſhed the empreſs of Ruſſia. I am more glad that both are beaten

beaten than that either is victorious; for I do not, like our newſpapers, and ſuch admirers, fall in love with heroes and heroines who make war without a glimpſe of provocation. I do like *our* making peace, whether we had provocation or not.

I am forced to deal in European news, my dear lord, for I have no homeſpun.

I don't think my whole inkhorn could invent another paragraph, and therefore I will take my leave with (your lordſhip knows) every kind wiſh for your health and happineſs.

Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Heath Sculp.t

Miss Lepel afterwards Lady Hervey.

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THE RIGHT HON. MARY LEPEL LADY HERVEY,

From the Year 1758 to the Year 1766.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THE RIGHT HON. MARY LEPEL LADY HERVEY[1],

From the Year 1758 to the Year 1766.

LETTER I.

To the RIGHT HON. MARY LEPEL LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry-hill, September 13, 1757.

MADAM,

AFTER all the trouble your ladyſhip has been ſo good as to take voluntarily, you will think it a little hard that I ſhould preſume to give you more; but it is a cauſe, madam, in which I know you feel, and I can ſuggeſt new motives to your ladyſhip's zeal. In ſhort, madam, I am on the criſis of loſing mademoiſelle de l'Enclos's picture, or of getting both that and her letters to lady Sandwich[2]. I incloſe lord Sandwich's letter to me, which

[1] Lady Hervey was only daughter of brigadier-general Nicholas Lepel. She was maid of honour to queen Caroline, and was married in 1720 to John lord Hervey, eldeſt ſon of John earl of Briſtol, by whom ſhe had four ſons and four daughters.——Lord Hervey was vice-chamberlain and privy-ſeal to George II. and well known by his eloquence, writings, duel with Mr. Pulteney, and the ſatires of Pope. He died in 1744. Lady Hervey died of the gout in 1767.

[2] Daughter to the famous Wilmot earl of Rocheſter.——She had been long ſettled at Paris, and died there in the year 1755. E.

will explain the whole. Madame Greffini, I ſuppoſe, is madame Graphigny; whom ſome of your ladyſhip's friends, if not yourſelf, muſt know; and ſhe might be of uſe, if ſhe could be truſted not to detain ſo tempting a treaſure as the letters. From the effects being ſealed up, I have ſtill hopes; greater, from the goodneſs your ladyſhip had in writing before. Don't wonder, madam, at my eagerneſs: beſides a good quantity of natural impatience, I am now intereſted as an editor and printer. Think what pride it would give me to print original letters of Ninon at Strawberry-hill! If your ladyſhip knows any farther means of ſerving me, *of ſerving yourſelf, good Mr. Welldone*, as the widow Lackit ſays in Oroonoko, I need not doubt your employing them. Your ladyſhip and I are of a religion, with regard to certain ſaints, that inſpires more zeal than ſuch trifling temptations as perſecution and faggots infuſe into bigots of other ſects. I think a cauſe like ours might communicate ardour even to my lady Stafford[1]. If ſhe will aſſiſt in recovering *Notre Dame des Amours*, I will add St. Raoul[2] to my calendar.

I am hers and your ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient and faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

Arlington-ſtreet, October 17, 1758.

YOUR ladyſhip, I hope, will not think that ſuch a ſtrange thing as my own picture ſeems of conſequence enough to me to write a letter about it: but obeying your commands does ſeem ſo; and leſt you ſhould return and think I had neglected it, I muſt ſay that I have come to town three ſeveral times on purpoſe, but Mr. Ramſay (I will forgive him) has been conſtantly out of town.—So much for that.

[1] Her maiden name was Cantillon. At the death of her huſband, the title went to lord Stafford's uncle, who dying without children, the earldom became extinct, but the barony fell into abeyance among the three ſiſters of the nephew, lady Anaſtaſia and lady Anne Stafford, and lady Mary Chabot: the two firſt were nuns.—Lady Mary married the father of the preſent duc de Chabot.

One of the nuns is ſtill living. At her death the barony devolves to ſir William Jerningham, of Coſſey in Norfolk, through his mother, who was niece to the late earl of Stafford.

[2] A favourite cat of lady Stafford's. E.

I would

I would have ſent you word that the king of Portugal coming along the road at midnight, which was in his own room at noon, his foot ſlipped, and three balls went through his body; which, however, had no other conſequence than giving him a ſtroke of a palſy, of which he is quite recovered except being dead [1]. Some indeed are ſo malicious as to ſay, that the Jeſuits, who are the moſt conſcientious men in the world, murdered him, becauſe he had an intrigue with another man's wife: but all theſe hiſtories I ſuppoſed your ladyſhip knew better than me, as, till I came to town yeſterday, I imagined you was returned. For my own part, about whom you are ſometimes ſo good as to intereſt yourſelf, I am as well as can be expected after the murder of a king, and the death of a perſon of the next conſequence to a king, the maſter of the ceremonies, poor ſir Clement [2], who is ſuppoſed to have been ſuffocated by my lady M———'s [3] kiſſing hands.

This will be a melancholy letter, for I have nothing to tell your ladyſhip but tragical ſtories. Poor Dr. Shawe [4] being ſent for in great haſte to Claremont—(it ſeems the ducheſs had caught a violent cold by a hair of her own whiſker getting up her noſe and making her ſneeze)—the poor doctor, I ſay, having eaten a few muſhrooms before he ſet out, was taken ſo ill, that he was forced to ſtop at Kingſton; and, being carried to the firſt apothecary's, preſcribed a medicine for himſelf which immediately cured him. This cataſtrophe ſo alarmed the duke of Newcaſtle, that he immediately ordered all the muſhroom-beds to be deſtroyed, and even the toadſtools in the park did not eſcape ſcalping in this general maſſacre. What I tell you is literally true. Mr. Stanley, who dined there laſt Sunday, and is not partial againſt that court, heard the edict repeated, and confirmed it to me laſt night. And a voice of lamentation was heard at Ramah in Claremont, *Chloe* [5] weeping for *her* muſhrooms, and they are not!

After all theſe important hiſtories, I would try to make you ſmile, if I was not afraid you would reſent a little freedom taken with a great name. —May I venture?

[1] Alluding to the incoherent ſtories told at the time of the aſſaſſination of the king of Portugal. E.

[2] Sir Clement Cotterel.

[3] She had been a common woman.

[4] Phyſician to the duke and ducheſs of Newcaſtle.

[5] The duke of Newcaſtle's cook.

Why

Why Taylor the quack calls himſelf *chevalier*,
'Tis not eaſy a reaſon to render;
Unleſs blinding eyes, that he thinks to make clear,
Demonſtrates he's but a *pretender*.

A book has been left at your ladyſhip's houſe; it is lord Whitworth's account of Ruſſia. Monſieur Kniphauſen has promiſed me ſome curious anecdotes of the czarina Catherine—ſo my ſhop is likely to flouriſh.

I am your ladyſhip's moſt obedient ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

Feb. 20, 1759.

I MET with this little book[1] t'other day by chance, and it pleaſed me ſo much, that I cannot help lending it to your ladyſhip, as I know it will amuſe you from the ſame cauſes. It contains many of thoſe important truths which hiſtory is too proud to tell, and too dull from not telling.

Here Grignon's ſoul the living canvas warms;
Here fair Fontange aſſumes unfading charms:
Here Mignard's pencil bows to female wit;
Louis rewards, but ratifies Fayette:
The philoſophic duke, and painter too,
Thought from her thoughts—from her ideas drew.

LETTER IV.

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

Saturday, Nov. 3d. 1759. Thick fogs, and ſome wet.
Go not out of town. Gouts and rheumatiſms are abroad. Warm clothes, good fires, and a room full of pictures, glaſſes, and ſcarlet damaſk, are the beſt phyſic.

[1] "Divers portraits de quelques perſonnages de la cour" [de Louis XIV.] by madame de la Fayette. E.

In

In ſhort, for fear your ladyſhip ſhould think of Strawberry on Saturday, I can't help telling you that I am to breakfaſt at Peterſham that day with Mr. Fox and lady Caroline, lord and lady Waldegrave. How did you like the farce? George Selwyn ſays he wants to ſee High life below ſtairs, as he is weary of Low life above ſtairs.

LETTER V.

Jan. 12, 1760.

I AM very ſorry your ladyſhip could doubt a moment on the cauſe of my concern yeſterday. I ſaw you much diſpleaſed at what I had ſaid; and I felt ſo innocent of the leaſt intention of offending you, that I could not help being ſtruck at my own ill-fortune, and with the ſenſation raiſed by finding you mix great goodneſs with great ſeverity.

I am naturally very impatient under praiſe; I have reflected enough on myſelf to know I don't deſerve it; and with this conſciouſneſs you ought to forgive me, madam, if I dreaded that the perſon whoſe eſteem I valued the moſt in the world, ſhould think that I was fond of what I know is not my due. I meant to expreſs this apprehenſion as reſpectfully as I could, but my words failed me—a misfortune not too common to me, who am apt to ſay too much, not too little! Perhaps it is that very quality which your ladyſhip calls wit, and I call tinſel, for which I dread being praiſed. I wiſh to recommend myſelf to you by more eſſential merits—and if I can only make you laugh, it will be very apt to make me as much concerned as I was yeſterday. For people to whoſe approbation I am indifferent, I don't care whether they commend or condemn me for my wit; in the former caſe they will not make me admire myſelf for it, in the latter they can't make me think but what I have thought already. But for the few whoſe friendſhip I wiſh, I would fain have them ſee, that under all the idleneſs of my ſpirits there are ſome very ſerious qualities, ſuch as warmth, gratitude and ſincerity, which ill returns may render uſeleſs or may make me lock up in my breaſt, but which will remain there while I have a being.

Having drawn you this picture of myſelf, madam, a ſubject I have to ſay ſo much upon, will not your good nature apply it as it deſerves, to what paſſed yeſterday? Won't you believe that my concern flowed from being diſappointed

diſappointed at having offended one whom I ought by ſo many ties to try to pleaſe, and whom, if I ever meant any thing, I had meaned to pleaſe? I intended you ſhould ſee how much I deſpiſe wit, if I have any, and that you ſhould know my heart was void of vanity and full of gratitude. They are very few I deſire ſhould know ſo much; but my paſſions act too promptly and too naturally, as you ſaw, when I am with thoſe I really love, to be capable of any diſguiſe. Forgive me, madam, this tedious detail; but of all people living I cannot bear that you ſhould have a doubt about me.

LETTER VI.

Strawberry-hill, October 1, 1762.

MADAM,

I HOPE you are as free from any complaint, as I am ſure you are full of joy. Nobody partakes more of your ſatisfaction for Mr. Hervey's [1] ſafe return [2]; and now he is ſafe, I truſt you enjoy his glory: for this is a wicked age; you are one of thoſe un-Lacedæmonian mothers, that are not content unleſs your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan counteſs would not have had the confidence of my lady Albemarle to appear in the drawing-room without at leaſt one of her ſons being knocked on the head [3]. However, pray, madam, make my compliments to her; one muſt conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it. I know one matron, however, with whom I may condole; who, I dare ſwear, is miſerable that ſhe has not one of her acquaintance in affliction, and to whoſe door ſhe might drive with all her ſympathiſing greyhounds to inquire after her, and then to Hawkins's, and then to Graham's, and then cry over a ball of rags that ſhe is picking, and be ſo ſorry for poor Mrs. Such an one, who has loſt an only ſon!

When your ladyſhip has hung up all your trophies, I will come and make you a viſit. There is another ingredient I hope not quite diſagreeable that

[1] General William Hervey, youngeſt ſon of lady Hervey.

[2] From the Havannah.

[3] Lady Anne Lenox, counteſs of Albemarle, had three ſons preſent at the taking of the Havannah. The eldeſt, lord Albemarle, commanded the land forces; the ſecond, afterwards lord Keppel, was then captain of a man of war; and the third was colonel of a regiment. E.

Mr.

Mr. Hervey has brought with him, un-Lacedæmonian too, but admitted among the other vices of our ſyſtem. If beſides glory and riches they have brought us peace, I will make a bonfire myſelf, though it ſhould be in the mayoralty of that virtuous citizen Mr. Beckford. Adieu, madam!

Your ladyſhip's moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VII.

Strawberry-hill, October 31, 1762.

MADAM,

IT is too late, I fear, to attempt acknowledging the honour madame de Chabot[1] does me; and yet, if ſhe is not gone, I would fain not appear ungrateful. I do not know where ſhe lives, or I would not take the liberty again of making your ladyſhip my penny-poſt. If ſhe is gone, you will throw my note into the fire.

Pray, madam, blow your noſe with a piece of flannel—not that I believe it will do you the leaſt good—but, as all wiſe folks think it becomes them to recommend nurſing and flannelling the gout, I imitate them; and I don't know any other way of lapping it up, when it appears in the perſon of a running cold. I will make it a viſit on Tueſday next, and ſhall hope to find it tolerably vented.

I am, madam, your ladyſhip's moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. You muſt tell me all the news, when I arrive, for I know nothing of what is paſſing. I have only ſeen in the papers, that the cock and hen doves[2] that went to Paris not having been able to make peace, there is a third dove[3] juſt flown thither to help them.

[1] Lady Mary Chabot, daughter to the earl of Stafford.

[2] The duke and ducheſs of Bedford.

[3] Mr. Hans Stanley.

LETTER VIII.

November 10, 1764

SOH! madam, you expect to be thanked, becauſe you have done a very obliging thing[1]! But I won't thank you, and I won't be obliged. It is very hard one can't come into your houſe and commend any thing, but you muſt recollect it and ſend it after one! I will never dine in your houſe again; and when I do, I will like nothing; and when I do, I will commend nothing; and when I do, you ſhan't remember it.—You are very grateful indeed to providence that gave you ſo good a memory, to ſtuff it with nothing but bills of fare of what every body likes to eat and drink! I wonder you are not aſhamed—I wonder you are not aſhamed! Do you think there is no ſuch thing as gluttony of the memory?—You a chriſtian! A pretty account you will be able to give of yourſelf!—Your fine folks in France may call this friendſhip and attention, perhaps—but ſure, if I was to go to the devil, it ſhould be for thinking of nothing but myſelf, not of others from morning to night. I would ſend back your temptations; but, as I will not be obliged to you for them, verily I ſhall retain them to puniſh you, ingratitude being a proper chaſtiſement for ſinful friendlineſs.

Thine in the ſpirit,

PILCHARD WHITFIELD.

LETTER IX.

Strawberry-hill, June 11, 1765.

I AM almoſt as much aſhamed, madam, to plead the true cauſe of my faults towards your ladyſhip, as to have been guilty of any neglect. It is ſcandalous at my age to have been carried backwards and forwards to balls and ſuppers and parties by very young people, as I was all laſt week. My reſolutions of growing old and ſtaid, are admirable: I wake with a ſober plan, and intend to paſs the day with my friends—then comes the duke of R———, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner—then the ducheſs of G——— ſends for me to loo in Upper Groſvenor-ſtreet—before I can

[1] Lady Hervey, it is ſuppoſed, had ſent Mr. Walpole ſome potted pilchards. E.

get thither, I am begged to ſtep to Kenſington to give Mrs. Anne Pitt my opinion about a bow window—after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to ſupper—and after that, am to walk with miſs Pelham on the terraſs till two in the morning, becauſe it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning lazineſs; and by the time I have breakfaſted, fed my birds and my ſquirrels and dreſſed, there is an auction ready.—In ſhort, madam, this was my life laſt week, and is I think every week, with the addition of forty epiſodes.—Yet, ridiculous as it is, I ſend it your ladyſhip, becauſe I had rather you ſhould laugh at me than be angry. I cannot offend you in intention, but I fear my ſins of omiſſion are equal to many a good chriſtian's. Pray forgive me. I really will begin to be between forty and fifty by the time I am fourſcore: and I truly believe I ſhall bring my reſolutions within compaſs; for I have not chalked out any particular buſineſs that will take me above forty years more; ſo that, if I do not get acquainted with the grandchildren of all the preſent age, I ſhall lead a quiet ſober life yet before I die.

As Mr. Bateman's is the kingdom of flowers, I muſt not wiſh to ſend you any; elſe, madam, I could load waggons with acacias, honeyſuckles, and ſeringas. Madame de Juliac, who dined here yeſterday, owned that the climate and odours equalled Languedoc. I fear the want of rain made the turf put her in mind of it too. Monſieur de Caraman entered into the Gothic ſpirit of the place, and really ſeemed pleaſed: which was more than I expected; for, between you and me, madam, our friends the French have ſeldom eyes for any thing they have not been uſed to ſee all their lives.

I beg my warmeſt compliments to your hoſt and lord Ilcheſter. I wiſh your ladyſhip all pleaſure and health, and am, notwithſtanding my idleneſs,

Your moſt faithful and devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER X.

Arlington-ſtreet, September 3, 1765.

THE trouble your ladyſhip has given yourſelf ſo immediately, makes me, as I always am, aſhamed of putting you to any. There is no perſuading you to oblige moderately. Do you know, madam, that I ſhall tremble to deliver the letters you have been ſo good as to ſend me? If you have ſaid half ſo much of me, as you are ſo partial as to think of me, I ſhall be undone. Limited as I know myſelf, and hampered in bad French, how ſhall I keep up to any character at all? Madame d'Aiguillon and madame Geoffrin will never believe that I am the true meſſenger; but will conclude that I have picked Mr. Walpole's portmanteau's pocket. I wiſh only to preſent myſelf to them as one devoted to your ladyſhip: that character I am ſure I can ſupport in any language, and it is the one to which they would pay the moſt regard——Well! I don't care, madam—it is your reputation is at ſtake more than mine; and if they find me a ſimpleton that don't know how to expreſs myſelf, it will all fall upon you at laſt. If your ladyſhip will riſk that, I will, if you pleaſe, thank you for a letter to madame d'Egmont too: I long to know your friends, though at the hazard of their knowing yours. Would I were a *jolly* old man, to match, at leaſt, in that reſpect, your *jolly* old woman[1]!——But, alas! I am nothing but a poor worn-out-rag, and fear, when I come to Paris, that I ſhall be forced to pretend that I have had the gout in my underſtanding. My ſpirits, ſuch as they are, will not bear tranſlating; and I don't know whether I ſhall not find it the wiſeſt part I can take to fling myſelf into geometry or commerce, or agriculture, which the French now eſteem, don't underſtand, and think we do. They took George Selwyn for a poet, and a judge of planting and dancing; why may not I paſs for a learned man and a philoſopher? If the worſt comes to the worſt, I will admire Clariſſa and Sir Charles Grandiſon; and declare that I have not a friend in the world that is not like my lord Edward Bomſton, though I never knew a character like it in my days, and hope I never ſhall; nor do I think Rouſſeau need to have gone ſo far out of his way to paint a diſagreeable Engliſhman.

If you think, madam, this ſally is not very favourable to the country I am going to; recollect, that all I object to them is their quitting their own agree-

[1] The ducheſſe d'Aiguillon.

able

able ſtyle, to take up the worſt of ours. Heaven knows, we are unpleaſing enough: but in the firſt place they don't underſtand us; and in the next, if they did, ſo much the worſe for them. What have they gained by leaving Moliere, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, La Rochefoucault, Crebillon, Marivaux, Voltaire, &c. No nation can be another nation. We have been clumſily copying them for theſe hundred years, and are not we grown wonderfully like them? Come, madam, you like what I like of them; I am going thither, and you have no averſion to going thither—but own the truth; had not we both rather go thither fourſcore years ago? Had you rather be acquainted with the charming madame Scarron, or the canting madame de Maintenon? with Louis XIV. when the Monteſpan governed him, or when Pere le Tellier? I am very glad when folks go to heaven, though it is after another body's faſhion; but I wiſh to converſe with them when they are themſelves. I abominate a conqueror; but I do not think he makes the world much compenſation, by cutting the throats of his proteſtant ſubjects to atone for the maſſacres cauſed by his ambition.

The reſult of all this diſſertation, madam, for I don't know how to call it a letter, is, that I ſhall look for Paris in the midſt of Paris, and ſhall think more of the French that have been than the French that are, except of a few of your friends and mine. Thoſe I know, I admire and honour, and I am ſure I will truſt to your ladyſhip's taſte for the others; and if they had no other merit, I can but like thoſe that will talk to me of you. They will find more ſentiment in me on that chapter, than they can miſs parts; and I flatter myſelf that the one will atone for the other.

I am, madam, your ladyſhip's

Moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

Paris, September 14, 1765.

I AM but two days old here, madam, and I doubt I wiſh I was really ſo, and had my life to begin, to live it here. You ſee how juſt I am, and ready to

to make amende honorable to your ladyſhip. Yet I have ſeen very little. My lady Hertford has cut me to pieces, and thrown me into a caldron with taylors, periwig-makers, ſnuff-box-wrights, milliners, &c. which really took up but little time; and I am come out quite new, with every thing but youth. The journey recovered me with magic expedition. My ſtrength, if mine could ever be called ſtrength, is returned; and the gout going off in a minuet ſtep. I will ſay nothing of my ſpirits, which are indecently juvenile, and not leſs improper for my age than for the country where I am; which, if you will give me leave to ſay it, has a thought too much gravity. I don't venture to laugh or talk nonſenſe, but in Engliſh.

Madame Geoffrin came to town but laſt night, and is not viſible on Sundays; but I hope to deliver your ladyſhip's letter and pacquet to-morrow. Meſdames d'Aiguillon, d'Egmont, and Chabot, and the duc de Nivernois are all in the country. Madame de Boufflers is at L'Iſle Adam, whither my lady Hertford is gone to-night to ſup, for the firſt time, being no longer chained down to the incivility of an embaſſadreſs. She returns after ſupper; an irregularity that frightens me, who have not yet got rid of all my barbariſms. There is one, alas! I never ſhall get over—the dirt of this country: it is melancholy after the purity of Strawberry! The narrowneſs of the ſtreets, trees clipped to reſemble brooms, and planted on pedeſtals of chalk, and a few other points, do not edify me. The French opera, which I have heard to-night, diſguſted me as much as ever; and the more for being followed by the Devin de Village, which ſhows that they can ſing without cracking the drum of one's ear. The ſcenes and dances are delightful: the Italian comedy charming. Then I am in love with treillage and fountains, and will prove it at Strawberry. Chantilly is ſo exactly what it was when I ſaw it above twenty years ago, that I recollected the very poſition of monſieur le Duc's chair and the gallery. The latter gave me the firſt idea of mine; but, preſumption apart, mine is a thouſand times prettier. I gave my lord Herbert's compliments to the ſtatue of his friend the conſtable[1]; and, waiting ſome time for the concierge, I called out, *Où eſt Vatel*[2]*?*

In ſhort, madam, being as tired as one can be of one's own country, I

[1] The conſtable de Montmorency.—See Life of lord Herbert of Cherbury, page 67.

[2] The maître d'hotel, who during the viſit which Louis XIV. made to the grand Condé at Chantilly, put an end to his exiſtence becauſe he feared the ſea-fiſh would not arrive in time for one day's repaſt! E.

don't

don't ſay whether that is much or little, I find myſelf wonderfully diſpoſed to like this—Indeed I wiſh I could waſh it. Madame de Guerchy is all goodneſs to me; but that is not new. I have already been prevented by great civilities from madame de Bentheim and my old friend madame de Mirepoix; but am not likely to ſee the latter much, who is grown a moſt particular favourite of the king, and ſeldom from him. The dauphin is ill, and thought in a very bad way. I hope he will live, leſt the theatres ſhould be ſhut up. Your ladyſhip knows I never trouble my head about royalties, farther than it affects my own intereſt.—In truth, the way that princes affect my intereſt is not the common way.

I have not yet tapped the chapter of baubles, being deſirous of making my revenues maintain me here as long as poſſible. It will be time enough to return to my parliament when I want money.

Mr. Hume, that is, *the Mode*, aſked much about your ladyſhip. I have ſeen madame de Monaco, and think her very handſome, and extremely pleaſing. The younger madame d'Egmont, I hear, diſputes the palm with her; and madame de Brionne is not left without partiſans. The nymphs of the theatres are *laides à faire peur*, which at my age is a piece of luck, like going into a ſhop of curioſities, and finding nothing to tempt one to throw away one's money.

There are ſeveral Engliſh here, whether I will or not. I certainly did not come for them, and ſhall connect with them as little as poſſible. The few I value, I hope ſometimes to hear of. Your ladyſhip gueſſes how far that wiſh extends. Conſider too, madam, that one of my unworthineſſes is waſhed and done away, by the confeſſion I made in the beginning of my letter.

I am, madam, your ladyſhip's

Moſt faithful and devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Paris, October 3, 1765.

STILL I have ſeen neither madame d'Egmont nor the ducheſſe d'Aiguillon, who are in the country; but the latter comes to Paris to-morrow. Madame Chabot I called on laſt night. She was not at home, but the hotel de Carnavalet[1] was; and I ſtopped on purpoſe to ſay an ave Maria before it. It is a very ſingular building, not at all in the French ſtyle, and looks like an ex voto raiſed to her honour by ſome of her foreign votaries. I don't think her honoured half enough in her own country. I ſhall burn a little incenſe before your cardinal's heart[2], madam, *à votre intention.*

I have been with madame Geoffrin ſeveral times, and think ſhe has one of the beſt underſtandings I ever met, and more knowledge of the world. I may be charmed with the French, but your ladyſhip muſt not expect that they will fall in love with me. Without affecting to lower myſelf, the diſadvantage of ſpeaking a language worſe than any idiot one meets, is inſurmountable: the ſilliеſt Frenchman is eloquent to me, and leaves me embarraſſed and obſcure. I could name twenty other reaſons, if this one was not ſufficient. As it is, my own defects are the ſole cauſe of my not liking Paris entirely: the conſtraint I am under from not being perfectly maſter of their language, and from being ſo much in the dark, as one neceſſarily muſt be, on half the ſubjects of their converſation, prevents my enjoying that eaſe for which their ſociety is calculated. I am much amuſed, but not comfortable.

The duc de Nivernois is extremely good to me; he enquired much after your ladyſhip. So does colonel Drumgold. The latter complains; but both of them, eſpecially the Duc, ſeem better than when in England. I met the ducheſſe de Coſſé this evening at madame Geoffrin's. She is pretty, with a great reſemblance to her father, lively and good-humoured; not genteel.

Yeſterday I went through all my preſentations at Verſailles. 'Tis very convenient to gobble up a whole royal family in an hour's time, inſtead of

[1] Madame de Sevigné's reſidence in Paris.

[2] The cardinal de Richlieu's heart at the Sorbonne.

being

being ſacrificed one week at Leiceſter-houſe, another in Groſvenor-ſtreet, a third in Cavendiſh-ſquare, &c. &c. &c. *La Reine* is *le plus grand roi du monde* [1], and talked much to me, and would have ſaid more if I would have let her; but I was awkward, and ſhrunk back into the crowd. None of the reſt ſpoke to me. The king is ſtill much handſomer than his pictures, and has great ſweetneſs in his countenance, inſtead of that farouche look which they give him. The meſdames are not beauties, and yet have ſomething Bourbon in their faces. The dauphineſs I approve the leaſt of all: with nothing good-humoured in her countenance, ſhe has a look and accent that made me dread leſt I ſhould be invited to a private party at loo with her [2]. The poor dauphin is ghaſtly, and periſhing before one's eyes.

Fortune beſtowed upon me a much more curious ſight than a ſet of princes; the wild beaſt of the Gevaudan, which is killed, and actually in the queen's anti-chamber. It is a thought leſs than a leviathan and the beaſt in the Revelations, and has not half ſo many wings and eyes and talons as I believe they have, or will have ſome time or other; this being poſſeſſed but of two eyes, four feet, and no wings at all. It is as like a wolf as a commiſſary in the late war, except, notwithſtanding all the ſtories, that it has not devoured near ſo many perſons. In ſhort, madam, now it is dead and come, a wolf it certainly was, and not more above the common ſize than Mrs. C——— is. It has left a dowager and four young princes.

Mr. Stanley, who I hope will trouble himſelf with this, has been moſt exceedingly kind and obliging to me. I wiſh that, inſtead of my being ſo much in your ladyſhip's debt, you were a little in mine, and then I would beg you to thank him for me. Well, but as it is, why ſhould not you, madam? He will be charmed to be ſo paid, and you will not diſlike to pleaſe him. In ſhort, I would fain have him know my gratitude; and it is hearing it in the moſt agreeable way, if expreſſed by your ladyſhip.

I am, madam, your moſt obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Madame de Sevigné thus expreſſes herſelf of Louis XIV. after his having taken much notice of her at Verſailles. See her Letters. E.

[2] He means, that ſhe had a reſemblance to the late princeſs Amelia. E.

LETTER XIII.

Paris, October 13, 1765.

HOW are the mighty fallen! Yes, yes, madam, I am as like the duc de Richelieu as two peas; but then they are two old withered grey peas. Do you remember the fable of Cupid and Death, and what a piece of work they made with huſtling their arrows together? This is juſt my caſe: love might ſhoot at me, but it was with a gouty arrow. I have had a relapſe in both feet, and kept my bed ſix days: but the fit ſeems to be going off; my heart can already go alone, and my feet promiſe themſelves the mighty luxury of a cloth ſhoe in two or three days. Mr. and Mrs. Ramſay [1], who are here, and are, alas! to carry this, have been of great comfort to me, and have brought their delightful little daughter, who is as quick as Ariel. Mr. Ramſay could want no aſſiſtance from me: what do we both exiſt upon here, madam, but your bounty and charity? When did you ever leave one of your friends in want of another? Madame Geoffrin came and ſat two hours laſt night by my bed-ſide: I could have ſworn it had been my lady Hervey, ſhe was ſo good to me. It was with ſo much ſenſe, information, inſtruction, and correction! The manner of the latter charms me. I never ſaw any body in my days that catches one's faults and vanities and impoſitions ſo quick, that explains them to one ſo clearly, and convinces one ſo eaſily. I never liked to be ſet right before! You cannot imagine how I taſte it! I make her both my confeſſor and director, and begin to think I ſhall be a reaſonable creature at laſt, which I had never intended to be. The next time I ſee her, I believe I ſhall ſay, "Oh! Common Senſe, ſit down: I have been thinking ſo and ſo; is not it abſurd?"—for t'other ſenſe and wiſdom, I never liked them; I ſhall now hate them for her ſake. If it was worth her while, I aſſure your ladyſhip ſhe might govern me like a child.

The duc de Nivernois too is aſtoniſhingly good to me. In ſhort, madam, I am going down hill, but the ſun ſets pleaſingly. Your two other friends have been in Paris; but I was confined, and could not wait on them. I paſſed a whole evening with lady Mary Chabot moſt agreeably: ſhe charged me over and over with a thouſand compliments to your ladyſhip. For ſights, alas! and pilgrimages, they have been cut ſhort! I had deſtined the fine

[1] Allan Ramſay, the painter.

days

days of October to excurſions; but you know, madam, what it is to reckon without one's hoſt, the gout. It makes ſuch a coward of me, that I ſhall be afraid almoſt of entering a church. I have loſt too the Dumenil in Phedre and Merope, two of her principal parts, but I hope not irrecoverably.

Thank you, madam, for the Taliacotian extract: it diverted me much. It is true, in general I neither ſee nor deſire to ſee our wretched political traſh: I am ſick of it up to the fountain-head. It was my principal motive for coming hither; and had long been my determination, the firſt moment I ſhould be at liberty, to abandon it all. I have acted from no views of intereſt; I have ſhown I did not; I have not diſgraced myſelf—and I muſt be free. My comfort is, that, if I am blamed, it will be by *all* parties. A little peace of mind for the reſt of my days is all I aſk, to balance the gout.

I have writ to madame de Guerchy about your orange-flower water; and I ſent your ladyſhip two little French pieces that I hope you received. The uncomfortable poſture in which I write will excuſe my ſaying any more; but it is no excuſe againſt my trying to do any thing to pleaſe one, who always forgets pain when her friends are in queſtion.

Your ladyſhip's faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

MADAME GEOFFRIN has given me a parcel for your ladyſhip with two knotting-bags, which I will ſend by the firſt opportunity that ſeems ſafe: but I hear of nothing but difficulties; and ſhall, I believe, be ſaved from ruin myſelf, from not being able to convey any purchaſes into England. Thus I ſhall have made an almoſt fruitleſs journey to France, if I can neither fling away my money, nor preſerve my health. At preſent, indeed, the gout is gone. I have had my houſe ſwept, and made as clean as I could—no very eaſy matter in this country; but I live in dread of ſeven worſe ſpirits entering in. The terror I am under of a new fit has kept me from almoſt ſeeing any thing. The damps and fogs are full as great and frequent here as in London; but there is a little froſt to-day, and I ſhall begin my devo-

tions to-morrow. It is not being faſhionable to viſit churches; but I am *de la vieille cour*; and I beg your ladyſhip to believe that I have no youthful pretenſions. The ducheſs of Richmond tells me that they have made twenty fooliſh ſtories about me in England; and ſay, that my perſon is admired here. I cannot help what is ſaid without foundation; but the French have neither loſt their eyes, nor I my ſenſes. A ſkeleton I was born—ſkeleton I am—and death will have no trouble in making me one. I have not made any alteration in my dreſs, and certainly did not ſtudy it in England. Had I had any ſuch ridiculous thoughts, the gout is too ſincere a monitor to leave one under any ſuch error. Pray, madam, tell lord and lady Holland what I ſay: they have heard theſe idle tales; and they know ſo many of my follies, that I ſhould be ſorry they believed more of me than are true. If all aroſe from madame Geoffrin calling me in joke *le nouveau Richelieu*, I give it under my hand that I reſemble him in nothing but wrinkles.

Your ladyſhip is much in the right to forbear reading politics. I never look at the political letters that come hither in the Chronicles. I was ſick to death of them before I ſet out; and perhaps ſhould not have ſtirred from home, if I had not been ſick of them and all they relate to. If any body could write ballads and epigrams *à la bonne heure!* But dull perſonal abuſe in proſe is tireſome indeed—A ſerious invective againſt a pickpocket, or written by a pickpocket, who has ſo little to do as to read?

The dauphin continues languiſhing to his exit, and keeps every body at Fontainebleau. There is a little buſtle now about the parliament of Bretagne; but you may believe, madam, that when I was tired of the ſquabbles at London, I did not propoſe to intereſt myſelf in quarrels at Hull or Liverpool. Indeed if the *duc de Chaulnes*[1] commanded at Rennes, or *Pomenars*[2] was ſent to priſon, I might have a little curioſity. You wrong me in thinking I quoted a text from my Saint[3] ludicrouſly. On the contrary, I am ſo true a bigot, that, if ſhe could have talked nonſenſe, I ſhould, like any other bigot, believe ſhe was inſpired.

The ſeaſon, and the emptineſs of Paris, prevent any thing new from appearing. All I can ſend your ladyſhip is a very pretty logogriphe, made by the

[1] Governor of Brittany in the time of madame de Sevigné.

[2] See madame de Sevigné's Letters.

[3] Madame de Sevigné.

old.

old blind madame du Deffand, whom perhaps you know—certainly muſt have heard of. I ſup there very often; and ſhe gave me this laſt night—you muſt gueſs it.

Quoique je forme un corps, je ne ſuis qu'une idée;
Plus ma beauté vieillit, plus elle eſt decidée:
Il faut, pour me trouver, ignorer d'où je viens:
Je tiens tout de lui, qui reduit tout à rien [1].

Lady Mary Chabot inquires often after your ladyſhip. Your other two friends are not yet returned to Paris; but I have had ſeveral obliging meſſages from the ducheſſe d'Aiguillon.

It pleaſed me extremely, madam, to find no mention of your own gout in your letter. I always apprehend it for you, as you try its temper to the utmoſt, eſpecially by ſtaying late in the country, which you know it hates. Lord! it has broken my ſpirit ſo, that I believe it might make me leave Strawberry at a minute's warning. It has forbid me tea, and been obeyed; and I thought that one of the moſt difficult points to carry with me. Do, let us be well, madam, and have no gouty notes to compare!

I am your ladyſhip's moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XV.

Paris, November 28, 1765.

WHAT, another letter! Yes, yes, madam; though I muſt whip and ſpur, I muſt try to make my thanks keep up with your favours: for any other return, you have quite diſtanced me. This is to acknowledge the receipt of the ducheſs d'Aiguillon—you may ſet what ſum you pleaſe againſt the debt. She is delightful, and has much the moſt of a woman of

[1] The word is *Nobleſſe*.

quality

quality of any I have ſeen, and more cheerfulneſs too; for, to ſhow your ladyſhip that I am ſincere, that my head is not turned, and that I retain ſome of my prejudices ſtill, I avow that gaiety, whatever it was formerly, is no longer the growth of this country; and I will own too that Paris can produce women of quality that I ſhould not call women of faſhion: I will not uſe ſo ungentle a term as vulgar; but for their indelicacy, I could call it ſtill worſe. Yet with theſe faults, and the latter is an enormous one in my Engliſh eyes, many of the women are exceedingly agreeable—I cannot ſay ſo much for the men—always excepting the duc de Nivernois. You would be entertained, for a quarter of an hour, with his ducheſs—ſhe is the duke of Newcaſtle properly placed, that is, chattering inceſſantly out of devotion, and making intereſt againſt the devil that ſhe may diſpoſe of biſhoprics in the next world.

Madame d'Egmont is expected to-day, which will run me again into arrears. I don't know how it is—Yes, I do: it is natural to impoſe on bounty, and I am like the reſt of the world: I am going to abuſe your goodneſs, *becauſe* I know nobody's ſo great. Beſides being the beſt friend in the world, you are the beſt *commiſſionnaire* in the world, madam: you underſtand from friendſhip to ſciſſars. The incloſed model was truſted to me, to have two pair made as well as poſſible—but I really bluſh at my impertinence. However, all the trouble I mean to give your ladyſhip is, to ſend your groom of the chambers to beſpeak them; and a pair beſides of the common ſize for a lady, as well made as poſſible, for the honour of England's ſteel.

The two knotting-bags from madame Geoffrin went away by a clergyman two days ago; and I concerted all the tricks the doctor and I could think of, to elude the vigilance of the cuſtom-houſe officers.

With this, I ſend your ladyſhip the *Orpheline leguée:* its intended name was the *Anglomanie*; my only reaſon for ſending it; for it has little merit, and had as ſlender ſucceſs, being acted but five times. However, there is nothing elſe new.

The dauphin continues in the ſame languiſhing and hopeleſs ſtate, but with

with great coolneſs and firmneſs. Somebody gave him t'other day *The preparation for death*[1]: he ſaid, "C'eſt la nouvelle du jour."

I have nothing more to ſay, but what I have always to ſay, madam, from the beginning of my letters to the end, that I am

Your ladyſhip's moſt obliged and moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

November 28, three o'clock.

OH, madam, madam, madam, what do you think I have found ſince I wrote my letter this morning? I am out of my wits! Never was any thing like my luck, it never forſakes me! I have found count Grammont's picture! I believe I ſhall ſee company upon it, certainly keep the day holy. I went to the Grand Auguſtins to ſee the pictures of the reception of the knights of the holy ghoſt: they carried me into a chamber full of their portraits; I was looking for Baſſompierre; my *laquais de louage* opened a door, and ſaid, Here are more. One of the firſt that ſtruck me was *Philibert comte de Grammont!* It is old, not at all handſome, but has a great deal of fineſſe in the countenance. I ſhall think of nothing now but having it copied.—If I had ſeen or done nothing elſe, I ſhould be content with my journey hither.

LETTER XVI.

Paris, January 2, 1766.

WHEN I came to Paris, madam, I did not know that by New-Year's Day I ſhould find myſelf in Siberia; at leaſt as cold. There have not been two good days together ſince the middle of October.—However, I do not complain, as I am both well and well pleaſed, though I wiſh for a little of your ſultry Engliſh weather, all French as I am. I have entirely left off dinners, and lead the life I always liked, of lying late in bed, and ſitting

[1] The title of a French book of devotion.

up

up late. I am told of nothing but how contradictory this is to your ladyſhip's orders; but as I ſhall have dull dinners and triſte evenings enough when I return to England, all your kindneſs cannot perſuade me to ſacrifice my pleaſures here too. Many of my opinions are fantaſtic; perhaps this is one, that nothing produces gout like doing any thing one diſlikes. I believe the gout, like a near relation, always viſits one when one has ſome other plague. Your ladyſhip's dependence on the waters of Sunning-hill is, I hope, better founded; but in the mean time my ſyſtem is full as pleaſant.

Madame d'Aiguillon's goodneſs to me does not abate, nor madame Geoffrin's. I have ſeen but little of madame d'Egmont, who ſeems very good, and is univerſally in eſteem. She is now in great affliction, having loſt ſuddenly monſieur Pignatelli, the miniſter at Parma, whom ſhe bred up, and whom ſhe and her family had generouſly deſtined for her grand-daughter, an immenſe heireſs. It was very delicate and touching what madame d'Egmont ſaid to her daughter-in-law on this occaſion:—"Vous voyez, ma chere, combien j'aime mes enfans d'adoption!" This daughter-in-law is delightfully pretty, and civil, and gay, and converſible, though not a regular beauty like madame de Monaco.

The bitterneſs of the froſt deters me, madam, from all ſights: I conſole myſelf with good company, and ſtill more, with being abſent from bad. Negative as this ſatisfaction is, it is incredibly great, to live in a town like this, and to be ſure every day of not meeting one face one hates! I ſcarce know a poſitive pleaſure equal to it.

Your ladyſhip and lord Holland ſhall laugh at me as much as you pleaſe for my dread of being thought *charming*; yet I ſhall not deny my panic, as ſurely nothing is ſo formidable as to have one's limbs on crutches and one's underſtanding in leading-ſtrings. The prince of Conti laughed at me t'other day on the ſame account. I was complaining to the old blind charming madame du Deffand, that ſhe preferred Mr. Crawford to me: "What," ſaid the prince, "does not ſhe love you?" "No, ſir," I replied, "ſhe likes me no better than if ſhe had ſeen me."

Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rouſſeau to England. I wiſh the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels

quarrels with all, mankind, in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below ſuch a genius. If I had talents like his, I ſhould deſpiſe any ſuffrage below my own ſtandard, and ſhould bluſh to owe any part of my fame to ſingularities and affectations. But great parts ſeem like high towers erected on high mountains, the more expoſed to every wind, and readier to tumble. Charles Townſhend is blown round the compaſs; Rouſſeau inſiſts that the north and ſouth blow at the ſame time; and Voltaire demoliſhes the Bible to erect fataliſm in its ſtead:—So compatible are the greateſt abilities and greateſt abſurdities!

Madame d'Aiguillon gave me the incloſed letter for your ladyſhip. I wiſh I had any thing elſe to ſend you; but there are no new books, and the theatres are ſhut up for the dauphin's death, who, I believe, is the greateſt loſs they have had ſince Harry IV.

I am your ladyſhip's moſt faithful and obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVII.

Paris, Saturday night, Jan. 11, 1766.

I HAVE juſt now, madam, received the ſciſſars, by general Vernon, from Mr. Conway's office. Unluckily I had not received your ladyſhip's notification of them ſooner, for want of a conveyance, and wrote to my ſervant to inquire of yours how they had been ſent; which I fear may have added a little trouble to all you had been ſo good as to take, and for which I give you ten thouſand thanks: but your ladyſhip is ſo exact and ſo friendly, that it almoſt diſcourages rather than encourages me. I cannot bring myſelf to think that ten thouſand obligations are new letters of credit.

I have ſeen Mrs. F——, and her huſband may be as happy as he will: I cannot help pitying him. She told me it is *coulder* here than in England; and in truth I believe ſo: I blow the fire between every paragraph, and am quite cut off from all ſights. The agreeableneſs of the evenings makes me ſome amends. I am juſt going to ſup at madame d'Aiguillon's with

madame d'Egmont, and I hope madame de Brionne, whom I have not yet ſeen; but ſhe is not very well, and it is doubtful. My laſt new paſſion, and I think the ſtrongeſt, is the ducheſs de Choiſeul. Her face is pretty, not very pretty; her perſon a little model. Cheerful, modeſt, full of attentions, with the happieſt propriety of expreſſion, and greateſt quickneſs of reaſon and judgment, you would take her for the queen of an allegory: one dreads its finiſhing, as much as a lover, if ſhe would admit one, would wiſh it ſhould finiſh.—In ſhort, madam, though *you* are the laſt perſon that will believe it, France is ſo agreeable, and England ſo much the reverſe, that I don't know when I ſhall return. The civilities, the kindneſſes, the honours I receive, are ſo many and ſo great, that I am continually forced to put myſelf in mind how little I am entitled to them, and how many of them I owe to your ladyſhip. I ſhall talk you to death at my return—Shall you bear to hear me tell you a thouſand times over, that madame Geoffrin is the moſt rational woman in the world, and madame d'Aiguillon the moſt animated and moſt obliging?—I think you will—Your ladyſhip *can* endure the panegyric of your friends. If you ſhould grow impatient to hear them commended, you have nothing to do but to come over. The beſt air in the world is that where one is pleaſed: Sunning waters are nothing to it. The froſt is ſo hard, it is impoſſible to have the gout; and though the fountain of youth is not here, the fountain of age is, which comes to juſt the ſame thing. One is never old here, or never thought ſo. One makes verſes as if one was but ſeventeen—for example:—

ON MADAME DE FORCALQUIER SPEAKING ENGLISH.

Soft ſounds that ſteal from fair Forcalquier's lips,
Like bee that murmuring the jaſmin ſips!
Are theſe my native accents? None ſo ſweet,
So gracious, yet my raviſh'd ears did meet.
O pow'r of beauty! thy enchanting look
Can melodize each note in nature's book.
The rougheſt wrath of Ruffians, when they ſwear,
Pronounc'd by thee, flows ſoft as Indian air;
And dulcet breath, attemper'd by thine eyes,
Gives Britiſh proſe o'er Tuſcan verſe the prize.

You

You muſt not look, madam, for much meaning in theſe lines; they were intended only to run ſmoothly, and to be eaſily comprehended by the fair ſcholar who is learning our language. Still leſs muſt you ſhow them: they are not calculated for the meridian of London, where you know I dread being repreſented as a ſhepherd. Pray let them think that I am wrapped up in Canada bills, and have all the pamphlets ſent over about the colonies and the ſtamp-act.

I am very ſorry for the accounts your ladyſhip gives me of lord Holland. He talks, I am told, of going to Naples: one would do a great deal for health, but I queſtion if I could buy it at that expence. If Paris would anſwer his purpoſe, I ſhould not wonder if he came hither—but to live with Italians muſt be woeful, and would ipſo facto make me ill. It is true I am a bad judge: I never taſted illneſs but the gout, which, tormenting as it is, I prefer to all other diſtempers: one knows the fit will end, will leave one quite well, and diſpenſes with the nonſenſe of phyſicians—and abſurdity is more painful than pain: at leaſt the pain of the gout never takes away my ſpirits, which the other does.

I have never heard from Mr. Chute this century, but am glad the gout is rather his excuſe than the cauſe, and that it lies only in his pen. I am in too good humour to quarrel with any body—and conſequently cannot be in haſte to ſee England, where at leaſt one is ſure of being quarrelled with. If they vex me, I will come back hither directly: and I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of knowing that your ladyſhip will not blame me.

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVIII.

Paris, February 3, 1766.

I HAD the honour of writing to your ladyſhip on the 4th and 12th of laſt month, which I only mention, becauſe the latter went by the poſt, which I have found is not always a ſafe convevance.

I am ſorry to inform you, madam, that you will not ſee madame Geoffrin

this year, as ſhe goes to Poland in May. The king has invited her, promiſed her an apartment exactly in her own way, and that ſhe ſhall ſee nobody but whom ſhe chooſes to ſee. This will not ſurpriſe you, madam; but what I ſhall add, will; though I muſt beg your ladyſhip not to mention it even to her, as it is an abſolute ſecret here, as ſhe does not know that I know it, and as it was truſted to me by a friend of yours. In ſhort, there are thoughts of ſending her with a public character, or at leaſt with a commiſſion from hence—a very extraordinary honour, and I think never beſtowed but on the marechale de Guèbriant [1]. As the Duſſons have been talked of, and as madame Geoffrin has enemies, its being known might prevent it; and it might make her uneaſy that it was known. I ſhould have told it to no mortal but your ladyſhip; but I could not reſiſt giving you ſuch a pleaſure. In your anſwer, madam, I need not warn you not to ſpecify what I have told you.

My favour here continues; and favour never diſpleaſes. To me too it is a novelty, and I naturally love curioſities. However, I muſt be looking towards home, and have perhaps only been treaſuring up regret. At worſt, I have filled my mind with a new ſet of ideas; ſome reſource to a man who was heartily tired of his old ones. When I tell your ladyſhip that I play at whiſk, and can bear even French muſic, you will not wonder at any change in me. Yet I am far from pretending to like every body or every thing I ſee. There are ſome chapters on which I ſtill fear we ſhall not agree; but I will do your ladyſhip the juſtice to own, that you have never ſaid a ſyllable too much in behalf of the friends to whom you was ſo good as to recommend me. Madame d'Egmont, whom I have mentioned but little, is one of the beſt women in the world, and, though not at all ſtriking at firſt, gains upon one much. Colonel Gordon, with this letter, brings you, madam, ſome more ſeeds from her. I have a box of pomatums for you from madame de Boufflers, which ſhall go by the next conveyance that offers. As he waits for my parcel, I can only repeat how much I am

Your ladyſhip's moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Sent with the character of embaſſadreſs from Louis XIII. to the king of Poland. Mr. Walpole, in a ſubſequent letter, owns having been miſinformed with reſpect to madame Geoffrin; no ſuch plan having ever been really in agitation. E.

LETTER XIX.

Paris, March 10, 1766.

THERE are two points, madam, on which I muſt write to your ladyſhip, though I have been confined theſe three or four days with an inflammation in my eyes. My watchings and revellings had, I doubt, heated my blood, and prepared it to receive a ſtroke of cold, which in truth was amply adminiſtered. We were two-and-twenty at the marechale du Luxembourg's, and ſupped in a temple rather than in a hall. It is vaulted at top with gods and goddeſſes, and paved with marble; but the god of fire was not of the number.—However, as this is neither of my points, I ſhall ſay no more of it.

I ſend your ladyſhip lady Albemarle's box, which madame Geoffrin brought to me herſelf yeſterday. I think it very neat and charming, and it exceeds the commiſſion but by a guinea and half. It is lined with wood between the two golds, as the price and neceſſary ſize would not admit metal enough without, to leave it of any ſolidity.

The other point I am indeed aſhamed to mention ſo late. I am more guilty than even about the ſciſſars. Lord Hertford ſent me word a fortnight ago, that an enſigncy was vacant, to which he ſhould recommend Mr. Fitzgerald. I forgot both to thank him and to acquaint your ladyſhip, who probably know it without my communication. I have certainly loſt my memory! This is ſo idle and young, that I begin to fear I have acquired ſomething of *the faſhionable man*, which I ſo much dreaded. Is it to England then that I muſt return to recover friendſhip and attention? I literally wrote to lord Hertford, and forgot to thank him. Sure I did not uſe to be ſo abominable! I cannot account for it; I am as black as ink, and muſt turn—*methodiſt*, to fancy that repentance can waſh me white again. No, I will not; for then I may ſin again, and truſt to the ſame noſtrum.

I had the honour of ſending your ladyſhip the funeral ſermon on the dauphin, and a tract to laugh at ſermons:

Your bane and antidote are both before you.

The

The firſt is by the archbiſhop of Toulouſe[1], who is thought the firſt man of the clergy. It has ſome ſenſe, no pathetic, no eloquence, and, I think, clearly no belief in his own doctrine. The latter is by the abbé Coyer, written livelily, upon a ſingle idea; and though I agree upon the inutility of the remedy he rejects, I have no better opinion of that he would ſubſtitute. Preaching has not failed, from the beginning of the world till to-day, becauſe inadequate to the diſeaſe, but becauſe the diſeaſe is incurable. If one preached to lions and tigers, would it cure them of thirſting for blood, and ſucking it when they have an opportunity? No; but when they are whelped in the Tower, and both careſſed and beaten, do they turn out a jot more tame when they are grown up? So far from it, all the kindneſs in the world, all the attention, cannot make even a monkey (that is no beaſt of prey) remember a pair of ſciſſars or an enſigncy.

Adieu, madam! and pray don't forgive me, till I have forgiven myſelf. I dare not cloſe my letter with any profeſſions; for could you believe them in one that you had ſo much reaſon to think

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE?

LETTER XX.

Strawberry-hill, June 28, 1766.

IT is conſonant to your ladyſhip's long-experienced goodneſs, to remove my error as ſoon as you could. In fact, the ſame poſt that brought madame d'Aiguillon's letter to you, brought me a confeſſion from madame du Deffand of her guilt[2]. I am not the leſs obliged to your ladyſhip for *informing* againſt the true criminal. It is well for me however that I heſitated, and did not, as monſieur de Guerchy preſſed me to do, conſtitute myſelf priſoner. What a ridiculous vain-glorious figure I ſhould have

[1] Brionne de Lomenie.

[2] Madame du Deffand had ſent Mr. Walpole a ſnuff-box, in which was a portrait of madame de Sevigné, accompanied by a letter written in her name from the Elyſian-fields, and addreſſed to Mr. Walpole, who did not at firſt ſuſpect madame du Deffand as the author, but thought both the preſent and letter had come from the ducheſs of Choiſeul. E.

made

made at Verſailles, with a laboured letter and my preſent! I ſtill ſhudder when I think of it, and have ſcolded madame du Deffand black and blue. However, I feel very comfortable; and though it will be imputed to my own vanity, that I ſhowed the box as madame de Choiſeul's preſent, I reſign the glory, and ſubmit to the ſhame with great ſatisfaction. I have no pain in receiving this preſent from madame du Deffand, and muſt own have great pleaſure that nobody but ſhe could write that moſt charming of all letters [1]. Did not lord Cheſterfield think it ſo, madam? I doubt our friend Mr. Hume muſt allow that not only madame de Boufflers, but Voltaire himſelf, could not have written ſo well. When I give up madame de Sevigné herſelf, I think his ſacrifices will be trifling.

Pray, madam, continue your waters; and, if poſſible, waſh away that original ſin, the gout. What would one give for a little rainbow to tell one, one ſhould never have it again! Well, but then one ſhould have a burning fever—for I think the greateſt comfort that good-natured divines give us is, that we are not to be drowned any more, in order that we may be burnt. It will not at leaſt be this ſummer; here is nothing but haycocks ſwimming round me. If it ſhould ceaſe raining by Monday ſe'nnight, I think of dining with your ladyſhip at Old Windſor; and if Mr. Bateman preſſes me mightily, I may take a bed there.

[1] The letter accompanying the portrait, and written in the name of madame de Sevigné.—It was as follows:

"Des Champs Eliſées,
Point de ſucceſſion de tems, point de date.

"Je connois votre folle paſſion pour moi, votre enthouſiaſme pour mes lettres, votre veneration pour les lieux que j'ai habités: j'ai appris le culte que vous m'y avez rendu: j'en ſuis ſi penetrée, que j'ai ſollicité & obtenu la permiſſion de mes Souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne ſans regret ces lieux fortunés; je vous prefere à tous ſes habitans: jouiſſez du plaiſir de me voir; ne vous plaignez point que ce ne ſoit qu'en peinture; c'eſt la ſeule exiſtence que puiſſent avoir les ombres. J'ai eté maîtreſſe de choiſir l'age où je voulois reparoître; j'ai pris celuy de vingt cinq ans pour m'aſſurer d'être toujours pour vous un objet agréable. Ne craignez aucun changement; c'eſt un ſingulier avantage des ombres; quoique legeres, elles ſont immuables.

"J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a eté poſſible, pour n'être jamais ſeparée de vous. Je veux vous accompagner par tout, ſur terre, ſur mer, à la ville, aux champs; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'eſt de me mener inceſſamment en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et d'y choiſir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain; c'étoit là qu'habitoient mes meilleures amies, c'eſt le ſejour des votres; vous me ferez faire connoiſſance avec elles: je ſerai bien aiſe de juger ſi elles ſont dignes de vous, & d'être les rivales de

RABUTIN DE SEVIGNE."

As I have a waſte of paper before me, and nothing more to ſay, I have a mind to fill it with a tranſlation of a tale that I found lately in the Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes, taken from a German author. The novelty of it ſtruck me, and I put it into verſe——ill-enough; but, as the old ducheſs of Rutland uſed to ſay of a lie, it will do for news into the country.

From Time's uſurping power, I ſee,
Not Acheron itſelf is free.
His waſting hand my ſubjects feel,
Grow old, and wrinkle though in hell.
Decrepit is Alecto grown,
Megæra worn to ſkin and bone;
And t'other beldam is ſo old,
She has not ſpirits left to ſcold.
Go, Hermes, bid my brother Jove
Send three new furies from above.
To Mercury thus Pluto ſaid:
The winged deity obey'd.

It was about the ſelf-ſame ſeaſon,
That Juno, with as little reaſon,
Rung for her abigail; and you know,
Iris is chamber-maid to Juno.
Iris, d'ye hear? Mind what I ſay,
I want three maids—inquire—No, ſtay!
Three virgins—Yes, unſpotted all;
No characters equivocal.
Go find me three, whoſe manners pure
Can envy's ſharpeſt tooth endure.
The goddeſs curtſey'd, and retir'd;
From London to Pekin inquir'd;
Search'd huts and palaces——in vain;
And, tir'd, to heaven came back again.
Alone! are you returned alone?
How wicked muſt the world be grown!

What

What has my profligate been doing?
On earth has he been ſpreading ruin?
Come, tell me all——Fair Iris ſigh'd,
And thus diſconſolate replied:
'Tis true, O queen! three maids I found,
The like are not on chriſtian ground;
So chaſte, ſevere, immaculate,
The very name of man they hate:
Theſe—but, alas! I came too late;
For Hermes had been there before;
In triumph off to Pluto bore
Three ſiſters, whom yourſelf would own
The true ſupports of virtue's throne.
To Pluto!—Mercy! cried the queen,
What can my brother Pluto mean?
Poor man! he dotes, or mad he ſure is!
What can he want them for?—Three furies.

You will ſay I am an *infernal* poet; but every body cannot write as they do *aux champs Elyſées*. Adieu, madam!

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

CAROLINE CAMPBELL,

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF AILESBURY,

From the Year 1760 to the Year 1779.

LETTERS

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TO

CAROLINE CAMPBELL,

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF AILESBURY,

From the Year 1760 to the Year 1779.

LETTER I.

To CAROLINE CAMPBELL, Countess Dowager of AILESBURY.

Whichnovre, Auguſt 23, 1760.

WELL, madam, if I had known whither I was coming, I would not have come alone! Mr. Conway and your ladyſhip ſhould have come too. Do you know, this is the individual manor-houſe,[1] where married ladies may have a flitch of bacon upon the eaſieſt terms in the world? I ſhould have expected that the owners would be ruined in ſatisfying the conditions of the obligation, and that the park would be ſtocked with hogs inſtead of deer.—On the contrary, it is thirty years ſince the flitch was claimed, and Mr. Offley was never ſo *near* loſing one as when you and Mr. Conway were at Ragley. He ſo little expects the demand, that the flitch is only hung in effigie over the hall chimney, carved in wood. Are not you aſhamed, madam, never to have put in your claim? It is above a year and a day that you have been married, and I never once heard either of you

[1] Of Whichnovre near Litchfield.

mention

mention a journey to Whichnovre. If you quarrelled at loo every night, you could not quit your pretenſions with more indifference. I had a great mind to take my oath, as one of your witneſſes, that you neither of you would, if you were at liberty, prefer any body elſe, *ne fairer ne fouler*, and I could eaſily get twenty perſons to ſwear the ſame. Therefore, unleſs you will let the world be convinced, that all your apparent harmony is counterfeit, you muſt ſet out immediately for Mr. Offley's, or at leaſt ſend me a letter of attorney to claim the flitch in your names; and I will ſend it up by the coach, to be left at the *Blue Boar*, or wherever you will have it delivered. But you had better come in perſon; you will ſee one of the prettieſt ſpots in the world; it is a little paradiſe, and the more like the antique one, as, by all I have ſaid, the married couple ſeems to be driven out of it. The houſe is very indifferent: behind is a pretty park; the ſituation, a brow of a hill, commanding ſweet meadows, through which the Trent ſerpentizes in numberleſs windings and branches. The ſpires of the cathedral of Litchfield are in front at a diſtance, with variety of other ſteeples, ſeats, and farms, and the horizon bounded by rich hills covered with blue woods. If you love a proſpect, or bacon, you will certainly come hither.

Wentworth-caſtle, Sunday night.

I HAD writ thus far yeſterday, but had no opportunity of ſending my letter. I arrived here laſt night, and found only the duke of Devonſhire, who went to Hardwicke this morning: they were down at the menagerie, and there was a clean little pullet, with which I thought his grace looked as if he ſhould be glad to eat a ſlice of Whichnovre bacon. We follow him to Chatſworth to-morrow, and make our entry to the public dinner, to the diſagreeableneſs of which I fear even lady M———'s company will not reconcile me.

My Gothic building, which my lord Strafford has executed in the menagerie, has a charming effect. There are two bridges built beſides; but the new front is very little advanced. Adieu, madam!

Your moſt affectionate evidence,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Strawberry-hill, June 13th, 1761.

I NEVER ate ſuch good ſnuff, nor ſmelt ſuch delightful bonbons, as your ladyſhip has ſent me. Every time you rob the duke's deſſert, does it coſt you a pretty ſnuff-box? Do the paſtors at the Hague[1] enjoin ſuch expenſive retributions? If a man ſteals a kiſs there, I ſuppoſe he does penance in a ſheet of Bruſſels lace. The comical part is, that you own the theft, and ſend it me, but ſay nothing of the vehicle of your repentance. In ſhort, madam, the box is the prettieſt thing I ever ſaw, and I give you a thouſand thanks for it.

When you comfort yourſelf about the operas, you don't know what you have loſt; nay, nor I neither; for I was here, concluding that a ſerenata for a birth-day would be as dull and as vulgar as thoſe feſtivities generally are: but I hear of nothing but the enchantment of it. There was a ſecond orcheſtra in the footman's gallery, diſguiſed by clouds, and filled with the muſic of the king's chapel. The choriſters behaved like angels, and the harmony between the two bands was in the moſt exact time. Eliſi piqued himſelf, and beat both heaven and earth. The joys of the year do not end there. The under-actors open at Drury-lane to-night with a new comedy by Murphy, called All in the Wrong. At Ranelagh all is fireworks and ſky-rockets. The birth-day exceeded the ſplendour of Haroun Alraſchid, and the Arabian Nights, when people had nothing to do but to ſcour a lantern, and ſend a genie for a hamper of diamonds and rubies. Do you remember one of thoſe ſtories, where a prince has eight ſtatues of diamonds, which he overlooks, becauſe he fancies he wants a ninth; and to his great ſurpriſe the ninth proves to be pure fleſh and blood, which he never thought of? Some how or other, lady —— is the ninth ſtatue; and, you will allow, has better white and red than if ſhe was made of pearls and rubies. Oh! I forgot, I was telling you of the birth-day: my lord P—— had drunk the king's health ſo often at dinner, that at the ball he took Mrs. ——— for a beautiful woman, and, as ſhe ſays, *made an improper uſe of his hands.* The proper uſe of hers, ſhe thought, was to give him a box on the ear, though within the verge of the court. He returned it by a puſh, and ſhe tumbled off the end

[1] Lady Aileſbury remained at the Hague while Mr. Conway was with the army during the campaign of 1761. E.

of the bench; which his majeſty has accepted as ſufficient puniſhment, and ſhe is not to loſe her right hand [1].

I encloſe the liſt your ladyſhip deſired: you will ſee that the *plurality of Worlds* are Moore's, and of ſome I do not know the authors. There is a late edition with theſe names to them.

My ducheſs was to ſet out this morning. I ſaw her for the laſt time the day before yeſterday at lady Kildare's: never was a journey leſs a party of pleaſure. She was ſo melancholy, that all miſs ———'s oddneſs and my ſpirits could ſcarce make her ſmile. Towards the end of the night, and that was three in the morning, I did divert her a little. I ſlipped Pam into her lap, and then taxed her with having it there. She was quite confounded; but, taking it up, ſaw he had a teleſcope in his hand, which I had drawn, and that the card, which was ſplit, and juſt waxed together, contained theſe lines:

> Ye ſimple aſtronomers, lay by your glaſſes;
> The tranſit of Venus has proved you all aſſes:
> Your teleſcopes ſignify nothing to ſcan it;
> 'Tis not meant in the clouds, 'tis not meant of a planet:
> The ſeer who foretold it miſtook or deceives us,
> For Venus's tranſit is when Grafton leaves us.

I don't ſend your ladyſhip theſe verſes as good, but to ſhow you that all gallantry does not centre at the Hague.

I wiſh I could tell you that Stanley and Buſſy, by croſſing over and figuring in, had forwarded the peace. It is no more made than Belleiſle is taken. However, I flatter myſelf that you will not ſtay abroad till you return for the coronation, which is ordered for the beginning of October. I don't care to tell you how lovely the ſeaſon is; how my acacias are powdered with flowers, and my hay juſt in its picturеſque moment. Do they ever make any other hay in Holland than bullruſhes in ditches? My new buildings riſe ſo ſwiftly, that I ſhall not have a ſhilling left, ſo far from giving commiſſions on Amſterdam. When I have made my houſe ſo big that I

[1] The old puniſhment for giving a blow in the king's preſence. E.

don't

don't know what to do with it, and am entirely undone, I propoſe, like king Pyrrhus, who took ſuch a roundabout way to a bowl of punch, to ſit down and enjoy myſelf; but with this difference, that it is better to ruin one's ſelf than all the world. I am ſure you would think as I do, though Pyrrhus were king of Pruſſia. I long to have you bring back the only hero that ever I could endure. Adieu, madam! I ſent you juſt ſuch another piece of tittle-tattle as this by general Waldegrave: you are very partial to me, or very fond of knowing every thing that paſſes in your own country, if you can be amuſed ſo. If you can, 'tis ſurely my duty to divert you, though at the expence of my character; for I own I am aſhamed when I look back and ſee four ſides of paper ſcribbled over with nothings.

Your ladyſhip's moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

Strawberry-hill, July 20th, 1761.

I BLUSH, dear madam, on obſerving that half my letters to your ladyſhip are prefaced with thanks for preſents:—don't miſtake; I am not aſhamed of thanking you, but of having ſo many occaſions for it. Monſieur Hop has ſent me the piece of china: I admire it as much as poſſible, and intend to like him as much as ever I can; but hitherto I have not ſeen him, not having been in town ſince he arrived.

Could I have believed that the Hague would ſo eaſily compenſate for England? nay, for Park-place! Adieu, all our agreeable ſuppers! Inſtead of lady Cecilia's[1] French ſongs, we ſhall have madame Welderen quavering a confuſion of d's and t's, b's and p's—*Bourquoi ſçais du blaire*[2]?—Worſe than that, I expect to meet all my —— relations at your houſe, and ſir Samſon Gideon inſtead of Charles Townſhend. You will laugh like Mrs. Tipkin[3] when a Dutch Jew tells you that he bought at two and a half per cent. and ſold at four. Come back, if you have any taſte left: you had better be

[1] Lady Cecilia Weſt, daughter of John earl of Delawar, afterwards married to general James Johnſton.

[2] The firſt words of a favourite French air.

[3] A character in the Tender Huſband, or the Accompliſhed Fools.

here talking robes, ermine and tiſſue, jewels and treſſes, as all the world does, than own you are ſo corrupted. Did you receive my notification of the new queen? Her mother is dead, and ſhe will not be here before the end of Auguſt.

My mind is much more at peace about Mr. Conway than it was. Nobody thinks there will be a battle, as the French did not attack them when both armies ſhifted camps; and ſince that, Soubiſe has entrenched himſelf up to the whiſkers:—whiſkers I think he has, I have been ſo afraid of him! Yet our hopes of meeting are ſtill very diſtant: the peace does not advance; and if Europe has a *ſtiver* left in its pockets, the war will continue; though happily all parties have been ſo ſcratched, that they only ſit and look anger at one another, like a dog and cat that don't care to begin again.

We are in danger of loſing our ſociable box at the opera. The new queen is very muſical, and, if Mr. deputy Hodges and the city don't exert their veto, will probably go to the Haymarket. * * * * * G—— P——, in imitation of the Adoniſes in Tanzai's retinue, has aſked to be her majeſty's grand harper. *Dieu ſçait quelle raclerie il y aura!* All the guitars are untuned; and if miſs Conway[1] has a mind to be in faſhion at her return, ſhe muſt take ſome David or other to teach her the new twing twang, twing twing twang. As I am ſtill deſirous of being in faſhion with your ladyſhip, and am, over and above, very grateful, I keep no company but my lady Denbigh and lady Blandford, and learn every evening, for two hours, to maſh my Engliſh. Already I am tolerably fluent in ſaying *ſhe* for *he*[2].

Good night, madam! I have no news to ſend you: one cannot announce a royal wedding and a coronation every poſt.

Your moſt faithful and obliged ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Pray, madam, do the gnats bite your legs? Mine are ſwelled as big as *one*, which is ſaying a great deal for me.

[1] The honourable Anne Damer.

[2] A miſtake which theſe ladies, who were both Dutch women, conſtantly made. E.

July 22.

I HAD writ this, and was not time enough for the mail, when I receive your charming note, and this magnificent victory[1]! Oh! my dear madam, how I thank you, how I congratulate you, how I feel for you, how I have felt for you and for myself!—But I bought it by two terrible hours to-day—I heard of the battle two hours before I could learn a word of Mr. Conway—I ſent all round the world, and went half round it myſelf. I have cried and laughed, trembled and danced, as you bid me. If you had ſent me as much old china as king Auguſtus gave two regiments for, I ſhould not be half ſo much obliged to you as for your note. How could you think of me, when you had ſo much reaſon to think of nothing but yourſelf?—And then they ſay virtue is not rewarded in this world. I will preach at Paul's Croſs, and quote you and Mr. Conway; no two perſons were ever ſo good and ſo happy. In ſhort, I am ſerious in the height of all my joy. God is very good to you, my dear madam; I thank him for you; I thank him for myſelf: it is very unallayed pleaſure we taſte at this moment!—Good night! My heart is ſo expanded, I could write to the laſt ſcrap of my paper; but I won't.

Yours moſt entirely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IV.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 27, 1761.

YOU are a mean mercenary woman. If you did not want hiſtories of weddings and coronations, and had not jobs to be executed about muſlins and a bit of china and counterband goods, one ſhould never hear of you. When you don't want a body, you can friſk about with Greffiers and Burgomaſters, and be as merry in a dyke as my lady Frog herſelf. The moment your curioſity is agog, or your cambric ſeized, you recollect a good couſin in England, and, as folks ſaid two hundred years ago, begin to write *upon the knees of your heart.* Well! I am a ſweet-tempered creature, I forgive you. I have already writ to a little friend in the cuſtom-houſe, and will try what can be done; though, by Mr. Amyand's report to the ducheſs of Richmond, I fear

[1] Of Kirckdenckirck.

your caſe is deſperate.—For the genealogies, I have turned over all my books to no purpoſe; I can meet with no lady Howard that married a Carey, nor a lady Seymour that married a Caufield. Lettice Caufield, who married Francis Staunton, was daughter of Dr. James (not George) Caufield, younger brother of the firſt lord Charlemont. This is all I can aſcertain. For the other pedigree; I can inform your friend that there was a ſir Nicholas Throckmorton, who married an Anne Carew, daughter of ſir Nicholas Carew, knight of the garter, not Carey—But this ſir Nicholas Carew married Joan Courtney—not a Howard: and beſides, the Careys and Throckmortons you wot of were juſt the reverſe: your Carey was the cock, and Throckmorton the hen—mine are vice verſâ:—otherwiſe, let me tell your friend, Carews and Courtneys are worth Howards any day of the week, and of ancienter blood:—ſo, if deſcent is all he wants, I adviſe him to take up with the pedigree as I have refitted it. However, I will caſt a figure once more, and try if I can conjure up the dames Howard and Seymour that he wants.

My heraldry was much more offended at the coronation with the ladies that did walk, than with thoſe that walked out of their place; yet I was not ſo *perilouſly* angry as my lady Cowper, who refuſed to ſet a foot with my lady M——; and when ſhe was at laſt obliged to aſſociate with her, ſet out on a round trot, as if ſhe deſigned to prove the antiquity of her family by marching as luſtily as a maid of honour of queen Gwiniver. It was in truth a brave ſight. The ſea of heads in Palace-yard, the guards horſe and foot, the ſcaffolds, balconies and proceſſion, exceeded imagination. The hall, when once illuminated, was noble; but they ſuffered the whole parade to return into it in the dark, that his majeſty might be ſurpriſed with the quickneſs with which the ſconces catched fire. The Champion acted well; the other Paladins had neither the grace nor alertneſs of Rinaldo. Lord Effingham and the duke of Bedford were but untoward knights errant; and lord Talbot had not much more dignity than the figure of general Monke in the abbey. The habit of the peers is unbecoming to the laſt degree; but the peereſſes made amends for all defects. Your daughter Richmond, lady Kildare, and lady Pembroke were as handſome as the Graces. Lady Rochford, lady Holderneſs, and lady Lyttelton looked exceedingly well in that their day; and for thoſe of the day before, the ducheſs of Queenſberry, lady Weſtmorland, and lady Albemarle were ſurpriſing. Lady Harrington was noble at a diſtance, and ſo covered with diamonds, that you would have thought ſhe had bid

ſomebody or other, like Falſtaff, *rob me the exchequer*. Lady Northampton was very magnificent too, and looked prettier than I have ſeen her of late. Lady Spencer and lady Bolingbroke were not the worſt figures there. The ducheſs of Ancaſter marched alone after the queen with much majeſty; and there were two new Scotch peereſſes that pleaſed every body, lady Sutherland and lady Dunmore. Per contra, were lady P——, who had put a wig on, and old E——, who had ſcratched hers off; lady S——, the dowager E——, and a lady S—— with her treſſes coal black, and her hair coal white. Well! it was all delightful, but not half ſo charming as its being over—The gabble one heard about it for ſix weeks before, and the fatigue of the day, could not well be compenſated by a mere puppet-ſhow; for puppet-ſhow it was, though it coſt a million. The queen is ſo gay that we ſhall not want ſights; ſhe has been at the Opera, the Beggar's Opera and the Rehearſal, and two nights ago carried the king to Ranelagh. In ſhort, I am ſo miſerable with loſing my ducheſs [1], and you and Mr. Conway, that I believe, if you ſhould be another ſix weeks without writing to me, I ſhould come to the Hague and ſcold you in perſon—for, alas! my dear lady, I have no hopes of ſeeing you here. Stanley is recalled, is expected every hour—Buſſy goes to-morrow; and Mr. Pitt is ſo impatient to conquer Mexico, that I don't believe he will ſtay till my lord Briſtol can be ordered to leave Madrid. I tremble leſt Mr. Conway ſhould not get leave to come—nay, are we ſure he would like to aſk it? He was ſo impatient to get to the army, that I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if he ſtaid there till every ſuttler and woman that follows the camp was come away. You aſk me if we are not in admiration of prince Ferdinand—In truth, we have thought very little of him. He may outwit Broglio ten times, and not be half ſo much talked of, as lord Talbot's backing his horſe down Weſtminſter-hall. The generality are not ſtruck with any thing under a complete victory. If you have a mind to be well with the mob of England, you muſt be knocked on the head like Wolfe, or bring home as many diamonds as Clive. We live in a country where ſo many follies or novelties ſtart forth every day, that we have not time to try a general's capacity by the rules of Polybius.

I have hardly left room for my obligations—to your ladyſhip, for my com-

[1] The ducheſs of Grafton, who was abroad.

miſſions,

miſſions at Amſterdam; to Mrs. Sally [1], for her tea-pots, which are likely to ſtay ſo long at the Hague, that I fear they will have begot a whole ſet of china; and to miſs Conway and lady George, for thinking of me. Pray aſſure them of my *re-thinking*. Adieu, dear madam! Don't you think we had better write oftener and ſhorter?

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER V.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

I DON'T know what buſineſs I had, madam, to be an œconomiſt: it was out of character. I wiſhed for a thouſand more drawings in that ſale at Amſterdam, but concluded they would be very dear; and not having ſeen them, I thought it too raſh to trouble your ladyſhip with a large commiſſion.

I wiſh I could give you as good an account of your commiſſion; but it is abſolutely impracticable. I employed one of the moſt ſenſible and experienced men in the cuſtom-houſe; and all the reſult was, he could only recommend me to Mr. Amyand as the neweſt and conſequently the moſt polite of the commiſſioners—but the ducheſs of Richmond had tried him before—to no purpoſe. There is no way of recovering any of your goods, but purchaſing them again at the ſale.

What am I doing, to be talking to you of drawings and chintzes, when the world is all turned topſy turvy? Peace, as the poets would ſay, is not only returned to heaven, but has carried her ſiſter Virtue along with her—Oh! no, Peace will keep no ſuch company—Virtue is an errant ſtrumpet, and loves diamonds as well as my lady ———, and is as fond of a coronet as my lord Melcombe. Worſe! worſe! She will ſet men to cutting throats, and pick their pockets at the ſame time. I am in ſuch a paſſion, I cannot tell you what I am angry about—Why, about Virtue and Mr. Pitt; two errant cheats, gipſies! I believe he was a comrade of Elizabeth Canning, when he lived at Enfield-waſh. In ſhort, the council were for making peace;

[1] Lady Aileſbury's woman.

But

But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſes,
Evades them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuff'd with epithets of war,
And in concluſion—nonſuits my mediators.

He inſiſted on a war with Spain, was reſiſted, and laſt Monday reſigned. The city breathed vengeance on his oppoſers, the council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened; but yeſterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was ſtalking to ſeize the Tower of London, he ſtumbled over a ſilver penny, picked it up, carried it home to lady Eſther, and they are now as quiet, good ſort of people, as my lord and lady Bath who lived in the vinegar-bottle. In fact, madam, this immaculate man has accepted the barony of Chatham for his wife, with a penſion of three thouſand pounds a year for three lives; and though he has not quitted the houſe of commons, I think my lord A—— would now be as formidable there. The penſion he has left *us*, is a war for three thouſand lives! perhaps, for twenty times three thouſand lives!——But—

Does this become a ſoldier? *this* become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?

What! to ſneak out of the ſcrape, prevent peace, and avoid the war! blaſt one's character, and all for the comfort of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peereſs, and a couple of Grenvilles! The city looks mighty fooliſh, I believe, and poſſibly even Beckford may bluſh. Lord Temple reſigned yeſterday; I ſuppoſe his virtue pants for a dukedom. Lord Egremont has the ſeals; lord Hardwicke, I fancy, the privy ſeal; and George Grenville, no longer ſpeaker, is to be the cabinet miniſter in the houſe of commons. Oh! madam, I am glad you are inconſtant to Mr. Conway, though it is only with a Barbette! If you piqued yourſelf on your virtue, I ſhould expect you would ſell it to the maſter of a Treehſcoot.

I told you a lie about the king's going to Ranelagh——No matter; there is no ſuch thing as truth. Garrick exhibits the coronation, and, opening the end of the ſtage, diſcovers a real bonfire and real mob: the houſes in Drury-lane let their windows at three-pence a head. Rich is going to produce a finer coronation, nay, than the real one; for there is to be a dinner for the

knights of the bath and the barons of the cinque ports, which lord Talbot refuſed them.

I put your Caufields and Stauntons into the hands of one of the firſt heralds upon earth, and who has the entire pedigree of the Careys; but he cannot find a drop of Howard or Seymour blood in the leaſt artery about them. Good night, madam!

Yours moſt faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VI.

DEAR MADAM, Arlington-ſtreet, Nov. 28, 1761.

YOU are ſo bad and ſo good, that I don't know how to treat you. You give me every mark of kindneſs but letting me hear from you. You ſend me charming drawings the moment I trouble you with a commiſſion, and you give lady Cecilia [1] commiſſions for trifles of my writing, in the moſt obliging manner. I have taken the latter off her hands. The Fugitive Pieces, and the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors ſhall be conveyed to you directly. Lady Cecilia and I agree how we lament the charming ſuppers there, every time we paſs the corner of Warwick-ſtreet! We have a little comfort for your ſake and our own, in believing that the campaign is at an end, at leaſt for this year—but they tell us, it is to recommence here or in Ireland. You have nothing to do with that. Our politics, I think, will ſoon be as warm as our war. Charles Townſhend is to be lieutenant-general to Mr. Pitt. The duke of Bedford is privy-ſeal; lord Thomond, cofferer; lord George Cavendiſh, comptroller.

Diverſions, you know, madam, are never at highwater-mark before Chriſtmas: yet operas flouriſh pretty well: thoſe on Tueſdays are removed to Mondays, becauſe the queen likes the burlettas, and the king cannot go on Tueſdays, his poſt-days. On thoſe nights we have the middle front box, railed in, where lady Mary [2] and I ſit in triſte ſtate like a lord mayor and lady mayoreſs. The night before laſt there was a private ball at court, which

[1] Lady Cecilia Johnſton. [2] Lady Mary Coke.

began

began at half an hour after six, lasted till one, and finished without a supper. The king danced the whole time with the queen, lady Augusta with her four younger brothers. The other performers were: the two duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who danced little; lady Effingham and lady Egremont, who danced much; the six maids of honour; lady Susan Stewart, as attending lady Augusta; and lady Caroline Russel, and lady Jane Stewart, the only women not of the family. Lady Northumberland is at Bath; lady Weymouth lies in; lady Bolingbroke was there in waiting, but in black gloves, so did not dance. The men, besides the royals, were lords March and Eglintoun, of the bed-chamber; lord Cantelupe, vice-chamberlain; lord Huntingdon; and four strangers, lord Mandeville, lord Northampton, lord Suffolk, and lord Grey. No sitters-by, but the princess, the duchess of Bedford, and lady Bute.

If it had not been for this ball, I don't know how I should have furnished a decent letter. Pamphlets on Mr. Pitt are the whole conversation, and none of them worth sending cross the water: at least I, who am said to write some of them, think so; by which you may perceive I am not much flattered with the imputation. There must be new personages at least, before I write on any side——Mr. Pitt and the duke of Newcastle! I should as soon think of informing the world that miss Chudleigh is no vestal. You will like better to see some words which Mr. Gray has writ, at miss Speed's request, to an old air of Geminiani: the thought is from the French.

I.

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore
  Ere the spring he would return.
Ah! what means yon violet flow'r,
  And the buds that deck the thorn?
'Twas the lark that upward sprung,
'Twas the nightingale that sung.

II.

Idle notes! untimely green!
  Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
  Speak not always winter past:
Cease my doubts, my fears to move;
Spare the honour of my love.

Adieu, madam!

Your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VII.

MADAM, Strawberry-hill, March 5, 1762.

ONE of your ſlaves, a fine young officer, brought me two days ago a very pretty medal from your ladyſhip. Amidſt all your triumphs you do not, I ſee, forget your Engliſh friends, and it makes me extremely happy. He pleaſed me ſtill more, by aſſuring me that you return to England when the campaign opens. I can pay this news by none ſo good as by telling you that we talk of nothing but peace. We are equally ready to give law to the world, or peace. Martinico has not made us intractable. We and the new Czar are the beſt ſort of people upon earth: I am ſure, madam, you muſt adore him; he is willing to reſign all his conqueſts, that you and Mr. Conway may be ſettled again at Park-place. My lord Cheſterfield, with the deſpondence of an old man and the wit of a young one, thinks the French and Spaniards muſt make ſome attempt upon theſe iſlands, and is frightened leſt we ſhould not be ſo well prepared to repell invaſions as to make them: he ſays, "*What will it avail us if we gain the whole world, and loſe our own ſoul?*"

I am here alone, madam, and know nothing to tell you. I came from town on Saturday for the worſt cold I ever had in my life, and, what I care leſs to own even to myſelf, a cough. I hope lord Cheſterfield will not ſpeak more truth in what I have quoted, than in his aſſertion, that one need not cough if one did not pleaſe. It has pulled me extremely, and you may believe I do not look very plump, when I am more emaciated than uſual. However, I have taken James's powder for four nights, and have found great benefit from it; and if miſs Conway does not come back with *ſoixante et douze quartiers*, and the hauteur of a Landgravine, I think I ſhall ſtill be able to run down the precipices at Park-place with her—This is to be underſtood, ſuppoſing that we have any ſummer. Yeſterday was the firſt moment that did not feel like Thule: not a glimpſe of ſpring or green, except a miſerable almond-tree, half opening one bud, like my lord P——'s eye.

It will be warmer, I hope, by the king's birth-day, or the old ladies will catch their deaths. There is a court dreſs to be inſtituted—(to thin the drawing-rooms)—ſtiff-bodied gowns and bare ſhoulders. What dreadful diſcoveries will be made both on fat and lean! I recommend to you the idea of Mrs. C——, when half-ſtark; and I might fill the reſt of my paper with ſuch images, but your imagination will ſupply them; and you ſhall excuſe me, though

though I leave this a ſhort letter: but I wrote merely to thank your ladyſhip for the medal, and, as you perceive, have very little to ſay, beſides that known and laſting truth, how much I am Mr. Conway's and

Your ladyſhip's faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

MADAM, Strawberry-hill, July 31, 1762.

MAGNANIMOUS as the fair ſoul of your ladyſhip is, and plaited with ſuperabundance of Spartan fortitude, I felicitate my own good fortune who can circle this epiſtle with branches of the gentle olive, as well as crown it with victorious laurel. This pompous paragraph, madam, which in compliment to my lady Lyttelton I have penned in the ſtyle of her lord, means no more, than that I wiſh you joy of the caſtle of Waldeck[1], and more joy on the peace, which I find every body thinks is concluded. In truth, I have ſtill my doubts; and yeſterday came news, which, if my lord Bute does not make haſte, may throw a little rub in the way. In ſhort, the Czar is dethroned. Some give the honour to his wife; others, who add the little circumſtance of his being murdered too, aſcribe the revolution to the archbiſhop of Novogorod, who, like other prieſts, thinks aſſaſſination a leſs affront to heaven than three Lutheran churches. I hope the latter is the truth; becauſe, in the honeymoonhood of lady C——'s tenderneſs, I don't know but ſhe might miſcarry at the thought of a wife preferring a crown, and ſcandal ſays a regiment of grenadiers, to her huſband.

I have a little meaning in naming lady Lyttelton and lady C——, who I think are at Park-place. Was not there a promiſe that you all three would meet Mr. Churchill and lady Mary here in the beginning of Auguſt? Yes, indeed was there, and I put in my claim.—Not confining your heroic and muſical ladyſhips to a day or a week; my time is at your command: and I wiſh the rain was at mine; for, if you or it do not come ſoon, I ſhall not have a leaf left. Strawberry is browner than lady B—— F——.

[1] At the taking of which Mr. Conway had aſſiſted. E.

I was grieved, madam, to miſs ſeeing you in town on Monday, particularly as I wiſhed to ſettle this party. If you will let me know when it will be your pleaſure, I will write to my ſiſter.

I am your ladyſhip's

Moſt faithful ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IX.

Arlington-ſtreet, Dec. 29, 1772.

INDEED, madam, I want you and Mr. Conway in town. Chriſtmas has diſperſed all my company, and left nothing but a loo-party or two. If all the fine days were not gone out of town too, I ſhould take the air in a morning; but I am not yet nimble enough, like old Mrs. Nugent, to jump out of a poſt-chaiſe into an aſſembly.

You have a woful taſte, my lady, not to like lord G——'s bon mot. I am almoſt too indignant to tell you of a moſt amuſing book in ſix volumes, called *Hiſtoire philoſophique et politique du commerce des deux Indes.* It tells one every thing in the world—how to make conqueſts, invaſions, blunders, ſettlements, bankruptcies, fortunes, &c. tells you the natural and hiſtorical hiſtory of all nations; talks commerce, navigation, tea, coffee, china, mines, ſalt, ſpices; of the Portugueſe, Engliſh, French, Dutch, Danes, Spaniards, Arabs, Caravans, Perſians, Indians, of Louis XIV, and the king of Pruſſia; of la Bourdonnois, Dupleix and admiral Saunders; of rice, and women that dance naked; of camels, gingams and muſlin; of millions of millions of livres, pounds, rupees, and gouries; of iron, cables, and Circaſſian women; of law and the Miſſiſſippi; and againſt all governments and religions. This and every thing elſe is in the two firſt volumes. I cannot conceive what is left for the four others. And all is ſo mixed, that you learn forty new trades, and fifty new hiſtories, in a ſingle chapter. There is ſpirit, wit, and clearneſs—and if there were but leſs avoirdupois weight in it, it would be the richeſt book in the world in materials—but figures to me are ſo many cyphers, and only put me in mind of children that ſay, an hundred hundred hundred millions. However,

ever, it has made me learned enough to talk about Mr. Sykes and the ſecret committee [1], which is all that any body talks of at preſent; and yet mademoiſelle Heinel is arrived. This is all I know, and a great deal too, conſidering I know nothing—and yet, were there either truth or lies, I ſhould know them, for one hears every thing in a ſick room. Good night both!

LETTER X.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 7, 1774.

I HAVE written ſuch tomes to Mr. Conway [2], madam, and have ſo nothing new to write, that I might as well methinks begin and end like the lady to her huſband: *Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien à faire: je finis parceque je n'ai rien à vous dire.* Yes, I have two complaints to make, one of your ladyſhip, the other of myſelf. You tell me nothing of lady Harriet [3]: Have you no tongue, or the French no eyes? or are her eyes employed in nothing but ſeeing? What a vulgar employment for a fine woman's eyes after ſhe is riſen from her toilet! I declare I will aſk no more queſtions—What is it to me, whether ſhe is admired or not? I ſhould know how charming ſhe is, though all Europe were blind. I hope I am not to be told by any barbarous nation upon earth what beauty and grace are!

For myſelf, I am guilty of the gout in my elbow; the left—witneſs my handwriting. Whether I caught cold by the deluge in the night, or whether the bootikins like the water of Styx can only preſerve the parts they ſurround, I doubt they have ſaved me but three weeks, for ſo long my reckoning has been out. However, as I feel nothing in my feet, I flatter myſelf that this Pindaric tranſition will not be a regular ode, but a fragment, the more valuable for being imperfect.

Now for my gazette.—Marriages—Nothing done. Intrigues—More in the political than civil way. Births—Under par ſince lady B—— left off breeding. Gaming—Low water. Deaths—Lord Morton, lord Wentworth,

[1] Upon Eaſt Indian affairs.

[2] Mr. Conway and lady Aileſbury were now at Paris together.

[3] Lady Harriet Stanhope, afterwards married to lord Foley.

ducheſs

ducheſs Douglas. Election ſtock—More buyers than ſellers. Promotions—Mr. Wilkes as high as he can go—A-propos, he was told lord chancellor intended to ſignify to him that the king did not approve the city's choice: he replied, Then I ſhall ſignify to his lordſhip, that I am at leaſt as fit to be lord mayor as he to be lord chancellor. This being more goſpel than every thing Mr. Wilkes ſays, the formal approbation was given.

Mr. Burke has ſucceeded at Briſtol, and ſir James Peachey will miſcarry in Suſſex. But what care you, madam, about our parliament? You will ſee the rentrée of the old one, with ſongs and epigrams into the bargain. We do not ſhift our parliaments with ſo much gaiety. Money in one hand, and abuſe in t'other—thoſe are all the arts we know. *Wit and a gamut* I don't believe ever ſignified a parliament [1], whatever the gloſſaries may ſay; for they never produce pleaſantry and harmony. Perhaps you may not taſte this Saxon pun, but I know it will make the Antiquarian Society die with laughing.

Expectation hangs on America. The reſult of the general aſſembly is expected in four or five days. If one may believe the papers, which one ſhould not believe, the other-ſide-of-the-waterifts are not *doux comme des moutons*, and yet we do intend to eat them. I was in town on Monday; the ducheſs of B—— graced our loo, and made it as rantipole as a quaker's meeting. *Loois Quinze*[2], I believe, is arrived by this time, but I fear without *quinze louis*.

Your herb-ſnuff and the four glaſſes are lying in my warehouſe, but I can hear of no ſhip going to Paris. You are now at Fontainebleau, but not thinking of Francis I. the queen of Sweden and Monaldeſchi. It is terrible that one cannot go to courts that are gone! You have ſupped with the chevalier de Boufflers: Did he act every thing in the word, and ſing every thing in the world, and laugh at every thing in the world? Has madame de Cambis ſung to you *Sans depit, ſans legereté* [3]? Has lord Cholmondeley delivered my pacquet? I hear I have hopes of madame d'Olonne. Gout or no gout, I think I ſhall be little in town till after Chriſtmas. My elbow makes me bleſs

[1] *Wetenagemot* was the name of the Saxon great council, the ſuppoſed origin of parliaments. E.

[2] This was a cant name given to a lady who was very fond of loo, and who had loſt much money at that game. E.

[3] The firſt words of a favourite French air.

myſelf

myſelf that I am not at Paris. Old age is no ſuch uncomfortable thing, if one gives one's ſelf up to it with a good grace, and don't drag it about

To midnight dances and the public ſhow.

If one ſtays quietly in one's own houſe in the country, and cares for nothing but one's ſelf, ſcolds one's ſervants, condemns every thing that is new, and recollects how charming a thouſand things were formerly that were very diſagreeable, one gets over the winters very well, and the ſummers get over themſelves.

LETTER XI.

From t'other ſide of the water, Auguſt 17th, 1775.

INTERPRETING your ladyſhip's orders in the moſt perſonal ſenſe, as reſpecting the dangers of the ſea, I write the inſtant I am landed. I did not, in truth, ſet out till yeſterday morning at eight o'clock; but finding the roads, horſes, poſtillions, tides, winds, moons, and captain Fectors in the pleaſanteſt humour in the world, I embarked almoſt as ſoon as I arrived at Dover, and reached Calais before the ſun was awake;—and here I am for the ſixth time in my life, with only the trifling diſtance of ſeven-and-thirty years between my firſt voyage and the preſent. Well, I can only ſay in excuſe, that I am got into the land of Strulbrugs, where one is never too old to be young, and where *la bequille du pere Barnabas* bloſſoms like Aaron's rod, or the Glaſtonbury thorn.

Now to be ſure I ſhall be a little mortified, if your ladyſhip wanted a letter of news, and did not at all trouble your head about my navigation. However, you will not tell one ſo; and therefore I will perſiſt in believing that this good news will be received with tranſport at Park-place, and that the bells of Henley will be ſet a-ringing. The reſt of my adventures muſt be deferred till they have happened, which is not always the caſe of travels. I ſend you no compliments from Paris, becauſe I have not got thither, nor delivered the bundle which Mr. Conway ſent me. I did, as your ladyſhip commanded,

buy

buy three pretty little medallions in frames of filigraine, for our dear old friend[1]. They will not ruin you, having coſt not a guinea and half; but it was all I could find that was genteel and portable; and as ſhe does not meaſure by guineas, but attentions, ſhe will be as much pleaſed as if you had ſent her a dozen acres of Park-place. As they are in bas-relief, too, they are feelable, and that is a material circumſtance to her. Indeed I wiſh the Diomede had even ſo much as a pair of Nankin!

Adieu, toute la chere famille! I think of October with much ſatisfaction; it will double the pleaſure of my return.

LETTER XII.

Paris, Auguſt 20, 1775.

I HAVE been ſea-ſick to death; I have been poiſoned by dirt and vermin; I have been ſtifled by heat, choked by duſt, and ſtarved for want of any thing I could touch: and yet, madam, here I am perfectly well, not in the leaſt fatigued; and, thanks to the rivelled parchments, formerly faces, which I have ſeen by hundreds, I find myſelf almoſt as young as when I came hither firſt in the laſt century. In ſpite of my whims, and delicacy, and lazineſs, none of my grievances have been mortal: I have borne them as well as if I ſet up for a philoſopher, like the ſages of this town. Indeed I have found my dear old woman ſo well, and looking ſo much better than ſhe did four years ago, that I am tranſported with pleaſure, and thank your ladyſhip and Mr. Conway for driving me hither. Madame du Deffand came to me the inſtant I arrived, and ſat by me whilſt I ſtripped and dreſſed myſelf; for, as ſhe ſaid, ſince ſhe cannot ſee, there was no harm in my being ſtark. She was charmed with your preſent, but was ſo kind as to be ſo much more charmed with my arrival, that ſhe did not think of it a moment. I ſat with her till half an hour after two in the morning, and had a letter from her before my eyes were open again. In ſhort, her ſoul is immortal, and forces her body to bear it company.

[1] Madame du Deffand.

This

This is the very eve of madame Clotilde's wedding; but monſieur Turgot, to the great grief of lady M——, will ſuffer no coſt, but one banquet, one ball, and a play at Verſailles. Count Virri gives a banquet, a *bal maſqué*, and a firework. I think I ſhall ſee little but the laſt, from which I will ſend your ladyſhip a rocket in my next letter. Lady M——, I believe, has had a private audience of the embaſſador's leg[1], but *en tout bien & honneur*, and only to ſatisfy her ceremonious curioſity about any part of royal nudity. I am juſt going to her, as ſhe is to Verſailles; and I have not time to add a word more to the vows of your ladyſhip's

Moſt faithful

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Dec. 12, 1775.

DID you hear that ſcream?—Don't be frightened, madam; it was only the ducheſs of Kingſton laſt Sunday was ſevennight at chapel: but it is better to be prepared; for ſhe has ſent word to the houſe of lords, that her nerves are ſo bad ſhe intends to ſcream for theſe two months, and therefore they muſt put off her trial. They are to take her throes into conſideration to-day; and, that there may be ſufficient room for the length of her veil and train, and attendants, have a mind to treat her with Weſtminſter-hall. I hope ſo, for I ſhould like to ſee this comedie larmoyante; and beſides, I conclude, it would bring your ladyſhip to town. You ſhall have timely notice.

There is another comedy infinitely worth ſeeing, monſieur le Teſſier. He is Preville, and Caillaud, and Garrick, and Weſton, and Mrs. Clive, all together; and as perfect in the moſt inſignificant part as in the moſt difficult. To be ſure, it is hard to give up loo in ſuch fine weather, when one can play from morning till night. In London, Pam can ſcarce get a houſe till ten o'clock. If you happen to ſee the general your huſband, make my compliments to him, madam: his friend the king of Pruſſia is going to the devil and Alexander the Great.

[1] He alludes to the ceremony of the marriages of princeſſes by proxy. E.

LETTER XIV.

Strawberry-hill, June 25, 1778.

I AM quite aſtoniſhed, madam, at not hearing of Mr. Conway's being returned! What is he doing? Is he revolting and ſetting up for himſelf, like our nabobs in India? or is he forming Jerſey, Guernſey, Alderney, and Sark, into the united provinces in the compaſs of a ſilver penny? I ſhould not wonder if this was to be the fate of our diſtracted empire, which we ſeem to have made ſo large, only that it might afford to ſplit into ſeparate kingdoms. I told Mr. C. I ſhould not write any more, concluding he would not ſtay a twinkling; and your ladyſhip's laſt encouraged my expecting him. In truth, I had nothing to tell him if I had written.

I have been in town but one ſingle night this age, as I could not bear to throw away this phœnix June. It has rained a good deal this morning, but only made it more delightful. The flowers are all Arabian. I have found but one inconvenience, which is the hoſts of cuckoos: one would not think one was in Doctors Commons. It is very diſagreeable, that the nightingales ſhould ſing but half a dozen ſongs, and the other beaſts ſquall for two months together.

Poor Mrs. Clive has been robbed again in her own lane, as ſhe was laſt year, and has got the jaundice, ſhe thinks, with the fright. I don't make a viſit without a blunderbuſs; ſo one might as well be invaded by the French. Though I live in the centre of miniſters, I do not know a ſyllable of politics; and though within hearing of lady ———, who is but two miles off, I have not a word of news to ſend your ladyſhip. I live like Berecynthia, ſurrounded by nephews and nieces: big and little, I have fifteen near me: yet Park-place is full as much in my mind, and I beg for its hiſtory.

Your moſt faithful

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Saturday night, July 10, 1779.

I COULD not thank your ladyſhip before the poſt went out to-day, as I was getting into my chaiſe to go and dine at Carſhalton with my couſin T. Walpole when I received your kind enquiry about my eye. It is quite well again, and I hope the next attack of the gout will be any where rather than in that quarter.

I did not expect Mr. Conway would think of returning juſt now. As you have loſt both Mrs. D—— and lady William Campbell, I do not ſee why your ladyſhip ſhould not go to Goodwood.

The Baroneſs's increaſing peeviſhneſs does not ſurpriſe me. When people will not weed their own minds, they are apt to be overrun with nettles. She knows nothing of politics, and no wonder talks nonſenſe about them. It is ſilly to wiſh three nations had but one neck; but it is ten times more abſurd to act as if it was ſo, which the government has done;—aye, and forgetting, too, that it has not a ſcymitar large enough to ſever that neck, which they have in effect made *one*. It is paſt the time, madam, of making conjectures. How can one gueſs whither France and Spain will direct a blow that is in their option? I am rather inclined to think that they will have patience to ruin us in detail. Hitherto France and America have carried their points by that manœuvre. Should there be an engagement at ſea, and the French and Spaniſh fleets, by their great ſuperiority, ſhould have the advantage, one knows not what might happen. Yet, though there are ſuch large preparations making on the French coaſt, I do not much expect a ſerious invaſion, as they are ſure they can do us more damage by a variety of other attacks, where we can make little reſiſtance. Gibraltar and Jamaica can but be the immediate objects of Spain. Ireland is much worſe guarded than this iſland:—nay, we muſt be undone by our expence, ſhould the ſummer paſs without any attempt. My couſin thinks they will try to deſtroy Portſmouth and Plymouth—but I have ſeen nothing in the preſent French miniſtry that looks like bold enterpriſe. We are much more adventurous, that ſet every thing to the hazard: but there are ſuch numbers of *baroneſſes* that both talk and act with paſſion, that one would think the nation had loſt its ſenſes. Every thing has miſcarried that has been undertaken, and the worſe we ſucceed,

the more is riſked;—yet the nation is not angry! How can one conjecture during ſuch a delirium? I ſometimes almoſt think I muſt be in the wrong to be of ſo contrary an opinion to moſt men:—yet, when every misfortune that has happened had been foretold by a few, why ſhould I not think I have been in the right? Has not almoſt every ſingle event that has been announced as proſperous proved a groſs falſehood, and often a ſilly one? Are we not at this moment aſſured that Waſhington cannot poſſibly amaſs an army of above 8000 men! and yet Clinton, with 20,000 men, and with the hearts, as we are told, too, of three parts of the colonies, dares not ſhow his teeth without the walls of New York!—Can I be in the wrong in not believing what is ſo contradictory to my ſenſes? We could not conquer America when it ſtood alone; then France ſupported it, and we did not mend the matter. To make it ſtill eaſier, we have driven Spain into the alliance. Is this wiſdom? Would it be preſumption, even if one were ſingle, to think that we muſt have the worſt in ſuch a conteſt? Shall I be like the mob, and expect to conquer France and Spain, and then thunder upon America?—Nay, but the higher mob do not expect ſuch ſucceſs. They would not be ſo angry at the houſe of Bourbon, if not morally certain that thoſe kings deſtroy all our paſſionate deſire and expectation of conquering America. We bullied, and threatened, and begged, and nothing would do. Yet independence was ſtill the word. Now we rail at the two monarchs—and when they have banged us, we ſhall ſue to them as humbly as we did to the Congreſs. All this my ſenſes, ſuch as they are, tell me has been and will be the caſe. What is worſe, all Europe is of the ſame opinion; and though forty thouſand *baroneſſes* may be ever ſo angry, I venture to propheſy that we ſhall make but a very fooliſh figure whenever we are ſo lucky as to obtain a peace; and poſterity, that may have prejudices of its own, will ſtill take the liberty to pronounce that its anceſtors were a woful ſet of politicians from the year 1774 to —— I wiſh I knew when.

If I might adviſe, I would recommend Mr. B—— to command the fleet in the room of ſir Charles Hardy. The fortune of the B——s is powerful enough to baffle calculation. Good night, madam!

P. S. I have not written to Mr. Conway ſince this day ſevennight, not having a teaſpoonful of news to ſend him. I will beg your ladyſhip to tell him ſo.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Strawberry-hill, Friday night, 1779.

I AM not at all ſurpriſed, my dear madam, at the intrepidity of Mrs. D—— [1]; ſhe always was the heroic daughter of a hero. Her ſenſe and coolneſs never forſake her. I, who am not ſo firm, ſhuddered at your ladyſhip's account. Now that ſhe has ſtood fire for four hours, I hope ſhe will give as clear proofs of her underſtanding, of which I have as high opinion as of her courage, and not return in any danger.

I am to dine at Ditton to-morrow, and will certainly talk on the ſubject you recommend—yet I am far, till I have heard more, from thinking with your ladyſhip, that more troops and artillery at Jerſey would be deſirable. Any conſiderable quantity of either, eſpecially of the former, cannot be ſpared at this moment, when ſo big a cloud hangs over this iſland, nor would any number avail if the French ſhould be maſters at ſea. A large garriſon would but tempt the French thither, were it but to diſtreſs this country; and, what is worſe, would encourage Mr. Conway to make an impracticable defence. If he is to remain in a ſituation ſo unworthy of him, I confeſs I had rather he was totally incapable of making any defence. I love him enough not to murmur at his expoſing himſelf where his country and his honour demand him—but I would not have him meaſure himſelf in a place untenable againſt very ſuperior force. My preſent comfort is, as to him, that France at this moment has a far vaſter object. I have good reaſon to believe the government knows that a great army is ready to embark at St. Maloes, but will not ſtir till after a ſea-fight, which we do not know but may be engaged at this moment. Our fleet is allowed to be the fineſt ever ſet forth by this country—but it is inferior in number by ſeventeen ſhips to the united ſquadron of the Bourbons. France, if ſucceſsful, means to pour in a vaſt many thouſands on us, and has threatened to burn the capital itſelf. Jerſey, my dear madam, does not enter into a calculation of ſuch magnitude. The moment is ſingularly awful—yet the vaunts of enemies are rarely executed ſucceſsfully and ably. Have we trampled America under our foot?

[1] The packet in which ſhe was croſſing from Dover to Oſtend was taken by a French frigate after a running fight of ſeveral hours. E.

You

You have too good ſenſe, madam, to be impoſed upon by my arguments, if they are inſubſtantial. You do know that I have had my terrors for Mr. Conway; but at preſent they are out of the queſtion, from the inſignificance of his iſland. Do not liſten to rumours, nor believe a ſingle one till it has been canvaſſed over and over. Fear, folly, fifty motives, will coin new reports every hour at ſuch a conjuncture. When one is totally void of credit and power, patience is the only wiſdom. I have ſeen dangers ſtill more imminent. They were diſperſed. Nothing happens in proportion to what is meditated. Fortune, whatever fortune is, is more conſtant than is the common notion. I do not give this as one of my ſolid arguments, but I have always encouraged myſelf in being ſuperſtitious on the favourable ſide. I never, like moſt ſuperſtitious people, believe auguries againſt my wiſhes. We have been fortunate in the eſcape of Mrs. D——, and in the defeat at Jerſey even before Mr. Conway arrived; and thence I depend on the ſame future proſperity. From the authority of perſons who do not reaſon on ſuch airy hopes, I am ſeriouſly perſuaded, that if the fleets engage, the enemy will not gain advantage without deep-felt loſs, enough probably to diſmay their invaſion. Coolneſs may ſucceed, and then negotiation.—Surely, if we can weather the ſummer, we ſhall, obſtinate as we are againſt conviction, be compelled by the want of money to relinquiſh our ridiculous pretenſions, now proved to be utterly impracticable; for, with an inferior navy at home, can we aſſert ſovereignty over America? It is a contradiction in terms and in fact. It may be hard of digeſtion to relinquiſh it, but it is impoſſible to purſue it. Adieu, my dear madam! I have not left room for a line more.

LETTER XVII.

Strawberry-hill, Tueſday night, June 8, 1779.

YOU frightened me for a minute, my dear madam; but every letter ſince has given me pleaſure, by telling me how rapidly you recovered, and how perfectly well you are again. Pray, however, do not give me any more ſuch joys. I ſhall be quite content with your remaining immortal, without the foil of any alarm. You gave all your friends a panic, and may truſt their attachment without renewing it. I received as many inquiries the next day as if an archbiſhop was in danger, and all the bench hoped he was going to heaven.

Mr. Conway wonders I do not talk of Voltaire's Memoirs.—Lord bleſs me! I ſaw it two months ago; the Lucans brought it from Paris and lent it to me: nay, and I have ſeen moſt of it before; and I believe this an imperfect copy, for it ends no how at all. Beſides, it was quite out of my head. Lord Melcombe's Diary put that and every thing elſe out of my mind. I wonder much more at Mr. Conway's not talking of this! It goſſips about the living as familiarly as a modern newſpaper. I long to hear what ——— ſays about it. I wiſh the newſpapers were as accurate! They have been circumſtantial about *lady Walſingham's* birth-day clothes, which to be ſure one is glad to know, only unluckily there is no ſuch perſon [1]. However, I dare to ſay that her dreſs was very becoming, and that ſhe looked charmingly.

The month of June, according to cuſtom immemorial, is as cold as Chriſtmas. I had a fire laſt night, and all my roſebuds, I believe, would have been very glad to ſit by it. I have other grievances to boot; but as they are annuals too, videlicet,—people to ſee my houſe,—I will not torment your ladyſhip with them: yet I know nothing elſe. None of my neighbours are come into the country yet: one would think all the dowagers were elected into the new parliament. Adieu, my dear madam!

[1] The title of Walſingham was not revived in the family of de Grey till the year 1780. E.

Heath Sculp.

Hannah More.

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

MRS. H. MORE,

From the Year 1784 to the Year 1796.

LETTERS

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From the Year 1784 to the Year 1796.

LETTER I.

To MRS. H. MORE.

Strawberry-hill, November 13, 1784.

THANK you a thouſand times, dear madam, for your obliging letter and the new *Briſtol ſtones* you have ſent me, which would paſs on a more ſkilful lapidary than I am for having been brillianted by a profeſſed artiſt, if you had not told me that they came ſhining out of a native mine, and had no foreign diamond-duſt to poliſh them. Indeed can one doubt any longer that Briſtol is as rich and warm a ſoil as India? I am convinced it has been ſo of late years, though I queſtion its having been ſo luxuriant in alderman Canning's days; and I have MORE reaſons for thinking ſo, than from the marvels of Chatterton.—But I will drop metaphors, leſt ſome nabob ſhould take me *au pié de la lettre*, fit out an expedition, plunder your city, and maſſacre you for weighing *too many* carats.

Serioufly, madam, I am ſurpriſed—and chiefly at the kind of genius of this unhappy female[1]. Her ear, as you remark, is perfect—but that being a

[1] Mrs. Yearſley, the milkwoman of Briſtol.

gift of nature, amazes me leſs. Her expreſſions are more exalted than poetic; and diſcover taſte, as you ſay, rather than diſcover flights of fancy and wild ideas, as one ſhould expect. I ſhould therefore adviſe her quitting blank verſe, which wants the higheſt colouring to diſtinguiſh it from proſe; whereas her taſte, and probably good ſenſe, might give ſufficient beauty to her rhymes.

Her not being learned is another reaſon againſt her writing in blank verſe. Milton employed all his reading, nay all his geographic knowledge, to enrich his language—and ſucceeded. They who have imitated him in that particular, have been mere monkeys; and they who neglected it, flat and poor.

Were I not perſuaded by the ſamples you have ſent me, madam, that this woman has talents, I ſhould not adviſe her encouraging her propenſity, leſt it ſhould divert her from the care of her family, and, after the novelty is over, leave her worſe than ſhe was. When the late queen patroniſed Stephen Duck, who was only a wonder at firſt, and had not genius enough to ſupport the character he had promiſed, twenty artiſans and labourers turned poets, and ſtarved. Your poeteſs can ſcarce be more miſerable than ſhe is, and even the reputation of being an authoreſs may procure her cuſtomers: but as poetry is one of your leaſt excellencies, madam (your virtues will forgive me), I am ſure you will not only give her councils for her works, but for her conduct; and your gentleneſs will blend them ſo judiciouſly, that ſhe will mind the friend as well as the miſtreſs. She muſt remember that ſhe is a Lactilla, not a Paſtora; and is to tend real cows, not Arcadian ſheep.

What! if I ſhould go a ſtep farther, dear madam, and take the liberty of reproving you for putting into this poor woman's hands ſuch a frantic thing as the Caſtle of Otranto? It was fit for nothing but the age in which it was written; an age in which much was known; that required only to be amuſed, nor cared whether its amuſements were conformable to truth and the models of good ſenſe; that could not be ſpoiled; was in no danger of being too credulous; and rather wanted to be brought back to imagination, than to be led aſtray by it:—but you will have made a hurly-burly in this poor woman's head, which it cannot develop and digeſt.

I will not reprove, without ſuggeſting ſomething in my turn. Give her Dryden's

Dryden's Cock and Fox, the ſtandard of good ſenſe, poetry, nature, and eaſe. I would recommend others of his tales: but her imagination is already too gloomy, and ſhould be enlivened; for which reaſon I do not name Mr. Gray's Eton Ode and Church-yard. Prior's Solomon (for I doubt his Alma, though far ſuperior, is too learned for her limited reading) would be very proper. In truth, I think the caſt of the age (I mean in its compoſitions) is too ſombre. The flimſy giantry of Oſſian has introduced mountainous horrors. The exhibitions at Somerſet-houſe are crowded with Brobdignag ghoſts. Read and explain to her a charming poetic familiarity called the Blue-Stocking Club. If ſhe has not your other pieces, might I take the liberty, madam, of begging you to buy them for her, and let me be in your debt? And that your leſſons may win their way more eaſily, even though her heart be good, will you add a guinea or two, as you ſee proper?—And though I do not love to be named, yet, if it would encourage a ſubſcription, I ſhould have no ſcruple. It will be beſt to begin moderately; for, if ſhe ſhould take Hippocrene for Pactolus, we may haſten her ruin, not contribute to her fortune.

On recollection, you had better call me Mr. any-body, than name my name, which I fear is in bad odour at Briſtol, on poor Chatterton's account; and it may be thought that I am atoning his ghoſt: though, if his friends would ſhew my letters to him, you would find that I was as tender to him as to your milkwoman: but *that* they have never done, among other inſtances of their injuſtice. However, I beg you to ſay nothing on that ſubject, as I have declared I would not.

I have ſeen our excellent friend in Clarges-ſtreet [1]: ſhe complains as uſual of her deafneſs; but I aſſure you it is at leaſt not worſe, nor is her weakneſs. Indeed I think both her and Mr. Veſey better than laſt winter. When will you *blue-ſtocking* yourſelf and come amongſt us? Conſider how many of us are veterans; and though we do not trudge on foot according to the inſtitution, we may be out at heels—and the heel, you know, madam, has never been privileged. I am, with the ſincereſt regard, madam,

Your much obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Mrs. Veſey.

LETTER

LETTER II.[1]

Berkeley-ſquare, April 5th, 1785.

HAD I not heard part of your converſation with Mrs. Carter the other night, madam, I ſhould certainly not have diſcovered the authoreſs of the very ingenious anticipation of our future jargon. How ſhould I? I am not fortunate enough to know all your talents;—nay, I queſtion whether you yourſelf ſuſpect all you poſſeſs. Your *Bas-bleus* is in a ſtyle very different from any of your other productions that I have ſeen; and this letter, which ſhows your intuition into the degeneracy of our language, has a vein of humour and ſatire that could not be calculated from your *Bas-bleus*, in which good-nature and good-humour had made a great deal of learning wear all the

[1] This is an anſwer to the following anonymous letter ſent to Mr. Walpole by Mrs. H. More, ridiculing the prevailing adoption of French idioms into the Engliſh language. The letter affects to anticipate that corrupt ſtyle of compoſition which the preſent bad taſte may probably eſtabliſh in another century. In this ſatirical epiſtle there is neither one French word nor one Engliſh idiom.

A ſpecimen of the Engliſh language, as it will probably be written and ſpoken in the next century. In a letter from a lady to her friend in the reign of George the fifth.

A-la-mode-caſtle,

Dear madam, June 20, 1840.

I no ſooner found myſelf here than I viſited my new apartment, which is compoſed of five pieces: the ſmall room which gives upon the garden is practiſed through the great one, and there is no other iſſue. As I was quite exceeded with fatigue, I had no ſooner made my toilette than I let myſelf fall on a bed of repoſe, where ſleep came to ſurpriſe me.

My lord and I are in the intention to make good cheer, and a great expence, and this country is in poſſeſſion to furniſh wherewithal to amuſe oneſelf. All that England has of illuſtrious, all that youth has of amiable, or beauty of raviſhing, ſees itſelf in this quarter. Render you ſelf here then, my friend, and you ſhall find aſſembled all that there is of beſt, whether for letters, whether for birth.

Yeſterday I did my poſſible to give to eat: the dinner was of the laſt perfection, and the wines left nothing to deſire. The repaſt was ſeaſoned with a thouſand rejoicing ſallies, full of ſalt and agreement, and one more brilliant than another. Lady Frances charmed me as for the firſt time; ſhe is made to paint; has a great air, and has infinitely of expreſſion in her phyſiognomy: her manners have as much of natural, as her figure has of intereſting.

I had prayed lady B—— to be of this dinner, as I had heard nothing but good of her: but I am now diſabuſed on her ſubject; ſhe is paſt her firſt youth, has very little inſtruction, is inconſequent and ſubject to caution: but having evaded with one of her pretenders, her reputation has been committed by the bad faith of a friend, on whoſe fidelity ſhe repoſed herſelf. She is therefore fallen into devotion, goes no more to ſpectacles, and play is defended at her houſe. Though ſhe affects a mortal ſerious, I obſerved that her eyes were of intelligence with thoſe of ſir James, near whom I had taken care to plant myſelf, though this is always a ſacrifice which coſts. Sir James is a great ſayer of nothings; it is a ſpoilt mind; full of fatuity and pretenſion; his converſation is a tiſſue of impertinencies, and the bad tone which reigns at preſent has put the laſt hand to his defects. He makes but little caſe of his word; but as he lends himſelf to whatever is propoſed of amuſing, the women all throw themſelves at his head.

Adieu.

eaſe of familiarity. I did wiſh you to write another Percy—but I beg now that you will firſt produce a ſpecimen of *all* the various manners in which you can ſhine; for, ſince you are as modeſt as if your iſſue were illegitimate, I don't know but, like ſome females really in fault, you would ſtifle ſome of your pretty infants, rather than be detected and bluſh.

In the mean time, I beſeech you not only to print *your ſpecimen of the language that is to be in faſhion*, but have it entered at Stationer's-hall; or depend upon it, if ever a copy falls into the hands of a fine gentleman yet unborn, who ſhall be able both to read and write, he will adopt your letter for his own, and the Gallinatias will give the ton to the court, as Euphues[1] did near two hundred years ago; and then you will have corrupted our language inſtead of defending it:—and ſurely it is not *your* intereſt, madam, to have pure Engliſh grow obſolete.

If you do not promiſe to grant my requeſt, I will ſhow your letter every where to thoſe that are worthy of ſeeing it;—that is, indeed, in very few places;—for you *ſhall* have the honour of it. It is one of thoſe compoſitions that prove themſelves ſtandards, by begetting imitations; and if the genuine parent is unknown, it will be aſcribed to every body that is ſuppoſed (in his own ſet) to have more wit than the reſt of the world. I ſhould be diverted, I own, to hear it faintly diſavowed by ſome who would wiſh to paſs for its authors:—but ſtill there is more pleaſure in doing juſtice to merit, than in drawing vain pretenſions into a ſcrape; and therefore I think you and I had better be honeſt and acknowledge it, though to you (for I am out of the queſtion, but as evidence) it will be painful; for though the proverb ſays, "Tell truth and ſhame the devil," I believe he is never half ſo much confounded as a certain amiable young gentlewoman who is diſcovered to have more taſte and abilities than ſhe ever ventured to aſcribe to herſelf even in the moſt private dialogues with her own heart; eſpecially when that native friend is ſo pure as to have no occaſion to make allowances even for ſelf-love. For my part, I am moſt ſeriouſly obliged to you, madam, for ſo agreeable and kind a communication, and am, with ſincere regard,

Your moſt grateful and obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] "Euphues and his England" was written by John Lilly, and publiſhed in quarto in 1580. Edward Blount, in the preface to Lilly's Comedies, publiſhed in 1632, ſays—"Our nation is in his debt for a *new Engliſh* which he taught them. *Euphues and his England* began firſt that language. All our ladies were then his ſcholars; and that beauty in court that could not parley *Euphuiſm* was as little regarded as ſhe which now there ſpeaks not French." E.

LETTER III.

Berkeley-ſquare, Feb. 9, 1786.

IT is very cruel, my dear madam, when you ſend me ſuch charming lines [1], and ſay ſuch kind and flattering things to me and of me, that I cannot even thank you with my own poor hand; and yet my hand is as much obliged to you as my eye and ear and underſtanding. My hand was in great pain when your preſent arrived. I opened it directly, and ſat to reading, till your muſic and my own vanity compoſed a quieting draught that glided to the ends of my fingers, and lulled the throbs into the deliquium that attends opium when it does not put one abſolutely to ſleep. I don't believe that the deity who formerly practiſed both poetry and phyſic, when gods got their livelihood by more than one profeſſion, ever gave a recipe in rhyme; and therefore, ſince Dr. Johnſon has prohibited application to Pagan divinities, and Mr. Burke has not ſtruck medicine and poetry out of the liſt of ſinecures, I wiſh you may get a patent for life for exerciſing both faculties. It would be a comfortable event for me; for, ſince I cannot wait on you to thank you, nor dare aſk you

——— to call your doves yourſelf,

and viſit me in your Parnaſſian quality, I might ſend for you as my *phyſicianeſs*. Yet why ſhould not I aſk you to come and ſee me? You are not ſuch a prude as to

——— bluſh to ſhow compaſſion,

though it ſhould

—— not chance this year to be the faſhion [2].

And I can tell you, that powerful as your poetry is, and old as I am, I believe a viſit from you would do me as much good almoſt as your verſes.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept of an addition to your Strawberry editions; and believe me to be, with the greateſt gratitude,

Your too much honoured

And moſt obliged humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The poem of Florio, dedicated to Mr. Walpole.

[2] Vide Florio.

LETTER IV.

Berkeley-ſquare, Jan. 1, 1787.

DO not imagine, dear madam, that I pretend in the moſt diſtant manner to pay you for charming poetry with inſipid proſe; much leſs that I acquit a debt of gratitude for flattering kindneſs and friendſhip, by a meagre tale that does not even aim at celebrating you. No; I have but two motives for offering you the accompanying trifle [1]: the firſt, to prove that the moment I have finiſhed any thing, *you* are of the earlieſt in my thoughts: the ſecond, that, coming from my preſs, I wiſh it may be added to your Strawberry editions. It is ſo far from being deſigned for the public, that I have printed but forty copies; which I do not mention to raiſe its value, though it will with mere collectors, but leſt you ſhould lend it and loſe it, when I may not be able to ſupply its place.

Chriſtina, indeed, has ſome title to connection with you, both from her learning and her moral writings; as you are juſtly entitled to a lodging in her Cité des Dames, where I am ſure her three patroneſſes would place you, as a favourite eleve of ſome of their ſtill more amiable ſiſters, who muſt at this moment be condoling with their unfortunate ſiſter Gratitude, whoſe vagabond foundling has ſo baſely diſgraced her and herſelf. You fancied that Mrs. Y—— was a ſpurious iſſue of a muſe; and to be ſure, with all their immortal virginity, the pariſh of Parnaſſus has been ſadly charged with their bantlings: and as nobody knows the fathers, no wonder ſome of the miſſes have turned out woful reprobates!

I was very unlucky in not calling at Mrs. Veſey's the evening you was there for a moment; but I hope for better fortune ſoon, and will be much obliged to you if you will tell me when I may hope for that pleaſure.

Your moſt grateful and faithful humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Chriſtine de Piſe.

LETTER V.

Berkeley-ſquare, February 23, 1787.

DEAR MADAM,

I NOT only ſend you la Cité des Dames, but Chriſtina's Life of Charles V. which will entertain you more, and which, when I wrote my brief hiſtory of her, I did not know ſhe had actually compoſed. Mr. Dutens told me of it very lately, and actually borrowed it for me—and but yeſterday my French bookſeller ſent me three-and-twenty other volumes of thoſe *Memoires Hiſtoriques*[1], which I had ordered him to get for me, and which will keep my eyes to the oar for ſome time, whenever I have leiſure to ſail through ſuch an ocean; and yet I ſhall embark with pleaſure, late as it is for me to undertake ſuch a hugeous voyage:—but a crew of old goſſips are no improper company, and we ſhall ſit in a warm cabin, and hear and tell old ſtories of paſt times.

Pray keep the volume as long as you pleaſe, and borrow as many more as you pleaſe, for each volume is a detached piece. Yet I do not ſuppoſe your friends will allow you much time for reading in town; and I hope I ſhall often be the better for their hindering you.

Yours moſt ſincerely and moſt cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VI.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1787.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I AM ſhocked for human nature at the repeated malevolence of this woman!—The rank ſoil of riches we are accuſtomed to ſee overrun with weeds and thiſtles; but who could expect that the kindeſt ſeeds ſown on poverty and dire misfortunes, ſhould meet with nothing but a rock at bottom? Catherine de Medici, ſuckled by popes and tranſplanted to a throne, ſeems more excuſable. Thank heaven, madam, for giving you ſo excellent

[1] *Collection des meilleurs ouvrages François compoſés par des femmes*, by mademoiſelle Keralio.

a heart

a heart—aye, and ſo good a head. You are not only benevolence itſelf, but, with fifty times the genius of ———, you are void of vanity. How ſtrange that vanity ſhould expel gratitude!—Does not the wretched woman owe her fame to you, as well as her affluence? I can teſtify your labours for both. Dame —— reminds me of the Troubadours, thoſe vagrants whom I uſed to admire till I knew their hiſtory; and who uſed to pour out trumpery verſes, and flatter or abuſe accordingly as they were houſed and clothed, or diſmiſſed to the next pariſh:—Yet you did not ſet this perſon in the ſtocks, after procuring an annuity for her!

I beg your pardon for renewing ſo diſguſting a ſubject, and will never mention it again. You have better amuſement; you love good works; a temper ſuperior to revenge.

I have again ſeen our poor friend in Clarges-ſtreet: her faculties decay rapidly; and of courſe ſhe ſuffers leſs. She has not an acquaintance in town; and yet told me the town was very full, and that ſhe had had a good deal of company. Her health is re-eſtabliſhed, and we muſt now be content that her mind is not reſtleſs. My pity now feels moſt for Mrs. Hancock[1]; whoſe patience is inexhauſtible, though not inſenſible.

Mrs. Piozzi, I hear, has two volumes of Dr. Johnſon's letters ready for publication. Bruce is printing his Travels; which I ſuppoſe will prove that his narratives were fabulous, as he will ſcarce repeat them by the preſs. Theſe and two more volumes of Mr. Gibbon's Hiſtory are all the literary news I know. France ſeems ſunk inded in all reſpects. What ſtuff are their theatrical goods, their Richards, Ninas and Tarares! But when their Figaro could run threeſcore nights, how deſpicable muſt their taſte be grown[2]! I rejoice that their political intrigues are not more creditable. I

[1] A lady who lived with Mrs. Veſey.

[2] Mr. Walpole had never ſeen Figaro acted, nor had he been at Paris for many years before it appeared: he was not therefore aware of the bold, witty and continued alluſions of almoſt every ſcene and of almoſt every incident of that comedy to the moſt popular topics and the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the day.—The freedom with which it treated arbitrary government and all its eſtabliſhments, while they all yet continued in unwelcome force in France, and the moral conduct of each individual of the piece exactly ſuiting the no-morality of the audience, joined to the admirable manner in which it was acted, certainly muſt be allowed to have given it its greateſt vogue.—But even now, when moſt of theſe temporary advantages no longer exiſt, whoever was well acquainted with the manners, habits and anecdotes of Paris at the time of the firſt appearance of Figaro, will always admire in it a combination of keen and pointed ſatire, eaſy wit, and laughable incident. E.

do not diſlike the French from the vulgar antipathy between neighbouring nations, but for their inſolent and unfounded airs of ſuperiority. In arms we have almoſt always outſhone them: and till they have excelled Newton, and come near to Shakeſpeare, pre-eminence in genius muſt remain with us. I think they are moſt entitled to triumph over the Italians, as with the moſt meagre and inharmonious of all languages the French have made more of that poverty in tragedy and eloquence, than the Italians have done with the language the moſt capable of both——But I did not mean to ſend you a diſſertation. I hope it will not be long before you remove to Hampton—Yet why ſhould I wiſh that?—You will only be geographically nearer to London till February.—Cannot you now and then ſleep at the Adelphi on a viſit to poor Veſey and your friends, and let one know if you do?

Yours, my dear madam, moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VII.

Strawberry-hill, July 4, 1788.

I AM ſoundly rejoiced, my dear madam, that the preſent ſummer is more favourable to me than the laſt; and that, inſtead of not anſwering my letters in three months, you open the campaign firſt.—May not I flatter myſelf that it is a ſymptom of your being in better health? I wiſh however you had told me ſo in poſitive words, and that all your complaints have left you. Welcome as is your letter, it would have been ten times more welcome, bringing me that aſſurance; for don't think I forget how ill you was laſt winter. As letters, you ſay, now keep their coaches[1], I hope thoſe from Briſtol will call often at my door. I promiſe you I will never be denied to them.

No botaniſt am I; nor wiſhed to learn from *you* of all the muſes that *piping* has a new ſignification. I had rather that *you* handled an oaten pipe

[1] Meaning the eſtabliſhment of the mail-coach.

than

than a carnation one—yet ſetting layers, I own, is preferable to reading newſpapers, one of the chronical maladies of this age.—Every body reads them, nay quotes them, though every body knows they are ſtuffed with lies or blunders.—How ſhould it be otherwiſe? If any extraordinary event happens, who but muſt hear it before it deſcends through a coffee-houſe to the runner of a daily-paper? They who are always wanting news, are wanting to hear they don't know what. A lower ſpecies indeed is that of the ſcribes you mention, who every night compoſe a journal for the ſatisfaction of ſuch *illiterati*, and feed them with all the vices and misfortunes of every private family—nay, they now call it a *duty* to publiſh all thoſe calamities which decency to wretched relations uſed in compaſſion to ſuppreſs—I mean ſelf-murder in particular. Mr. ——'s was detailed at length; and to-day that of lord ——— and ———. The pretence is, in terrorem, like the abſurd ſtake and highway of our anceſtors; as if there were a precautionary potion for madneſs, or the ſtigma of a newſpaper were more dreadful than death. Daily journaliſts, to be ſure, are moſt reſpectable magiſtrates! Yes, much like the coblers that Cromwell made peers.

I do lament your not going to Mr. Conway's play[1]: both the author and actors deſerved ſuch an auditor as you, and you deſerved to hear them.—However, I do not pity *good* people, who out of virtue loſe or miſs any pleaſures. Thoſe paſtimes fleet as faſt as thoſe of the wicked; but when gone, you ſaints can ſit down and feaſt on your ſelf-denial, and drink bumpers of ſatisfaction to the health of your own merit—So truly I don't pity you.

You ſay you hear no news, yet you quote Mr. Topham; therefore why ſhould I tell you that the king is going to Cheltenham? or that the Baccelli lately danced at the opera at Paris with a blue bandeau on her forehead inſcribed, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe?*—Now who can doubt but ſhe is as pure as the counteſs of Saliſbury[2]? Was not it ingenious? and was not the embaſſador ſo to allow it?—No doubt he took it for a compliment to his own knee.

Well! would we committed nothing but follies! What do we not commit when the abolition of ſlavery hitches!

[1] Falſe Appearances, tranſlated from the French by Mr. Conway, and acted at Richmond-houſe.

[2] The counteſs of Saliſbury, to the fall of whoſe garter has been attributed the foundation of the order of the Garter. E.

Though

Though Cato died, though Tully ſpoke,
Though Brutus dealt the god-like ſtroke,
Yet periſh'd fated Rome!—

You have written; and I fear that even if Mr. Sheridan ſpeaks, trade, the modern religion, will predominate. Adieu, my dear madam!

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1788.

WON'T you repent having opened the correſpondence, my dear madam, when you find my letters come ſo thick upon you? In this inſtance, however, I am only to blame in part, for being too ready to take advice, for the ſole reaſon for which advice ever is taken, becauſe it fell in with my inclination.

You ſaid in your laſt that you feared you took up time of mine to the prejudice of the public; implying, I imagine, that I might employ it in compoſing. Waving both your compliment and my own vanity, I will ſpeak very ſeriouſly to you on that ſubject, and with exact truth. My ſimple writings have had better fortune than they had any reaſon to expect; and I fairly believe, in a great degree, becauſe gentlemen-writers, who do not write for intereſt, are treated with ſome civility if they do not write abſolute nonſenſe. I think ſo, becauſe I have not unfrequently known much better works than mine much more neglected, if the name, fortune, and ſituation of the authors were below mine. I wrote early, from youth, ſpirits and vanity, and from both the laſt when the firſt no longer exiſted. I now ſhudder when I reflect on my own boldneſs; and with mortification, when I compare my own writings with thoſe of any great authors. This is ſo true, that I queſtion whether it would be poſſible for me to ſum up courage to publiſh any thing I have written, if I could recall time paſt and ſhould yet think as I think at preſent.——So much for what is over and out of my power. As to writing now, I have totally forſworn the profeſſion, for

for two ſolid reaſons. One I have already told you, and it is, that I know my own writings are trifling and of no depth. The other is, that, light and futile as they were, I am ſenſible they are better than I could compoſe now. I am aware of the decay of the middling parts I had, and others may be ſtill more ſenſible of it. How do I know but I am ſuperannuated? Nobody will be ſo coarſe as to tell me ſo—but if I publiſhed dotage, all the world would tell me ſo—And who but runs that riſk who is an author after ſeventy? What happened to the greateſt author of this age, and who certainly retained a very conſiderable portion of his abilities for ten years after my age? Voltaire, at 84 I think, went to Paris to receive the incenſe, in perſon, of his countrymen, and to be witneſs of their admiration of a tragedy he had written at that Methuſalem-age. Incenſe he did receive till it choked him; and at the exhibition of his play he was actually crowned with laurel in the box where he ſat——But what became of his poor play? —It died as ſoon as he did—was buried with him—and no mortal, I dare to ſay, has ever redde a line of it ſince, it was ſo bad.

As I am neither by a thouſandth part ſo great, nor a quarter ſo little, I will herewith ſend you a fragment that an accidental rencounter ſet me upon writing, and which I found ſo flat, that I would not finiſh it. Don't believe that I am either begging praiſe by the ſtale artifice of hoping to be contradicted; or that I think there is any occaſion to make you diſcover my caducity. No; but the fragment contains a curioſity—Engliſh verſes written by a French prince of the blood[1], and which at firſt I had a mind to add to my Royal and Noble Authors; but as he was not a royal author of ours, and as I could not pleaſe myſelf with an account of him, I ſhall revert to my old reſolution of not expoſing my pen's grey hairs.

Of one paſſage I muſt take notice; it is a little indirect ſneer at our crowd of authoreſſes. My chooſing to ſend this to *you* is a proof that I think you an author, that is, a claſſic. But in truth I am nauſeated by the madams ———, &c. and the hoſt of novel-writers in petticoats, who think they imitate what is inimitable, Evelina and Cecilia. Your candour I know will not agree with me, when I tell you I am not at all charmed with miſs ——

[1] See Appendix to Royal and Noble Authors, page 564, vol. I. of this edition. E.

and

and Mr. ——— piping to one another; but *you* I exhort, and would encourage to write; and flatter myſelf you will never be royally gagged and promoted to fold muſlins, as has been lately wittily ſaid on miſs B——, in the liſt of 500 living authors. *Your* writings promote virtues; and their increaſing editions prove their worth and utility.—If you queſtion my ſincerity, can you doubt my admiring you, when you have gratified my ſelf-love ſo amply in your *Bas-bleu?* Still, as much as I love your writings, I reſpect yet more your heart and your goodneſs. You are ſo good, that I believe you would go to heaven, even though there were no Sunday, and only ſix *working* days in the week. Adieu, my beſt madam!

Yours moſt cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. On recollection, I doubt I have before given you the ſame reaſons for my lying fallow that I have in this letter. If ſo, why, it is like an old man to repeat himſelf—but at leaſt I will not do ſo in print.

LETTER IX.

Strawberry-hill, September 22, 1788.

I DON'T like to defraud you of your compaſſion, my good friend, profuſe as you are of it. I really ſuffered ſcarce any pain at all from my laſt fit of gout. I have known ſeveral perſons who think there is a dignity in complaining; and, if you aſk how they do, reply, Why—I *am* pretty well—to-day; but if you knew what I ſuffered *yeſterday!*—Now methinks nobody has a right to tax another for pity on what is paſt; and beſides, complaint of what is over can only make the hearer glad that you are in pain no longer. Yes, yes, my dear madam, you generally place your pity ſo profitably, that you ſhall not waſte a drop upon me, who ought rather to be congratulated on being ſo well at my age.

Much leſs ſhall I allow you to make apologies for your admirable and proper

proper conduct towards your poor Protegée. And now you have told me the behaviour of a certain great dame, I will confeſs to you that I have known it ſome months by accident—nay, and tried to repair it. I prevailed on lady ——, who as readily undertook the commiſſion, and told the counteſs of her treatment of you—Alas! the anſwer was, "It is too late; I have no money." —No! but ſhe has, if ſhe has a diamond left. I am indignant—yet, do you know, not at this ducheſs, or that counteſs, but at the invention of ranks, and titles, and pre-eminence. I uſed to hate that king and t'other prince—but, alas! on reflection I find the cenſure ought to fall on human nature in general. They are made of the ſame ſtuff as we, and dare we ſay what we ſhould be in their ſituation? Poor creatures! think how they are educated, or rather, corrupted early, how flattered!—To be educated properly, they ſhould be led through hovels, and hoſpitals, and priſons. Inſtead of being reprimanded (and perhaps immediately after, *ſugar-plum'd*) for not learning their Latin or French grammar, they now and then ſhould be kept faſting, and, if they cut their finger, ſhould have no plaiſter till it feſtered. No part of a royal brat's memory, which is good enough, ſhould be burthened but with the remembrance of human ſufferings. In ſhort, I fear our nature is ſo liable to be corrupted and perverted by greatneſs, rank, power, and wealth, that I am inclined to think that virtue is the compenſation to the poor for the want of riches—nay, I am diſpoſed to believe, that the firſt footpad or highwayman had been a man of quality, or a prince, who could not bear having waſted his fortune, and was too lazy to work; for a beggar-born would think labour a more natural way of getting a livelihood than venturing his life. I have ſomething a ſimilar opinion about common women. No modeſt girl thinks of many men, till ſhe has been in love with *one*, been ruined by him, and abandoned.——But to return to my theme—and it will fall heavy on yourſelf—Could the milk-woman have been ſo bad, if you had merely kept her from ſtarving, inſtead of giving her opulence? The ſoil, I doubt, was bad; but it could not have produced the rank weed of ingratitude, if you had not dunged it with gold, which riſes from rock, and ſeems to meet with a congenial bed when it falls on the human heart.

And ſo Dr. Warton imagines I am writing Walpoliana!——No, in truth, nor any thing elſe, nor ſhall—nor will I go out in a jeſt-book. Age has not only made me prudent, but, luckily, lazy—and without the latter ex-

tinguiſher, I do not know but that farthing candle my diſcretion would let my ſnuff of life flit to the laſt ſparkle of folly, like what children call the parſon and clerk in a bit of burnt paper. You ſee by my *writability* in preſſing my letters on you, that my pen has ſtill a colt's tooth left; but I never indulge the poor old child with more paper than this ſmall-ſized ſheet—I do not give it enough to make a paper kite and fly abroad on wings of bookſellers. *You* ought to continue writing, for you do good by your writings, or at leaſt mean it; and if a virtuous intention fails, it is a ſort of coin, which, though thrown away, ſtill makes the donor worth more than he was before he gave it away. I delight too in the temperature of your piety, and that you would not ſee the enthuſiaſtic exorciſt. How ſhocking to ſuppoſe that the Omnipotent Creator of worlds delegates his power to a momentary inſect to eject ſupernatural ſpirits that he had permitted to inſeſt another inſect, and had permitted to vomit blaſphemies againſt himſelf! —Pray do not call *that* enthuſiaſm, but delirium.—I pity real enthuſiaſts, but I would ſhave their heads and take away ſome blood. The exorciſt's aſſociates are in a worſe predicament, I doubt, and hope to *make* enthuſiaſts. If ſuch abominable impoſtors were not rather a ſubject of indignation, I could ſmile at the rivalſhip between them and the animal magnetiſts, who are inveigling fools into their different pales——And alas! while folly has a ſhilling left, there will be enthuſiaſts and quack doctors, and there will be ſlaves while there are kings or ſugar-planters. I have remarked, that though Jeſuits, &c. travel to diſtant Eaſt and Weſt to propagate their religion and traffic, I never heard of one that made a journey into Aſia or Africa to preach the doctrines of liberty, though thoſe regions are ſo deplorably oppreſſed. Nay, I much doubt whether ever any chaplain of the regiments we have ſent to India has once whiſpered to a native of Bengal, that there are milder forms of government than thoſe of his country—No; ſecurity of property is not a wholeſome doctrine to be inculcated in a land where the ſoil produces diamonds and gold!—In ſhort, if your Briſtol exorciſt believes he can caſt out devils, why does he not go to Leadenhall-ſtreet? There is a company whoſe name is legion.

By your *gambols*, as you call them, after the moſt ungamboling peereſs in chriſtendom, and by your jaunts, I conclude to my great ſatisfaction that you are quite well. Change of ſcene and air are good for your ſpirits; and September, like all our old ladies, has given itſelf May airs, and muſt have made

made your journey very pleaſant—Yet you will be glad to get back to your Cowſlip-green, though it may offer you nothing but Michaelmas daiſies. When you do leave it, I wiſh you could perſuade Mrs. Garrick to ſettle ſooner in London. There is full as good hay to be made in town at Chriſtmas as at Hampton, and ſome hay-makers that will wiſh for you, particularly

Your moſt ſincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER X.

Berkeley-ſquare, April 22, 1789.

DEAR MADAM,

AS perhaps you have not yet ſeen *the Botanic Garden* (which I believe I mentioned to you), I lend it you to read. The poetry, I think, you will allow moſt admirable; and difficult it was no doubt. If you are not a naturaliſt, as well as a poeteſs, perhaps you will lament that ſo powerful a talent has been waſted to ſo little purpoſe; for where is the uſe of deſcribing in verſe what nobody can underſtand without a long proſaic explanation of every article? It is ſtill more unfortunate that there is not a ſymptom of plan in the whole poem. The lady flowers and their lovers enter in pairs or trios, or &c. as often as the couples in Caſſandra, and you are not a whit more intereſted about one heroine and her ſwain than about another. The ſimilies are beautiful, fine and ſometimes ſublime: and thus the epiſodes will be better remembered than the maſs of the poem itſelf, which one cannot call *the ſubject*; for could one call it a ſubject, if any body had compoſed a poem on the matches formerly made in the Fleet, where, as Waitwell ſays, in The Way of the World, they ſtood like couples in rows ready to begin a country dance?—Still, I flatter myſelf, you will agree with me that the author is a great poet, and could raiſe the paſſions, and poſſeſſes all the requiſites of the art. I found but a ſingle bad verſe: in the laſt canto one line ends *e'er long*.

You will perhaps be ſurpriſed at meeting a Truffle converted into a nymph, and inhabiting a palace ſtudded with emeralds and rubies like a ſaloon in the Arabian Nights!

I had a more particular motive for ſending this poem to *you:* you will find the bard eſpouſing your poor Africans. There is beſides, which will pleaſe you too, a handſome panegyric on *the apoſtle of humanity*, Mr. Howard.

Mrs. Garrick, whom I had the pleaſure of meeting in her own box at Mr. Conway's play, gave me a much better account of your health, which delighted me. I am ſure, my good friend, you partake of my joy at the great ſucceſs of his comedy. The additional character of the abbé pleaſed much—It was added by the advice of the players to enliven it—that is, to ſtretch the jaws of the pit and galleries.—I ſighed ſilently; for it was originally ſo genteel and of a piece, that I was ſorry to have it tumbled by coarſe applauſes——But this is a ſecret.

I am going to Twickenham for two days on an aſſignation with the Spring, and to avoid the riotous devotion of to-morrow.

A gentleman eſſayiſt has printed what he calls ſome ſtrictures on my Royal and Noble Authors, in revenge for my having ſpoken irreverently (on biſhop Burnet's authority) of the earl of Angleſey, who had the honour, it ſeems, of being the gentleman's grandfather. He aſks me, by the way, why it was more ridiculous in the duke of Newcaſtle to write his two comedies, than in the duke of Buckingham to write The Rehearſal?—Alas! I know but one reaſon; which is, that it is leſs ridiculous to write one excellent comedy, than two very bad ones. Peace be with ſuch anſwerers! Adieu, my dear madam!

Yours moſt cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

Strawberry-hill, June 23, 1789.

MADAM HANNAH,

YOU are an errant reprobate, and grow wickeder and wickeder every day. You deſerve to be treated like a *negre*; and your favourite Sunday,

to which you are ſo partial that you treat the other poor ſix days of the week as if they had no ſouls to be ſaved, ſhould, if I could have my will,

——— ſhine no Sabbath-day for you.

Now, don't ſimper, and look as innocent as if virtue would not melt in your mouth—Can you deny the following charges?

I lent you The Botanic Garden, and you returned it without writing a ſyllable, or ſaying where you were or whither you was going—I ſuppoſe, for fear I ſhould know how to direct to you.—Why, if I did ſend a letter after you, could not you keep it three months without an anſwer, as you did laſt year?

In the next place, you and your *nine* accomplices, who by the way are too good in keeping you company, have clubbed the prettieſt [1] poem imaginable, and communicated it to Mrs. Boſcawen, with injunctions not to give a copy of it—I ſuppoſe, becauſe you are aſhamed of having written a panegyric.—Whenever you *do* compoſe a ſatire, you are ready enough to publiſh it—at leaſt whenever you do, you will din one to death with it——But now, mind your perverſeneſs: that very pretty novel poem, and I muſt own it is charming, have you gone and ſpoiled, flying in the faces of your beſt friends the muſes, and keeping no *meaſures* with them.—I'll be ſhot if they dictated two of the beſt lines with two ſyllables too much in each—nay, you have weakened one of them—

Ev'n Gardiner's mind

is far more expreſſive than *ſteadfaſt* Gardiner's—and, as Mrs. Boſcawen ſays, Whoever knows any thing of Gardiner, could not want that ſuperfluous epithet—and whoever does not, would not be the wiſer for your fooliſh inſertion—Mrs. Boſcawen did not call it fooliſh, but I do.

The ſecond line, as meſdemoiſelles the muſes handed it to you, miſs, was,

And all be free and ſav'd—

Not, *All be free and all be ſaved:* the ſecond *all be* is a moſt unneceſſary tautology. The poem was perfect and faultleſs, if you could have let it alone. I wonder how your miſchievous flippancy could help maiming that

[1] Bonner's Ghoſt.

moſt new and beautiful expreſſion, *ſponge of ſins*—I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed, as you love verſes too full of feet, if you had changed it to *that ſcrubbing-bruſh of ſins*.

Well! I will ſay no more now: but if you do not order me a copy of Bonner's Ghoſt incontinently, never dare to look my printing-houſe in the face again—Or come, I'll tell you what; I will forgive all your enormities, if you will let me print your poem. I like to filch a little immortality out of others, and the Strawberry preſs could never have a better opportunity. I will not haggle for the public—I will be content with printing only two hundred copies, of which you ſhall have half, and I half. It ſhall coſt you nothing but a Yes. I only propoſe this, in caſe you do not mean to print it yourſelf. Tell me ſincerely which you like—But as to not printing it at all, charming and unexceptionable as it is, you cannot be ſo prepoſterous.

I by no means have a thought of detracting from your own ſhare in your own poem; but as I do ſuſpect that it caught ſome inſpiration from your peruſal of the Botanic Garden, ſo I hope you will diſcover that *my* ſtyle is much improved by having lately ſtudied ——'s travels—There I dipped, and not in St. Giles's pound, where one would think this author had been educated. Adieu!

Your friend, or mortal foe, as you behave on the preſent occaſion,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Strawberry-hill, July 2, 1789.

I ALMOST think I ſhall never abuſe you again—nay, I would not, did not it prove ſo extremely good for you. No walnut-tree is better for being threſhed than you are; and though you have won my heart by your compliance, I don't know whether my conſcience will not inſiſt on my uſing you ill now and then; for is there any precedent for gratitude not giving way to every other duty? Gratitude, like an earl's eldeſt ſon, is but titular, and has no place upon *trials*——But I fear I am punning ſillily, inſtead of thanking you ſeriouſly, as I do, for allowing me to print your lovely

verſes[1]. My preſs can confer no honour; but, when I offer it, it is a certain mark of my ſincerity and eſteem. It has been dedicated to friendſhip, to charity—too often to worthleſs ſelf-love; ſometimes to the rarity of the pieces, and ſometimes to the merit of them——Now it will unite the firſt motive and the laſt.

My fall, for which you ſo kindly concern yourſelf, was not worth mentioning; for, as I only bruiſed the muſcles of my ſide, inſtead of breaking a rib, camphire infuſed in arquebuſade took off the pain and all conſequences in five or ſix days: and one has no right to draw on the compaſſion of others for what one *has* ſuffered and is paſt. Some love to be pitied on that ſcore, but forget that they only excite, in the beſt-natured, joy on their deliverance. You commend me too for not complaining of my chronical evil—but, my dear madam, I ſhould be blameable for the reverſe. If I would live to ſeventy-two, ought I not to compound for the incumbrances of old age? And who has fewer? And who has more cauſe to be thankful to Providence for his lot? The gout, it is true, comes frequently, but the fits are ſhort, and very tolerable; the intervals are full health. My eyes are perfect, my hearing but little impaired, chiefly to whiſpers, for which I certainly have little occaſion: my ſpirits never fail; and though my hands and feet are crippled, I can uſe both, and do not wiſh to box, wreſtle, or dance a hornpipe. In ſhort, I am juſt infirm enough to enjoy all the prerogatives of old age, and to plead them againſt any thing that I have not a mind to do. Young men muſt conform to every folly in faſhion, drink when they had rather be ſober, fight a duel if ſomebody elſe is wrong-headed, marry to pleaſe their fathers, not themſelves, and ſhiver in a white waiſtcoat, becauſe ancient almanacs, copying the Arabian, placed the month of June after May; though, when the ſtyle was reformed, it ought to have been intercalated between December and January.—Indeed, I have been ſo childiſh as to cut my hay for the ſame reaſon, and am now weeping over it by the fireſide.——But to come to buſineſs.

You muſt ſuffer me to print 200 copies; and if you approve it, I will ſend thirty to the biſhop of London out of your quota—You may afterwards give him more, if you pleaſe.

[1] Biſhop Bonner's Ghoſt.

I do

I do not propoſe putting your name, unleſs you deſire it, as I think it would ſwear with the air of ancientry you have adopted in the ſignature and notes. The authoreſs will be no ſecret—and as it will certainly get into magazines, why ſhould not you deal privately before hand with ſome bookſeller, and have a ſecond edition ready to appear ſoon after mine is finiſhed? The difficulty of getting my edition at firſt, from the paucity of the number and from being only given as preſents, will make the ſecond edition eagerly ſought for; and I do not ſee why my anticipating the publication ſhould deprive you of the profit.—Rather than do that, I would print a ſmaller number.—I wiſh to raiſe an additional appetite to that which every body has for your writings—I am ſure I did not mean to injure you. Pray think of this; there is time enough: I cannot begin to print under a week: my preſs has lain fallow for ſome time, and my printer muſt prepare ink, balls, &c. and as I have but one man, he cannot be expeditious.

I ſeriouſly do adviſe you to have a ſecond edition ready: why ſhould covetous bookſellers run away with *all* the advantages of your genius? They get enough by their ample ſhare of the ſale.

I will ſay no more, but to repeat my thanks for your conſent, which truly obliges me; and I am happy to have been the inſtrument of preſerving what your modeſty would have ſunk. My eſteem could not increaſe; but one likes to be connected by favours to thoſe one highly values. I am, dear madam,

Your moſt ſincere admirer and obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIII.

Strawberry-hill, July 10, 1789.

THOUGH I am touchy enough with thoſe I love, I did not think you dilatory, nor expect that anſwers to letters ſhould be as quick as repartees. I do pity you for the accident that made you think yourſelf remiſs. I enjoy your patient's recovery; but almoſt ſmiled unawares at the idea of her being

being ſopped, and coming out of the water bruſtling up her feathers and ermines, and aſſuming the dignity of a Jupiter Pluvius.

I beſeech you not to fancy yourſelf vain on my being your printer: would Sappho be proud, though Aldus or Elzevir were her typographer? My preſs has no rank but from its narrowneſs, that is, from the paucity of its editions, and from being a volunteer.——But a truce to compliments, and to reciprocal humility. Pray tell me how I ſhall convey your parcel to you: the impreſſion is begun. I ſhall not dare, *vû le ſujet*, to ſend a copy to Mrs. ———; I do not know whether you will venture. Mrs. Boſcawen ſhall have one, but it ſhall be in your name: ſo authoriſe me to preſent it, that neither of us may tell the whiteſt of fibs. Shall I deliver any others for you within my reach, to ſave you trouble?

I have no more corrections to make. I told you brutally at firſt of the only two faults I found, and you ſacrificed them with the patience of a martyr; for I conclude that when a good poet knowingly ſins againſt meaſure twice, he is perſuaded that he makes amends by greater beauties: in ſuch caſe docility deſerves the palm-branch.

I do not applaud your declining a London edition—but you have been ſo tractable, that I will let you have your way in this, though you only make over profit to magazines. Being an honeſt printer myſelf, I have little charity for thoſe banditti of my profeſſion who pilfer from every body they find on the road. Adieu, my dear madam!

Yours moſt cordially and ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIV.

Strawberry-hill, Monday night, July 20, 1789.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND,

I NEVER ſhall be angry with your conſcientiouſneſs, though I will not promiſe never to ſcold it, as you know I think you ſometimes carry it too far—and how pleaſant to have a friend to ſcold on ſuch grounds! I ſee all

your delicacy in what you call your *double treachery*, and your kind deſire of connecting two of your friends. The ſeeds are ſprung up already; and the biſhop [1] has already condeſcended to make me the firſt, and indeed ſo unexpected a viſit, that, had I in the leaſt ſurmiſed it, I ſhould certainly, as became me, have prevented him.

One effect, however, I can tell you your pimping between us will have:—his lordſhip has, to pleaſe your partiality, flattered me ſo agreeably in the letter you *betrayed*, that I ſhall never write to you again without the dread of attempting the wit he is ſo liberal as to beſtow on me; and then either way I muſt be dull or affected—though I hope to have the grace to prefer the former—and then you only will be the ſufferer, as we both ſhould by the latter.——But I will come to facts: they are plain bodies, can have nothing to do with wit, and yet are not dull to thoſe who have any thing to do with them.

According to your order, I have delivered *Ghoſts* [2] to Mrs. Boſcawen, Mrs. Garrick, lady Juliana Penn, Mrs. Walſingham, and Mr. Pepys. Mr. Batt, I am told, leaves London to-day, ſo I ſhall reſerve his to his return. This morning I carried his thirty to the biſhop of London, who ſaid modeſtly, he ſhould not have expected above ten. I was delighted with the palace, with the venerable chapel, and its painted epiſcopalities in glaſs, and the brave hall, &c. &c. Though it rained, I would crawl to Bonner's chair.—In ſhort, my ſatisfaction would have been complete, but for wanting the preſence of that jeſuiteſs, *the good old papiſt* [3].

To-morrow departs for London, to be delivered to the Briſtol coach at the White-horſe-cellar in Piccadilly, a parcel containing ſixty-four Ghoſts—one of which is printed on brown for your own eating. There is but one more ſuch, ſo you may preſerve it like a relick. I know theſe two are not ſo good as the white: but, as rarities, a collector would give ten times more for them; and *uniquity* will make them valued more than the charming poetry.—I believe, if there was but one ugly woman in the world, ſhe would occaſion a longer war than Helen did.

You will find the biſhop's letter in the parcel.—I did not breathe a hint

[1] The biſhop of London.
[2] Bonner's Ghoſt.
[3] The ſignature to Bonner's Ghoſt.

of

of my having ſeen it, as I could not conjure up into my pale cheeks the bluſh I ought to exhibit on ſuch flattery.

I pity you moſt ſincerely for your almoſt drowned gueſt. Fortune ſeems to delight in throwing poor *Louiſas* in your way, that you may exerciſe your unbounded charity and benevolence. Adieu! pray write—I need not *write* to you to *pray*—but I wiſh, when your knees have what the common people call a worky day, you would employ your hands the whole time.

Yours moſt cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I believe I have blundered, and that your knees would call a week-day, a holiday.

LETTER XV.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. , 1789.

I KNOW whence you wrote laſt, but not where you are now; you gave me no hint. I believe you fly leſt I ſhould purſue, and as if you were angry that I have forced you to ſprout into laurels. Yet you ſay you are vain of it, and that you are no philoſopher.—Now, if you are vain, I am ſure you *are* a philoſopher; for it is a maxim of mine, and one of my own making, that there never was a philoſopher that did not love *ſweetmeats*.

You tell me too, that you like I ſhould ſcold you—but ſince you have appeared as Bonner's ghoſt, I think I ſhall feel too much awe; for though (which I never expected would be in my power) I have made you ſtand *in a white ſheet*, I doubt my reſpect is increaſed. I never did rate you for being too bad, but too good: and if, when you make up your week's account, you find but a fraction of vanity in the ſum total, you will fall to repenting, and come forth on Monday as humble as ——. Then, if I huff my heart out, you will only ſimper, and ſtill wrap yourſelf up in your obſtinate goodneſs.—Well! take your own way; I give you up to all your abominable virtues, and will go anſwer the reſt of your letter.

I congratulate you on the demolition of the Baſtile—I mean as you do, of its functions. For the poor ſoul itſelf, I had no ill will to it: on the contrary, it was a curious ſample of ancient caſtellar dungeons, which the good folks the founders took for palaces:—yet I always hated to drive by it, knowing the miſeries it contained. Of itſelf it did not gobble up priſoners to glut its maw, but received them by command. The deſtruction of it was ſilly, and agreeable to the ideas of a mob, who do not know ſtones and bars and bolts from a *lettre de cachet*. If the country remains free, the Baſtile would be as tame as a ducking-ſtool, now that there is no ſuch thing as a ſcold. If deſpotiſm recovers, the Baſtile will riſe from its aſhes!—recover, I fear, it will. The *états* cannot remain a mob of kings, and will prefer a ſingle one to a larger mob of kings and greater tyrants. The nobility, the clergy, and people of property will wait, till by addreſs and money they can divide the people—or, whoever gets the larger or more victorious army into his hands, will be a Cromwell or a Monke. In ſhort, a revolution procured by a national vertigo does not promiſe a crop of legiſlators. It is time that compoſes a good conſtitution: it formed ours. We were near loſing it by the lax and unconditional reſtoration of Charles II. The revolution was temperate, and has laſted—and though it might have been improved, we know that with all its moderation it diſguſted half the nation, who would have brought back the old ſores.

I abominate the Inquiſition as much as you do:—yet if the king of Spain receives no check like his couſin Louis, I fear he will not be diſpoſed to relax any terrors. Every crowned head in Europe muſt ach at preſent; and the frantic and barbarous proceedings in France will not meliorate the ſtock of liberty, though for ſome time their majeſties will be mighty tender of the rights of their ſubjects.

According to this hypotheſis, I can adminiſter ſome comfort to you about your poor negroes. I do not imagine that they will be emancipated at once—but their fate will be much alleviated, as the attempt will have alarmed their butchers enough to make them gentler, like the European monarchs, for fear of provoking the diſintereſted, who have no ſugar plantations, to aboliſh the horrid traffic.

I do not underſtand the manœuvre of ſugar, and, perhaps, am going to talk

talk nonſenſe, as my idea may be impracticable—but I wiſh human wit, which is really very conſiderable in mechanics and merchantry, could deviſe ſome method of cultivating canes and making ſugar without the manual labour of the human ſpecies. How many mills and inventions have there not been diſcovered to ſupply ſuccedaneums to the work of the hands, and which before the diſcoveries would have been treated as viſions! It is true, manual labour has ſometimes taken it very ill to be excuſed, and has deſtroyed ſuch mills—but the poor negroes would not riſe and inſiſt upon being worked to death. Pray talk to ſome ardent genius, but do not name me—not merely becauſe I may have talked like an idiot, but becauſe my ignorance might, ipſo facto, ſtamp the idea with ridicule. People, I know, do not love to be put out of their old ways: no farmer liſtens at firſt to new inventions in agriculture; and I don't doubt but bread was originally deemed a new-fangled vagary by thoſe who had ſeen their fathers live very comfortably upon acorns. Nor is there any harm in ſtarting new game to invention: many excellent diſcoveries have been made by men who were *à la chaſſe* of ſomething very different. I am not quite ſure that the arts of making gold and of living for ever have been yet found out:—yet to how many noble diſcoveries has the purſuit of thoſe noſtrums given birth! Poor chymiſtry, had ſhe not had ſuch glorious objects in view!

If you are ſitting under a cowſlip at your cottage, theſe reveries may amuſe you for half an hour, at leaſt make you ſmile; and for the eaſe of your conſcience, which is always in a panic, they require no anſwer.

I will not aſk you about the new Hiſtory of Briſtol, becauſe you are too good a citizen to ſay a word againſt your native place—but do pray caſt your eye on the prints of the cathedral and caſtle, the chef-d'œuvres of Chatterton's ignorance, and of Mr. Barrett's too—and, on two letters pretended to have been ſent to me, and which never were ſent. If my incredulity had wavered, they would have fixed it. I wiſh the milk-woman would aſſert, that Boadicia's dairy-maid had invented Dutch tiles; it would be like Chatterton's origin of heraldry and painted glaſs, in thoſe two letters.

I muſt, however, mention one word about myſelf. In the new fourth volume of the Biographia Britannica I am more candidly treated about that poor

poor lad than uſual: yet the writer ſtill affirms that, according to my own account, my reply was too much in the common-place ſtyle of court-replies. Now my own words, and the truth, as they ſtand in print in the very letter of mine which this author quotes, were, "*I wrote him a letter with as much kindneſs and tenderneſs as if I had been his guardian.*" Is this by my own account a court-reply?—Nor did I conceive, for I never was a courtier, that courtiers are wont to make *tender* replies to the poor.—I am glad to hear they do.

I have kept this letter ſome days in my writing-box, till I could meet with a ſtray member of parliament—for it is not worth making you pay for: but when you talk to me I cannot help anſwering incontinently:—beſides, can one take up a letter at a long diſtance, and heat one's reply over again with the ſame intereſt that it occaſioned at firſt? Adieu! I wiſh you may come to Hampton before I leave theſe purlieus!

Yours *More* and *More*,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVI.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 4, 1789.

I AM not ſurpriſed, my dear madam, that the notice of my illneſs ſhould have ſtimulated your predominant quality, your ſenſibility. I cannot do leſs in return than relieve it immediately, by aſſuring you that I am in a manner recovered; and ſhould have gone out before this time, if my mind were as much at eaſe as my poor limbs. I have paſſed five months moſt uncomfortably; the two laſt moſt unhappily. In June and September I had two bad falls by my own lameneſs and weakneſs, and was much bruiſed, while I was witneſs to the danger, and then to the death of my invaluable niece, lady Dyſart. She was angelic, and has left no children.—The unexpected death of lord Waldegrave, one of the moſt amiable of men, has not only deprived me of him, but has opened a dreadful ſcene of calamities! He and my niece were the happieſt and moſt domeſtic of couples.

Your kind inquiries after me have drawn theſe details from me, for which I make no excuſe: good nature never grudges its pity. I, who love to force

your gravity to ſmile, am ſeriouſly better pleaſed to indulge your benevolence with a ſubject of eſteem, which, though moving your compaſſion, will be accompanied by no compunction. I will now anſwer your letter.

Your plea, that not compoſition, but buſineſs, has occaſioned your ſilence, is no ſatisfaction to *me*. In my preſent anxious ſolitude I have again redde Bonner and Florio, and the Bas-bleu; and do you think I am pleaſed to learn that you have not been writing? Who is it ſays ſomething like this line:——

Hannah will *not* write, and Lactilla *will*.

They who think her earl Goodwin will outgo Shakeſpeare, might be in the right if they ſpecified in what way.—I believe ſhe may write worſe than he ſometimes did, though that is not eaſy; but to excel him—Oh! I have not words adequate to my contempt for thoſe who can ſuppoſe ſuch a poſſibility!

I am ſorry, very ſorry for what you tell me of poor Barrett's fate. Though he did write worſe than Shakeſpeare, it is great pity he was told ſo, as it killed him; and I rejoice that I did not publiſh a word in contradiction of the letters which he ſaid Chatterton ſent to me, as I was adviſed to do. I might have laughed at the poor man's folly, and then I ſhould have been miſerable to have added a grain to the poor man's mortification.

You rejoice *me*, not my vanity, by telling me my idea of a mechanic ſuccedaneum to the labour of negroes is not viſionary, but thought practicable. Oh! how I wiſh I underſtood ſugar and ploughs, and could marry them!—Alas! I underſtand nothing uſeful. My head is as un-mechanic as it is un-arithmetic, un-geometric, un-metaphyſic, un-commercial:—but will not ſome one of thoſe ſuperior heads to whom you have talked on my indigeſted hint reduce it to practicability? How a feaſible ſcheme would ſtun thoſe who call humanity romantic, and ſhow from the books of the cuſtom-houſe, that murder is a great improvement of the revenue! Even the preſent ſituation of France is favourable. Could not Mr. Wilberforce obtain to have the enfranchiſement of the negroes ſtarted there? The Jews

Jews are claiming their natural rights there; and blacks are certainly not ſo great defaulters as the Hebrews, though they too have undergone ample perſecutions. Methinks, as lord George Gordon is in correſpondence with the *états*, he has been a little remiſs in not ſigning the petition of thoſe of his new communion.

The *états* are deteſtable and deſpicable; and, in fact, guilty of the outrages of the Pariſian and provincial mobs. The mob of 1200—not legiſlators, but—diſſolvers of all laws unchained the maſtiffs that had been tied up, and were ſure to worry all who fell in their way. To annihilate all laws, however bad, and to have none ready to replace them, was proclaiming anarchy. What ſhould one think of a mad doctor, who ſhould let looſe a lunatic, ſuffer him to burn Bedlam, chop off the heads of the keepers, and then conſult with ſome ſtudents in phyſic on the gentleſt mode of treating delirium? By a late vote I ſee that the 1200 praters are reduced to 500—*Vive la reine Billingſgate!* the Thaleſtris who has ſucceeded Louis quatorze. A committee of thoſe Amazons ſtopped the duke of Orleans, who, to uſe their ſtyle, I believe is not *a barrel better herring*.

Your reflections on Vertot's paſſion for revolutions are admirable, and yet it is natural for an hiſtorian to like to deſcribe times of action. Halcyon days do not furniſh matter for talents; they are like the virtuous couple in a comedy, a little inſipid. Mr. Manly and lady Grace, Mellefont and Cynthia, do not intereſt one much. Indeed, in a tragedy where they are unhappy, they give the audience full ſatisfaction—and no envy.

The newſpapers, no doubt, thought doctor ——— could not do better than to eſpouſe you. He certainly would be very judicious, could he obtain your conſent—but, alas! you would ſoon ſquabble about Socinianiſm, or ſome of thoſe *iſms*. To tell you the truth, I hate all thoſe Conſtantinopolitan jargons, that ſet people together by the ears about pedantic terms. When you apply ſcholaſtic phraſes as happily and genteelly as you do in your Bas-bleu, they are delightful; but don't muddify your charming ſimplicity with controverſial diſtinctions, that will ſour your ſweet piety. Sects are the bane of charity, and have deluged the world with blood.

I do

I do not mean, by what I am going to ſay, to extort another letter from you before I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Hampton; but I really ſhall be much obliged to you for a ſingle line ſoon, only to tell me if miſs Williams is at Stoke with the ducheſs of Beaufort.

To a ſhort note, cannot you add a ſhort P. S. on the fate of earl Goodwin?

Lac mihi—novum non frigore deſit.

Adieu, my amiable friend!

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVII.

Berkeley-ſquare, Feb. 20, 1796.

IT is very provoking that people muſt always be hanging or drowning themſelves, or going mad, that you forſooth, miſtreſs, may have the diverſion of exerciſing your pity, and good nature, and charity, and interceſſion, and all that beadroll of virtues that make you ſo troubleſome and amiable, when you might be ten times more agreeable by writing things that would not coſt one above half-a-crown at a time. You are an abſolutely walking hoſpital, and travel about into lone and by places with your doors open to houſe ſtray caſualties! I wiſh at leaſt that you would have ſome children yourſelf, that you might not be plaguing one for all the pretty brats that are ſtarving and friendleſs. I ſuppoſe it was ſome ſuch Goody two or three thouſand years ago that ſuggeſted the idea of an alma-mater ſuckling the three hundred and ſixty-five bantlings of the counteſs of Hainault.—Well, as your newly-adopted penſioners have *two* babes, I inſiſt on your accepting *two* guineas for them inſtead of one at preſent (that is, when you ſhall be preſent).—If you cannot circumſcribe your own charities, you ſhall not ſtint mine, madam, who can afford it much better, and who muſt be dunned for alms, and do not ſcramble over hedges and ditches in ſearching for opportunities of flinging away my money on good works. I employ mine better at *auctions, and in buying pictures and baubles, and hoarding curioſities*, that in

truth I cannot keep long, but that will laſt *for ever* in my catalogue, and make me immortal!—Alas! will they cover a multitude of ſins?—Adieu! I cannot jeſt after *that* ſentence.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVIII.

Berkeley-ſquare, Sept. 29, 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE been very ſorry, but not at all angry, at not hearing from you ſo long. With all your friendly and benevolent heart, I know by experience how little you love writing to your friends—and I know why: you think you loſe moments which you could employ in doing more ſubſtantial good; and that your letters only pamper our minds, but do not feed or clothe our bodies: if they did, you would coin as much paper as the French do in aſſignats. Do not imagine now that you have committed a wicked thing by writing to me at laſt; comfort yourſelf, that your conſcience, not temptation, forced you to write; and be aſſured I am as grateful as if you had written from choice, not from duty, your conſtant ſpiritual director.

I have been out of order the whole ſummer, but not very ill for above a fortnight. I caught a painful rheumatiſm by going into a very crowded church in a rainy day where all the windows were open, to hear our friend the biſhop of London preach a charity ſermon here at Twickenham. My gout would not reſign to a new incumbent, but came too; and both together have ſo lamed my right arm, though I am now uſing it, that I cannot yet extend it entirely, nor lift it to the top of my head. However, I am free from pain; and as Providence, though it ſupplied us originally with ſo many bounties, took care we might ſhift with ſuccedaneums on the loſs of ſeveral of them, I am content with what remains of my ſtock; and ſince all my fingers are not uſeleſs, and that I have not ſix hairs left, I am not much grieved at not being able to comb my head. Nay, ſhould not ſuch a ſhadow as I have ever been, be thankful, that at the eve of ſeventy-five I am not yet paſſed away?

I am

I am ſo little out of charity with the biſhop for having been the innocent cauſe of the death of my ſhoulder, that I am heartily concerned for him and her on Mrs. Porteus's accident [1]. It may have marbled her complexion, but I am perſuaded has not altered her lively, amiable, good-humoured countenance. As I know not where to direct to them, and as you cannot ſuppoſe it a ſin for a ſheep to write to its paſtor on a week-day, I wiſh you would mark the intereſt I take in their accident and eſcape from worſe miſchief.

I thank you moſt cordially for your inquiry after *my* wives [2]. I am in the utmoſt perplexity of mind about them; torn between hopes and fears. I believe them ſet out from Florence on their return ſince yeſterday ſe'nnight, and conſequently feel all the joy and impatience of expecting them in five or ſix weeks:—but then, beſides fears of roads, bad inns, accidents, heats and colds, and the ſea to croſs in November at laſt; all my ſatisfaction is daſhed by the uncertainty whether they come through Germany or France. I have adviſed, begged, implored, that it may not be through thoſe Iroquois, Leſtryons, Anthropophagi, the Franks; and then, hearing paſſports were aboliſhed, and the roads more ſecure, I half conſented, as they wiſhed it, and the road is much ſhorter; and then I repented, and have contradicted myſelf again—And now I know not which route they will take! nor ſhall enjoy any comfort from the thoughts of their return, till they are returned ſafe.

'Tis well I am doubly guarantied—or who knows, as I am as old almoſt as both her huſbands together, but Mrs. B—— might have caſt a longing eye towards me? How I laughed at hearing of her throwing a ſecond muckender to a Methuſalem! a fat red-faced veteran, with a portly hillock of fleſh. I conclude all her grandfathers are dead; or, as there is no prohibition in the table of conſanguinity againſt male anceſtors, ſhe would certainly have ſtepped backwards towards the deluge, and ranſacked her pedigrees on both ſides for ſome kinſman of the patriarchs. I could titter *à pluſieurs repriſes*; but I am too old to be improper, and you are too modeſt to be *impropered* to, and ſo I will drop the ſubject at the herald's office.

[1] An overturn in a carriage.

[2] The two miſs Berrys, whom he thus called.

I am happy at and honour miſs B——'s reſolution in caſting away golden, or rather gilt chains: others out of vanity would have worn them till they had eaten into the bone. On that charming young woman's chapter I agree with you perfectly—not a jot on *Deborah* ———, whom you admire: I have neither redde her verſes nor will. As I have not your aſpen conſcience, I cannot forgive the heart of a woman that is party per pale blood and tenderneſs, that curſes our clergy and feels for negroes. Can I forget the 14th of July, when they all contributed their faggot to the fires that her preſbytyrants (as lord Melcombe called them) tried to light in every Smithfield in the iſland, and which, as P—— e and P—— applauded in France, it would be folly to ſuppoſe they did not only wiſh but meant to kindle here? Were they ignorant of the atrocious barbarities, injuſtice, and violation of oaths committed in France? Did P—— not know that the clergy there had no option left but between ſtarving and perjury? And what does he think of the poor man executed at Birmingham, who declared at his death he had been provoked by the infamous hand-bill?—I know not who wrote it.—No, my good friend: *Deborah* may cant rhymes of compaſſion, but ſhe is a hypocrite; and you ſhall not make me read her, nor with all your ſympathy and candour can you eſteem her. *Your* compaſſion for the poor blacks is genuine, ſincere from your ſoul, moſt amiable; hers, a meaſure of faction: her party ſupported the abolition, and regretted the diſappointment as a blow to the good cauſe. I know this.—Do not let your piety lead you into the weakneſs of reſpecting the bad, only becauſe they hoiſt the flag of religion, while they carry a ſtilletto in the flag-ſtaff. Did not they, previous to the 14th of July, endeavour to corrupt the guards? What would have enſued, had they ſucceeded, you muſt tremble to think!

You tell me nothing of your own health—may I flatter myſelf it is good? I wiſh I knew ſo authentically! and I wiſh I could gueſs when I ſhould ſee you, without your being ſtaked to the fogs of the Thames at Chriſtmas—I cannot deſire that. Adieu, my very valuable friend! I am, though unworthy,

Yours moſt cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER.

LETTER XIX.

Berkeley-ſquare, January 1, 1792.

MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I HAVE not ſo long delayed anſwering your letter from the pitiful revenge of recollecting how long your pen is fetching breath before it replies to mine—Oh! no—You know I love to *heap coals of kindneſs* on your head, and to draw you into little ſins, that you may forgive yourſelf, by knowing your time was employed on big virtues. On the contrary, you would be revenged; for here have you, according to *your* notions, inveigled me into the fracture of a commandment; for I am writing to you on a *Sunday*, being the firſt moment of leiſure that I have had ſince I received your letter. It does not indeed claſh with my religious ideas, as I hold paying one's debts as good a deed, as praying and reading ſermons for a whole day in every week, when it is impoſſible to fix the attention to one courſe of thinking for ſo many hours for fifty-two days in every year.—Thus you ſee I can preach too——But ſeriouſly—and indeed I am little diſpoſed to cheerfulneſs now—I am overwhelmed with troubles, and with buſineſs—and buſineſs that I do not underſtand—Law, and the management of a ruined eſtate, are ſubjects ill-ſuited to a head that never ſtudied any thing that in wordly language is called uſeful. The tranquillity of my remnant of life will be loſt, or ſo perpetually interrupted, that I expect little comfort—not that I am already intending to grow rich, but the moment one is ſuppoſed ſo, there are ſo many alert to turn one to their own account, that I have more letters to write to ſatisfy—or rather to diſſatisfy them, than about my own affairs, though the latter are all confuſion. I have ſuch miſſives, on agriculture, pretenſions to livings, offers of taking care of my game as I am incapable of it, ſelf-recommendations of making my robes, and round hints of taking out my writ, that at leaſt I may name a proxy, and give my dormant conſcience to ſomebody or other! I truſt you think better of my heart and underſtanding than to ſuppoſe that I have liſtened to any one of theſe new *friends*—Yet though I have negatived all, I have been forced to anſwer ſome of them before you; and that will convince you how cruelly ill I have paſſed my time lately, beſides having been made ill with vexation and fatigue——But I am tolerably well again.

For

For the other empty metamorphoſis that has happened to the outward man[1], you do me juſtice in concluding that it can do nothing but teaſe me —it is being called names in one's old age. I had rather be my lord mayor, for then I ſhould keep the nickname but a year, and mine I may retain a little longer—not that at ſeventy-five I reckon on becoming my lord Methuſalem.

Vainer however I believe I am already become; for I have waſted almoſt two pages about myſelf, and ſaid not a tittle about your health, which I moſt cordially rejoice to hear you are recovering, and as fervently hope you will entirely recover. I have the higheſt opinion of the element of water as a conſtant beverage, having ſo deep a conviction of the goodneſs and wiſdom of Providence, that I am perſuaded that when it indulged us in ſuch a luxurious variety of eatables, and gave us but one drinkable, it intended that our ſole liquid ſhould be both wholeſome and corrective.—Your ſyſtem I know is different—You hold that mutton and water were the only cock and hen that were deſigned for our nouriſhment—but I am apt to doubt whether draughts of water for ſix weeks are capable of reſtoring health, though ſome are ſtrongly impregnated with mineral and other particles——Yet you have ſtaggered me: the Bath water, by your account, is like electricity compounded of contradictory qualities; the one attracts and repels; the other turns a ſhilling yellow, and whitens your jaundice. I ſhall hope to ſee you (when is that to be?) without alloy.

I muſt finiſh, wiſhing you three hundred and thirteen days of happineſs for the new year that is arrived this morning: the fifty-two that you hold in commendam, I have no doubt will be rewarded as ſuch good intentions deſerve.

Adieu, my *too* good friend! My direction ſhall talk ſuperciliouſly to the poſtman[2]; but do let me continue unchangeably

Your faithful and ſincere

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] His acceſſion to his title.

[2] He means franking his letter by his newly acquired title of earl of Orford. E.

LETTER XX.

Berkeley-ſquare, February 9, 1793.

MY HOLY HANNAH,

WITH your innate and uſual goodneſs and ſenſe, you have done me juſtice by gueſſing exactly at the cauſe of my long ſilence. You have been apt to tell me that my letters diverted you—How then could I write, when it was impoſſible but to attriſt you! when I could ſpeak of nothing but unparalleled horrors! and but awaken your ſenſibility, if it ſlumbered for a moment! What mind could forget the tenth of Auguſt and the ſecond of September—and that the black and bloody year 1792 has plunged its murderous dagger ſtill deeper, and already made 1793 ſtill more deteſtably memorable! though its victim has at laſt been rewarded for four years of torture by forcing from him every kind of proof of the moſt perfect character that ever ſat on a throne. Were theſe, alas! themes for letters? Nay, am I not ſure that *you* have been ſtill more ſhocked by a crime that paſſes even the guilt of ſhedding the blood of poor Louis—to hear of atheiſm avowed, and the avowal tolerated by monſters calling themſelves a National Aſſembly!—But I have no words that can reach the criminality of ſuch *inferno-human* beings—but muſt compoſe a term that aims at conveying my idea of them—For the future it will be ſufficient to call them *the French*—I hope no other nation will ever deſerve to be confounded with them!

Indeed, my dear friend, I have another reaſon for wiſhing to burn my pen entirely: all my ideas are confounded and overturned—I do not know whether all I ever learnt in the ſeventy-firſt years of my ſeventy-five was not wrong and falſe: common ſenſe, reaſoning, calculation, conjecture from analogy and from hiſtory of paſt events, all, all have been baffled; nor am I ſure that what uſed to be thought the reſult of experience and wiſdom, was not a maſs of miſtakes——Have I not found, do I not find, that the invention of eſtabliſhing metals as the *ſigns* of property was an uſeleſs diſcovery, or at leaſt only uſeful till the art of making paper was found out? Nay, the latter is preferable to gold and ſilver. If the ores were adulterated and cried down, nobody would take them in exchange. Depreciate paper as much as you will, and it will ſtill ſerve all the purpoſes of barter.

barter. Tradeſmen ſtill keep ſhops, ſtock them with goods, and deliver their commodities for thoſe coined rags——Poor Reaſon, where art thou?

To ſhow you that memory and argument are of no value, at leaſt with me, I thought a year or two that this paper-mint would ſoon blow up, becauſe I remembered that when Mr. C—— F—— and one or two more youths of brilliant genius firſt came to light, and into vaſt debts at play, they imparted to the world an important ſecret which they had diſcovered—It was, that nobody needed to want money, if they would pay enough for it. Accordingly they borrowed of Jews at vaſt uſury: but as they had made but an incomplete calculation, the intereſt ſo ſoon exceeded the principal, that the ſyſtem did not maintain its ground for above two or three years. Faro has proved a more ſubſtantial ſpeculation.—But I miſcarried in applying my remembrance to the aſſignats, which ſtill maintain their ground againſt that long-decried, but as long-adored corruptor of virtue, gold—Alack! I do not hear that virtue has flouriſhed more for the deſtruction of its old enemy!

Shall I add another truth? I have been ſo diſguſted and fatigued by hearing of nothing but French maſſacres, &c. and found it ſo impoſſible to ſhift converſation to any other topic, that before I had been a month in town I wiſhed miſs G—— would revive, that people might have at leaſt one other ſubject to intereſt the ears and tongues of the public.——But no wonder univerſal attention is engroſſed by the preſent portentous ſcene! It ſeems to draw to a queſtion, whether Europe or France is to be depopulated; whether civilization can be recovered, or the republic of Chaos can be ſupported by aſſaſſination. We have heard of the golden, ſilver, and iron ages—the brazen one exiſted, while the French were only predominately inſolent.—What the preſent age will be denominated, I cannot gueſs. Though the paper age would be characteriſtic, it is not emphatic enough, nor ſpecifies the enormous ſins of the fiends that are the agents. I think it may be ſtyled the diabolic age—The duke of Orleans has dethroned Satan, who ſince his fall has never inſtigated ſuch crimes as Orleans has perpetrated.

Let me ſoften my tone a little, and harmoniſe your poor mind by ſweeter accents. In this deluge of triumphant enormities, what traits of the ſublime and beautiful may be gleaned! Did you hear of madame Elizabeth,

the king's ſiſter? a ſaint like yourſelf. She doted on her brother, for ſhe certainly knew his ſoul. In the tumult in July, hearing the populace and the poiſſardes had broken into the palace, ſhe flew to the king, and by embracing him tried to ſhield his perſon. The populace took her for the queen, cried out, "*Voilà cette chienne, cette Autrichienne!*" and were proceeding to violence. Somebody, to ſave her, ſcreamed, "*Ce n'eſt pas la reine, c'eſt*——" The princeſs ſaid, "*Ah! mon Dieu! ne les detrompez pas.*"—If that was not the moſt ſublime inſtance of perfect innocence, ready prepared for death, I know not where to find one.

Sublime indeed too was the ſentence of good father Edgeworth, the king's confeſſor, who thinking his royal penitent a little diſmayed juſt before the fatal ſtroke, cried out, "*Montez, digne fils de St. Louis! Le ciel vous eſt ouvert.*"—The holy martyr's countenance brightened up, and he ſubmitted at once. Such victims, ſuch confeſſors as thoſe, and monſieur de Maleſherbes, repair ſome of the breaches in human nature made by Orleans, Condorcet, Santerre, and a legion of evil ſpirits.

The tide of horrors has hurried me much too far, before I have not vented a note of my moſt ſincere concern for your bad account of your health. I feel for it heartily, and wiſh your frame were as ſound as your ſoul and underſtanding. What can I recommend? I am no phyſician but for my own flimſy texture, which by ſtudying, and by contradicting all advice, I have drawn to this great age. Patience, temperance, nay, abſtinence, are already yours—in ſhort, you want to be corrected of nothing but too much piety, too much rigour towards yourſelf, and too much ſenſibility for others. Is not it poſſible to ſerve mankind, without feeling too great pity?—Perhaps I am a little too much hardened—I am grown too little alarmed for the health of my friends, from being become far more indifferent to life—I look to the nearneſs of my end, as a delivery from ſpectacles of woe. We have even amongſt us monſters, more criminal, in ſpeculation at leaſt, than the French—They had cauſe to wiſh for correction of a bad government, though, till *taught* to diſlike it, three-fourths of the country, I maintain, adored theirs. We have the perfecteſt ever yet deviſed—but if to your numerous readings of little pamphlets you would add one more, called *Village-politics*, infinitely ſuperior to any thing on the

ſubject, clearer, better ſtated, and comprehending the whole maſs of matter in the ſhorteſt compaſs, you will be more miſtreſs of the ſubject than any man in England. I know who wrote it, but will not tell you, becauſe you did not tell me.

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant and friend,

ORFORD.

LETTER XXI.

Berkeley-ſquare, March 23, 1793.

I SHALL certainly not leave off taunting your virtues, my excellent friend, for I find it ſometimes makes you correct them. I ſcolded you for your modeſty in not acquainting me with your *Village-politics* even after they were publiſhed; and you have already conquered that unfriendly delicacy, and announced another piece of which you are in labour. Still I ſee there wanted your ghoſtly father, the biſhop of London, to enjoin you to be *quite* ſhameleſs and avow your natural child. I do approve his doctrine: calling it by your own name will make its fortune. If, like Rouſſeau, you had left your babe among the enfans trouvés, it might never be heard of more than his poor iſſue have been; for I can but obſerve that the French patriots, who have made ſuch a fuſs with his aſhes, have not taken the ſmalleſt pains to attempt to diſcover his real progeny, which might not have been impoſſible by collating dates and circumſtances.

I am proud of having imitated you at a great diſtance, and been perſuaded, much againſt my will and practice, to let my name be put to the ſecond ſubſcription for the poor French clergy, as it was thought it might tend to animate that conſumptive contribution.

I am impatient for your pamphlet, not only as being yours, but hoping it will invigorate horror againſt French atheiſm, which I am grieved to ſay did not by any means make due impreſſion. I did very early apply to *your confeſſor*,

confessor, to beg he would enjoin his clergy to denounce that shocking impiety—I could almost recommend to you to add a slight postscript on the massacre of that wretch *Manuel*. I do not love such insects, as we are, dispensing *judgments*—yet if the punishment of that just victim might startle such profane criminals, it might be charity to suggest the hint to them.

24th.

I WAS interrupted, and could not finish my letter in a breath, as I meant the moment I had received yours, from eagerness to thank you for the notice of your *publication*. I wish you had added the name of your man-midwife the printer; but I trust to seeing you stand in a black and white sheet, the newspaper. Mrs. Boscawen was so kind as to call on me the same day with the same information from your letter to her—but in hers were some words on the late bankruptcies, more than were in mine, that alarm us, and that, though not explicit, look as if you yourself have suffered by those failures. You have such a friendly and feeling heart, that it is impossible to discern whether any grief is not rather on account of others than on your own. Pray be confidential enough to tell me; for *I* have not such universal charity, as to lament the loss of others as I should yours.

I must modify the massacre of Manuel: he has been a good deal stabbed, but will, they say, recover. Perhaps it is better that some of those assassins should live to acknowledge, that "Do not to others what you would not have done to you" is not so silly a maxim, as most of the precepts of morality and justice have lately been deemed by *philosophers and legislators*—titles self-assumed by men, who have abolished all other titles; and who have disgraced and debased the former denomination, and under the latter have enjoined triple perjuries, and at last cannot fix on any code which should exact more forswearing. I own I am pleased that that ruffian pedant Condorcet's new constitution was too clumsy and unwieldy to go down the throats of those who have swallowed every thing else. I did but just cast my eyes on the beginning and end, and was so lucky as to observe the hypocrite's contradiction: he sets out with declaration of equality, and winds up with security of property. That is, we will plunder every body, and then entail the spoils on ourselves and our (*wrong*) heirs.

Well! that bloody chaos seems recoiling on themselves! It looks as if civil

war was burſting out in many provinces, and will precipitate approaching famine.—When, till *now*, could one make ſuch a reflection without horror to one's ſelf?——But, alas! have not the French brought it to the queſtion, whether Europe or France ſhould be laid deſolate? Religion, morality, juſtice, have been ſtabbed, torn up by the roots: every right has been trampled under foot. Marriage has been profaned and undermined by law; and no wonder, that, amidſt ſuch exceſſes, the poor arts have ſhared in the common ruin!——And who have been the perpetrators of, or advocates for, ſuch univerſal devaſtation? Philoſophers, geometricians, aſtronomers—— a Condorcet, a Baillie, a biſhop of Autun, and a doctor ———, and the laſt the worſt. The French had ſeen grievances, crying grievances! yet not under the good late king. But what calamities or dangers threatened or had fallen on ——, but want of papal power, like his predeceſſor Calvin? If you ſay his houſe was burnt—but did he intend the fire ſhould blaze on that ſide of the ſtreet? *Your* charity may believe him innocent—but your underſtanding does not. Well! I am glad to hear he is going to——I hope he will not bring back ſcalping, even to that national aſſembly of which he was proud of being elected a member! I doubt if Cartouche would have thought it an honour.

It was ſtuck up in Lloyd's coffee-houſe lately, that the duke of Orleans was named *Chef de la republique*. I thought it ſhould be *Chef de la Lie publique*.

For the beſt and moſt comfortable part of your letter I have not thanked you yet, my dear friend; I mean the proſpect of ſeeing you next month, and thank the zodiac, next month is very near. I muſt now for my own ſake, as well as yours, hope that your health will continue to improve, as it is the condition of the bond—A pleaſant word, that *continue*; it implies you have been mending.

Your poſtſcript ſaid you had been telling me a lie—So have I; for, on reading your letter again, I find you had named your *accoucheur* Cadell. I do not wonder he has been ſlow. I was told lately, that he has ſaid that the public is ſo totally engroſſed by politics (and many pieces of that ſort I conclude come from his preſs), that the receipts of his ſhop, which uſed to

be fifteen thouſand a year, have this year decreaſed two-thirds.—So the French par bricole have deſtroyed *our* literature too.

Adieu! I long to ſee both you and your pamphlet, and am

Moſt cordially yours,

ORFORD.

LETTER XXII.

April 27, 1794.

THIS is no plot to draw you into committing even a good deed on a Sunday, which I ſuppoſe the *literality* of your conſcience would haggle about, as if the day of the week conſtitutes the ſin, and not the nature of the crime. But you may defer your anſwer, till to-night is become to-morrow by the clock having ſtruck one; and then you may do an innocent thing without any guilt, which a quarter of an hour ſooner you would think abominable.—Nay, as an Iriſhman would ſay, you need not even *read* this note till the canonical hour is paſt.

In ſhort, my dear madam, I gave your obliging meſſage to lady W———, who will be happy to ſee you on Tueſday, at one o'clock. But as her ſtaircaſe is very bad, as ſhe is in a lodging, I have propoſed that this meeting, for which I have been pimping between two female ſaints, may be held here in my houſe, as I had the utmoſt difficulty laſt night in climbing her *ſcala ſanta*, and I cannot undertake it again. But if you are ſo good as to ſend me a favourable anſwer to-morrow, I will take care you ſhall find her here at the time I mentioned, with your true admirer,

ORFORD.

LETTER XXIII.

Berkeley-ſquare, Saturday night, January 24, 1795.

MY BEST MADAM,

I WILL never more complain of your ſilence, for I am perfectly convinced that you have no idle, no unemployed moments. Your indefatigable benevolence

benevolence is inceſſantly occupied in good works; and your head and your heart make the utmoſt uſe of the excellent qualities of both. You have given proofs of the talents of one, and you certainly do not wrap the ſtill more precious talent of the other in a napkin. Thank you a thouſand times for your moſt ingenious plan [1]—may great ſucceſs reward you!

I ſent one inſtantly to the ducheſs of Glouceſter, whoſe piety and zeal imitate yours at a diſtance; but ſhe ſays ſhe cannot afford to ſubſcribe juſt at this ſevere moment, when the poor ſo much want her aſſiſtance—but ſhe will on the thaw, and ſhould have been flattered by receiving a plan from yourſelf. I ſent another to lord H——, who, I truſt, will ſhow it to a much greater lady; and I repeated ſome of the facts you told me of the foul fiends, and their anti-*More* activity. I ſent to Mr. White for half a dozen more of your plans, and will diſtribute them wherever I have hopes of their taking root and bloſſoming.—To-morrow I will ſend him my ſubſcription [2]; and I flatter myſelf you will not think it a breach of Sunday, nor will I make this long, that I may not widen that fracture.—Good night! How calm and comfortable muſt your ſlumbers be on the pillow of every day's good deeds!

Monday.

Yeſterday was dark as midnight.—Oh! that it may be the darkeſt day in all reſpects that we ſhall ſee!—But theſe are themes too voluminous and diſmal for a letter, and which your zeal tells me you feel too intenſely for me to increaſe, when you are doing all in your power to counteract them.

One of my grievances is, that the ſanguinary inhumanity of the times has almoſt poiſoned one's compaſſion, and makes one abhor ſo many thouſands of our own ſpecies, and rejoice when they ſuffer for their crimes. I could feel no pity on reading the account of the death of Condorcet (if true, though I doubt it). He was one of the greateſt monſters exhibited by hiſtory; and is ſaid to have poiſoned himſelf from famine and fear of the guillotine—and would be a new inſtance of what I ſuggeſted to you for a tract, to ſhow, that though we muſt not aſſume a pretenſion to judging of divine judgments, yet we may believe that the œconomy of Providence has ſo diſpoſed cauſes and

[1] The Cheap Repoſitory for books, at this time ſet on foot.

[2] To the fund for promoting the printing and diſperſion of the works ſold at the Cheap Repoſitory.

conſequences, that ſuch villains as Danton, Robeſpierre, the duke of Orleans, &c. &c. &c. do but dig pits for themſelves.—I will check myſelf, or I ſhall wander into the ſad events of the laſt five years—down to the rage of party that has ſacrificed Holland! What a fund for reflection and prophetic apprehenſion! May we have as much wiſdom and courage to ſtem our malevolent enemies, as it is plain, to our laſting honour, we have had charity to the French emigrants, and have bounty for the poor who are ſuffering in this dreadful ſeaſon!

Adieu, thou excellent woman! thou reverſe of that hyæna in petticoats, Mrs. ———, who to this day diſcharges her ink and gall on Marie Antoinette, whoſe unparalleled ſufferings have not yet ſtanched that Alecto's blazing ferocity. Adieu! adieu!

Yours from my heart,

ORFORD.

P. S. I have ſubſcribed five guineas at Mr. White's to your plan.

LETTER XXIV.

Berkeley-ſquare, February 13, 1795.

I RECEIVED your letter and packet of lays and virelays [1], and heartily wiſh they may fall in bad ground, and produce a hundred thouſand fold, as I doubt is neceſſary. How I admire the activity of your zeal and perſeverance! Should a new church ever be built, I hope in a ſide chapel there will be an altar dedicated to Saint Hannah, Virgin and Martyr; and that your pen, worn to the bone, will be incloſed in a golden reliquaire, and preſerved on the ſhrine.

Theſe few words I have been forced to dictate, having had the gout in my right hand above this fortnight; but I truſt it is going off.

[1] Ballads, ſtories, tracts, &c. written by Mrs. H. More for the Cheap Repoſitory.

The

The ducheſs[1] was much pleaſed with your writing to her, and ordered me to thank you. Your friend lady W——— is in town, and looks very well.

Adieu, beſt of women!

Yours moſt cordially,

ORFORD.

LETTER XXV.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 29, 1796.

YOU are not only the moſt beneficent, but the moſt benevolent of human beings. Not content with being a perfect ſaint yourſelf, which (forgive me for ſaying) does not always imply prodigious compaſſion for others; not ſatisfied with being the moſt diſintereſted, nay, the reverſe of all patriots, for you ſacrifice your very ſlender fortune, not to improve it, but to keep the poor honeſt inſtead of corrupting them; and you write politics as ſimply, intelligibly and unartfully, not as cunningly as you can to miſlead.—Well, with all theſe giant virtues, you can find room and time in your heart and occupations for harbouring and exerciſing what thoſe monkeys of pretenſions, the French, invented and called *les petites morales*, which were to ſupply ſociety with filigrain duties, in the room of all virtues, which they aboliſhed on their road to the adoption of philoſophy and atheiſm——Yes, though for ever buſied in exerciſing ſervices and charities for individuals, or for whole bodies of people, you do not leave a cranny empty into which you can ſlip a kindneſs. Your enquiry after me to miſs B—— is ſo friendly, that I cannot truſt ſolely to her thanking you for your letter, as I am ſure ſhe will, having ſent it to her as ſhe is bathing in the ſea at Bognor rocks; but I muſt with infinite gratitude give you a brief account of myſelf—a very poor one indeed muſt I give. Condemned as a cripple to my couch for the reſt of my days I doubt I am. Though perfectly healed, and even without a ſcar, my leg is ſo weakened that I have not recovered the leaſt uſe of it, nor can move croſs my chamber unleſs lifted up and held by two ſervants. This conſtitutes me totally a priſoner——But why ſhould not I be ſo? What bu-

[1] Her royal highneſs the ducheſs of Glouceſter.

ſineſs

ſineſs had I to live to the brink of ſeventy-nine? And why ſhould one litter the world at that age? Then I thank God, I have vaſt bleſſings; I have preſerved my eyes, ears and teeth; I have no pain left; and I would bet with any dormouſe that it cannot outſleep me—And when one can afford to pay for every relief, comfort or aſſiſtance, that can be procured at fourſcore, dares one complain? Muſt not one reflect on the thouſands of old poor, who are ſuffering martyrdom, and have none of thoſe alleviations?——O my good friend, I muſt conſider myſelf as at my beſt; for, if I drag on a little longer, can I expect to remain even ſo tolerably?—Nay, does the world preſent a pleaſing ſcene? Are not the devils eſcaped out of the ſwine, and overrunning the earth headlong? What a theme for meditation, that the excellent humane Louis ſeize ſhould have been prevented from ſaving himſelf by that monſter Drouet, and that that execrable wretch ſhould be ſaved even by thoſe, ſome of whom one may ſuppoſe he meditated to maſſacre; for at what does a Frenchman ſtop?—But I will quit this ſhocking ſubject, and for another reaſon too: I omitted one of my loſſes, almoſt the uſe of my fingers: they are ſo lame that I cannot write a dozen lines legibly, but am forced to have recourſe to my ſecretary.—I will only reply by a word or two to a queſtion you ſeem to aſk; how I like ——— ? I do not care to ſay how little.—Alas! ſhe has reverſed experience, which I have long thought reverſes its own utility by coming at the wrong end of our life when we do not want it. This author knew the world and penetrated characters before ſhe had ſtepped over the threſhold; and now ſhe has ſeen ſo much of it ſhe has little or no inſight at all—perhaps ſhe apprehended having ſeen too much—and kept the bags of foul air that ſhe brought from the Cave of Tempeſts too cloſely tied.

Adieu, thou who mighteſt be one of the cleverеſt of women if thou didſt not prefer being *one* of the beſt! And when I ſay *one* of the beſt, I have not engaged my vote for the ſecond.

Yours moſt gratefully,

ORFORD.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

To the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER I.

A Ferney près de Geneve,
6 Juin, 1768.

MONSIEUR,

J'APPRENDS dans ma retraite que vous avez fait un excellent ouvrage ſur le pirrhoniſme de l'hiſtoire, et que vous avez répandu une grande lumiere ſur l'obſcurité qui couvre encor les temps des roſes blanche et rouge, toutes deux ſanglantes et fanées.

Il y a cinquante ans que j'ai fait voeu de douter. J'oſe vous ſupplier, monſieur, de m'aider à accomplir mon voeu. Je vous ſuis peut-être inconnu, quoique j'aie été honoré autrefois de l'amitié *of the two brothers*[1].

Je n'ai d'autre recommandation auprès de vous que l'envie de m'inſtruire. Voyez ſi elle ſuffit. Voulez vous avoir la bonté de m'envoyer votre ouvrage par la poſte ſous l'envelope de M. le chef du bureau des interprêtes à Verſailles? Ma témérité va plus loin encor, monſieur: j'ai toujours douté de l'aſſaſſinat de M. de Genonville qui a produit en France plus de mauvais vers que de repreſailles. Je vois que dans aucune piece juridique, dans aucun manifeſte, dans aucun écrit des miniſtres reſpectifs, il n'eſt queſtion de cet aſſaſſinat prétendu. Si cependant il eſt vrai que vos ſoldats aient commis cette barbarie ſauvage ou chrétienne en Canada, je vous prie de me l'avouer: S'ils n'en ſont pas coupables, je vous prie de les juſtifier par un mot de votre main. Tout ce que la renommée m'apprend de vous, me perſuade que vous pardonnerez à toutes les libertés que je prends.

Vous pardonnerez encor plus à mon ignorance de vos titres; je n'en

[1] Sir Robert Walpole and his brother Horace.

reſpecte

reſpecte pas moins votre perſonne. Je connais plus votre mérite que les dignités dont il doit être revêtu.

J ſuis avec l'eſti me la plus reſpectueuſe, monſieur,

Votre très humble et très obéiſſant ſerviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER II.

To MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

Strawberry-hill, June 21, 1768.

SIR,

YOU read Engliſh with ſo much more facility than I can write French, that I hope you will excuſe my making uſe of my own tongue to thank you for the honour of your letter. If I employed your language, my ignorance in it might betray me into expreſſions that would not do juſtice to the ſentiments I feel at being ſo diſtinguiſhed.

It is true, ſir, I have ventured to conteſt the hiſtory of Richard the third, as it has been delivered down to us: and I ſhall obey your commands, and ſend it to you, though with fear and trembling; for though I have given it to the world, as it is called, yet, as you have juſtly obſerved, *that* world is compriſed within a very ſmall circle of readers—and undoubtedly I could not expect that you would do me the honour of being one of the number. Nor do I fear you, ſir, only as the firſt genius in Europe, who have illuſtrated every ſcience; I have a more intimate dependence on you than you ſuſpect. Without knowing it, you have been my maſter, and perhaps the ſole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having ſtudied yours: ſo far, ſir, am I from living in that ſtate of barbariſm and ignorance with which you tax me when you ſay *que vous m'êtes peut-être inconnu.* I was not a ſtranger to your reputation very many years ago, but remember to have then thought you honoured our houſe by dining with my mother—though I was at ſchool, and had not the happineſs of ſeeing you: and yet my father was in a ſituation that might have dazzled eyes older than mine. The plain name of that father, and the pride of having had ſo excellent a father,

father, to whoſe virtues truth at laſt does juſtice, is all I have to boaſt. I am a very private man, diſtinguiſhed by neither dignities nor titles, which I have never done any thing to deſerve—but as I am certain that titles alone would not have procured me the honour of your notice, I am content without them.

But, ſir, if I can tell you nothing good of myſelf, I can at leaſt tell you ſomething bad: and after the obligation you have conferred on me by your letter, I ſhould bluſh if you heard it from any body but myſelf. I had rather incur your indignation than deceive you. Some time ago I took the liberty to find fault in print with the criticiſms you had made on our Shakeſpeare. This freedom, and no wonder, never came to your knowledge. It was in a preface to a trifling Romance, much unworthy of your regard, but which I ſhall ſend you, becauſe I cannot accept even the honour of your correſpondence, without making you judge whether I deſerve it. I might retract, I might beg your pardon; but having ſaid nothing but what I thought, nothing illiberal or unbecoming a gentleman, it would be treating you with ingratitude and impertinence, to ſuppoſe that you would either be offended with my remarks, or pleaſed with my recantation. You are as much above wanting flattery, as I am above offering it to you. You would deſpiſe me, and I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf—a ſacrifice I cannot make, ſir, even to you.

Though it is impoſſible not to know *you*, ſir, I muſt confeſs my ignorance on the other part of your letter. I know nothing of the hiſtory of monſieur de Genonville, nor can tell whether it is true or falſe, as this is the firſt time I ever heard of it. But I will take care to inform myſelf as well as I can, and, if you allow me to trouble you again, will ſend you the exact account as far as I can obtain it. I love my country, but I do not love any of my countrymen that have been capable, if they have been ſo, of a foul aſſaſſination. I ſhould have made this inquiry directly, and informed you of the reſult of it in this letter, had I been in London; but the reſpect I owe you, ſir, and my impatience to thank you for ſo unexpected a mark of your favour, made me chooſe not to delay my gratitude for a ſingle poſt. I have the honour to be, ſir,

Your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

Au Chateau de Ferney, Païs de Gex par Verſoi et Lyon,
15 Juillet, 1768.

MONSIEUR,

IL y a quarante ans que je n'oſe plus parler Anglais, et vous parlez nôtre langue très bien. J'ai vu des lettres de vous écrites comme vous penſez. D'ailleurs, mon age et mes maladies ne me permettent pas d'écrire de ma main. Vous aurez donc mes remerciements dans ma langue.

Je viens de lire la préface de vôtre Hiſtoire de Richard trois ; elle me parait trop courte. Quand on a ſi viſiblement raiſon, et qu'on joint à ſes connaiſſances une philoſophie ſi ferme, et un ſtile ſi mâle, je voudrais qu'on me parlât plus longtemps. Vôtre père était un grand miniſtre et un bon orateur, mais je doute qu'il eût pu écrire comme vous. Vous ne devez pas dire, *quia pater major me eſt.*

J'ai toujours penſé comme vous qu'il faut ſe défier de toutes les hiſtoires anciennes. Fontenelle, le ſeul homme du ſiécle de Louis XIV qui fut à la fois poëte, philoſophe et ſavant, diſait qu'elles étaient des *fables convenues.* Et il faut avouer que Rolin a trop compilé de chimères et de contradictions.

Après avoir lu la préface de vôtre Hiſtoire j'ai lu celle de vôtre Roman. Vous vous y moquez un peu de moi. Les Français entendent raillerie, mais je vais vous répondre ſérieuſement.

Vous avez fait accroire à vôtre nation, que je mépriſe Shakeſpear. Je ſuis le premier qui ait fait connaître Shakeſpear aux Français ; j'en ai traduit des paſſages il y a quarante ans, ainſi que de Milton, de Waller, de Rocheſter, de Driden, et de Pope. Je peux vous aſſurer qu'avant moi preſque perſonne en France ne connaiſſait la poëſie Anglaiſe. A peine avait-on même entendu parler de Loke. J'ai été perſécuté pendant trente ans par une nuée de fanatiques pour avoir dit que Loke eſt l'Hercule de la métaphyſique qui a poſé les bornes de l'eſprit humain.

Ma deſtinée a encor voulu que je fuſſe le premier qui ait expliqué à mes

mes concitoiens les découvertes du grand Neuton, que quelques ſots parmi nous appellent encor des ſiſtêmes. J'ai été vôtre apôtre et vôtre martir. En vérité il n'eſt pas juſte que les Anglais ſe plaignent de moi.

J'avais dit il y a très longtems que ſi Shakeſpear était venu dans le ſiecle d'Adiſſon il aurait joint à ſon génie l'élégance et la pureté qui rendent Adiſſon recommandable. J'avais dit, *que ſon génie était à lui, et que ſes fautes étaient à ſon ſiecle.* Il eſt préciſément, à mon avis, comme le Lopez de Vega des Eſpagnols, et comme le Caldéron. C'eſt une belle nature, mais ſauvage, nulle régularité, nulle bienſéance, nul art ; de la baſſeſſe avec de la grandeur, de la boufonerie avec du terrible ; c'eſt le cahos de la tragédie dans lequel il y a cent traits de lumiere. Les Italiens, qui reſtaurèrent la tragédie un ſiecle avant les Anglais et les Eſpagnols, ne ſont point tombés dans ce défaut ; ils ont mieux imité les Grecs ; il n'y a point de boufons dans l'Œdipe et dans l'Electre de Sophocle. Je ſoupçonne fort que cette groſſiereté eut ſon origine dans nos fous de cour. Nous étions un peu barbares tous tant que nous ſommes en deça des alpes. Chaque prince avait ſon fou en tître d'office. Des rois ignorants élevés par des ignorants ne pouvaient connaître les plaiſirs nôbles de l'eſprit ; ils dégradèrent la nature humaine au point de paier des gens pour leur dire des ſottiſes. De là vint nôtre *mère ſotte* ; et avant Moliere il y avait un fou de cour dans prèſque toutes les comédies. Cette métode eſt abominable.

J'ai dit, il eſt vrai, monſieur, ainſi que vous le raportez, qu'il y a des comédies ſérieuſes, telles que le Miſantrope, qui ſont des chef-d'œuvres ; qu'il y en a de très plaiſantes, comme George Dandin ; que la plaiſanterie, le ſérieux, l'attendriſſement peuvent très bien s'accorder dans la même comédie.

J'ai dit que tous les genres ſont bons hors le genre ennuieux. Oui, monſieur, mais la groſſiereté n'eſt point un genre. Il y a beaucoup de logements dans la maiſon de mon père ; mais je n'ai jamais prétendu qu'il fut honnête de loger dans la même chambre Charle quint et don Japhet d'Arménie, Auguſte et un matelot yvre, Marc-Aurèle et un boufon des rues. Il me ſemble qu'Horace penſait ainſi dans le plus beau des ſiecles ; conſultez ſon Art Poëtique. Toute l'Europe éclairée penſe de même aujourd'hui, et les Eſpagnols commencent à ſe défaire à la fois du mauvais goût comme de l'Inquiſition, car le bon eſprit proſcrit également l'un et l'autre.

Vous ſentez ſi bien, monſieur, à quel point le trivial et le bas défigurent la tragédie, que vous reprochez à Racine de faire dire à Antiochus dans Bérénice,

De ſon apartement cette porte eſt prochaine,
Et cet autre conduit dans celui de la reine.

Ce ne ſont pas là certainement des vers héroïques. Mais ayez la bonté d'obſerver qu'ils ſont dans une ſcène d'expoſition, laquelle doit être ſimple. Ce n'eſt pas là une beauté de poëſie, mais c'eſt une beauté d'éxactitude, qui fixe le lieu de la ſcène, qui met tout d'un coup le ſpectateur au fait, et qui l'avertit que tous les perſonnages paraîtront dans ce cabinet qui eſt commun aux autres apartements, ſans quoi il ne ſerait point du tout vraiſſemblable que Titus, Bérénice et Antiochus parlaſſent toujours dans la même chambre

Que le *lieu de la ſcène y ſoit fixe et marqué*,

dit le ſage Deſpreaux, l'oracle du bon goût, dans ſon Art Poëtique, égal pour le moins à celui d'Horace. Nôtre excellent Racine n'a prèſque jamais manqué à cette règle. Et c'eſt une choſe digne d'admiration qu'Athalie paraiſſe dans le temple des Juifs, et dans la même place où l'on a vu le grand prêtre, ſans choquer en rien la vraiſſemblance.

Vous pardonnerez encor plus, monſieur, à l'illuſtre Racine, quand vous vous ſouviendrez que la piéce de Bérénice était en quelque façon l'hiſtoire de Louïs XIV. et de vôtre princeſſe Anglaiſe ſœur de Charles ſecond. Ils logeaient tous deux de plein pied à St. Germain, et un ſalon ſéparait leurs apartements.

Vous n'obſervez vous autres libres Bretons, ni unité de lieu, ni unité de tems, ni unité d'action. En vérité vous n'en faites pas mieux ; la vraiſſemblance doit être comptée pour quelque choſe. L'art en devient plus difficile, et les difficultés vaincues donnent en tout genre du plaiſir et de la gloire.

Permettez moi, monſieur, tout Anglais que vous êtes, de prendre un peu

le parti de ma nation. Je lui ai dit ſi ſouvent ſes vérités, qu'il eſt bien juſte que je la careſſe quand je crois qu'elle a raiſon. Ouï, monſieur, j'ai cru, je crois, et je croirai que Paris eſt très ſupérieur à Athêne en fait de tragédies et de comédies. Moliere et même Regnard me paraiſſent l'emporter ſur Ariſtophane, autant que Démoſthêne l'emporte ſur nos avocats. Je vous dirai hardiment que toutes les tragédies Grecques me paraiſſent des ouvrages d'écoliers en comparaiſon des ſublimes ſcènes de Corneille, et des parfaittes tragédies de Racine. C'était ainſi que parlait Boileau lui-même, tout admirateur des anciens qu'il était. Il n'a fait nulle difficulté d'écrire au bas du portrait de Racine, que ce grand homme avait ſurpaſſé Euripide et balancé Corneille.

Ouï, je crois démontré qu'il y a beaucoup plus d'hommes de goût à Paris que dans Athêne, parce qu'il y a plus de trente mille ames à Paris uniquement occupées des beaux arts, et qu'Athêne n'en avait pas dix mille ; parce que le bas peuple d'Athêne entrait au ſpectacle et qu'il n'y entre point chez nous ; parce que ceux qui parmi nous jugent des beaux arts n'ont guères que cette occupation ; parce que nôtre commerce continuel avec les femmes a mis dans nos ſentiments beaucoup plus de délicateſſe, plus de bienſéance dans nos mœurs, et plus de fineſſe dans nôtre goût. Laiſſez nous nôtre théatre ; laiſſez aux Italiens leurs *favole boſcarecie*. Vous êtes aſſez riches d'ailleurs.

De très mauvaiſes piéces, il eſt vrai, ridiculement intriguées, barbarement écrites, ont pendant quelque tems à Paris des ſuccès prodigieux, ſoutenus par la cabale, l'eſprit de parti, la mode, la protection paſſagère de quelques perſonnes accréditées ; mais en très peu d'années l'illuſion ſe diſſipe, les cabales paſſent, et la vérité reſte.

Permettez moi de vous dire encor un mot ſur la rime que vous nous reprochez. Prèſque toutes les piéces de Driden ſont rimées. C'eſt une difficulté de plus. Les vers qu'on retient de lui, et que tout le monde cite, ſont rimés. Et je ſoutiens encore que Cinna, Athalie, Iphigénie étant rimés, quiconque voudrait ſecouer ce joug en France ſerait regardé comme un artiſte faible qui n'aurait pas la force de le porter.

En qualité de vieillard, il faut que je vous diſe une anecdote. Je demandais

un jour à Pope pourquoi Milton n'avait pas rimé ſon poëme, dans le tems que les autres poëtes rimaient leurs poëmes à l'imitation des Italiens ; il me répondit, *becauſe he could not.*

Je vous ai dit, monſieur, tout ce que j'avais ſur le cœur. J'avoue que j'ai fait une groſſe faute en ne feſant pas attention que le comte de Leiſceſter s'était d'abord appellé Dudley ; mais ſi vous avez la fantaiſie d'entrer dans la chambre des pairs et de changer de nom, je me ſouviendrai toujours du nom de Walpole avec l'eſtime la plus reſpectueuſe.

Avant le départ de ma lettre j'ai eu le tems, monſieur, de lire vôtre Richard trois. Vous ſeriez un excellent attornei general ; vous peſez toutes les probabilités ; mais il parait que vous avez une inclination ſecrette pour ce boſſu. Vous voulez qu'il ait été beau garçon, et même galant homme. Le bénédictin Calmet a fait une diſſertation pour prouver que Jeſus Chriſt avait un fort beau viſage. Je veux croire avec vous que Richard trois n'était ni ſi laid, ni ſi mèchant qu'on le dit ; mais je n'aurais pas voulu avoir à faire à lui. Vôtre roſe blanche et vôtre roſe rouge avaient de terribles épines pour la nation.

Thoſe gratious kings are all a pack of rogues.

En liſant l'hiſtoire des York et des Lancaſtre, et de bien d'autres, on croit lire l'hiſtoire des voleurs de grand chemin. Pour vôtre Henri ſept, il n'était que coupeur de bourſes.

Be a miniſter or an anti-miniſter, a lord or a philoſopher ; I wil be with an equal reſpect, ſir,

Your moſt humble obedient ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

Be ſo kind as to tell me frankley if Jumonville was aſſaſſinated near the river call'd Ohio.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Strawberry-hill, July 27, 1768.

ONE can never, ſir, be ſorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in ſo obliging and maſterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakeſpeare, I ſhould think him to blame, if he could have ſeen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the ſtage, and to ſhow on what good ſenſe thoſe laws were founded. Your art, ſir, goes ſtill farther; for you have ſupported your arguments, without having recourſe to the beſt authority, your own works. It was my intereſt perhaps to defend barbariſm and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to ſhow that when correctneſs, nay when perfection is demanded, he can ſtill ſhine, and be himſelf, whatever fetters are impoſed on him. But I will ſay no more on this head; for I am neither ſo unpoliſhed as to tell you to your face how much I admire you, nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakeſpeare againſt your criticiſms, am I vain enough to think myſelf an adverſary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of conteſting them. It was bold in me to diſpute with you even before I had the honour of your acquaintance; it would be ungrateful now when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been ſo good as to ſend me, is a proof that you are one of thoſe truly great and rare men, who know at once how to conquer and to pardon.

I have made all the enquiry I could into the ſtory of M. de Jumonville; and though your and our accounts diſagree, I own I do not think, ſir, that the ſtrongeſt evidence is in our favour. I am told we allow he was killed by a party of our men, going to the Ohio. Your countrymen ſay he was going with a flag of truce. The commanding officer of our party ſaid M. de Jumonville was going with hoſtile intentions; and that very hoſtile orders were found after his death in his pocket. Unleſs that officer had proved that he had previous intelligence of thoſe orders, I doubt he will not be juſtified by finding them afterwards; for I am not at all diſpoſed to believe that he had the foreknowledge of your hermit, who pitched the old woman's ne-

phew into the river, becauſe *ce jeune homme auroit aſſaſſiné ſa tante dans un an.*

I am grieved that ſuch diſputes ſhould ever ſubſiſt between two nations who have every thing in themſelves to create happineſs, and who may find enough in each other to love and admire. It is your benevolence, ſir, and your zeal for ſoftening the manners of mankind; it is the doctrine of peace and amity which you preach, that have raiſed my eſteem for you even more than the brightneſs of your genius. France may claim you in the latter light, but all nations have a right to call you their countryman du côté du cœur. It is on the ſtrength of that connection that I beg you, ſir, to accept the homage of,

Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE [a].

[a] Into what deſpicable duplicity can inordinate vanity betray even real genius!—While Voltaire was writing in this flattering manner to Mr. Walpole, was aſking for his works, and was courting his correſpondence, he encloſed the above letter in the following to the ducheſs of Choiſeul, in which he takes no ſort of notice of his having begun the correſpondence, but ſeems to wiſh it to be underſtood, that both Mr. Walpole's works and his difference in opinion with Voltaire had been officiouſly offered to his notice by their author himſelf. The ducheſs of Choiſeul ſhowed this letter to Mr. Walpole; which gave him ſuch a contempt for Voltaire's diſingenuity, that he dropped all farther correſpondence with him. E.

VOLTAIRE to the DUCHESS of CHOISEUL.

15 Juillet, 1768.

MADAME,

LA femme du protecteur eſt protectrice. La femme du miniſtre de la France pourra prendre le parti des François contre les Anglois avec qui je ſuis en guerre. Daignez juger, madame, entre M. Walpole et moi. Il m'a envoié ſes ouvrages dans leſquels il juſtifie le tiran Richard trois, dont ni vous ni moi ne nous ſoucions gueres. Mais il donne la préférence à ſon groſſier boufon Shakeſpeare ſur Racine et ſur Corneille; et c'eſt de quoi je me ſoucie beaucoup.

Je ne ſais par quelle voie Mr. Walpole m'a envoié ſa déclaration de guerre. Il faut que ce ſoit par monſieur le duc de Choiſeul, car elle eſt très ſpirituelle et très polie. Si vous voulez, madame, être médiatrice de la paix, il ne tient qu'à vous; j'en paſſerai par ce que vous ordonnerez; je vous ſuplie d'être juge du combat. Je prends la liberté de vous envoier ma reponſe. Si vous la trouvez raiſonable, permettez que je prenne encore une autre liberté: c'eſt de vous ſuplier de lui faire parvenir ma lettre, ſoit par la poſte, ſoit par M. le comte du Chatelet.

Vous me trouverez bien hardi, mais vous pardonnerez à un vieux ſoldat qui combat pour ſa patrie,

LETTER V.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Huntingdon, May 30, 1763.

AS you intereſt yourſelf about Kimbolton, I begin my journal of two days here. But I muſt ſet out with owning, that I believe I am the firſt man that ever went ſixty miles to an auction. As I came for ebony, I have been up to my chin in ebony; there is literally nothing but ebony in the houſe; all the other goods, if there were any, and I truſt my lady Conyers did not ſleep upon ebony mattreſſes, are taken away. There are two tables and eighteen chairs [1], all made by the Hallet of two hundred years ago. Theſe I intend to have; for mind, the auction does not begin till Thurſday. There are more plebeian chairs of the ſame materials, but I have left commiſſion for only the true black blood. Thence I went to Kimbolton, and aſked to ſee the houſe. A kind footman, who in his zeal to open the chaiſe pinched half my finger off, ſaid he would call the houſekeeper: but a groom of the chambers inſiſted on my viſiting their graces; and as I vowed I did not know them, he ſaid they were in the great apartment, that all the reſt was in diſorder and altering, and would let me ſee nothing.—This was the reward of my firſt lie. I returned to my inn or alehouſe, and inſtantly received a meſſage from the duke to invite me to the caſtle. I was quite undreſſed, and dirty with my journey, and unacquainted with the ducheſs—yet was forced to go—Thank the god of duſt, his grace was dirtier than me. He was extremely civil, and detected me to the groom of the chambers—aſked me if I had dined. I ſaid yes—lie the ſecond. He preſſed me to take a bed there. I hate to be criticiſed at a formal ſupper by a circle of ſtranger-footmen, and proteſted I was to meet a gentleman at Huntingdon to-night. The ducheſs and lady Caroline came in from walking; and to diſguiſe my not having dined, for it was paſt ſix, I drank tea with them. The ducheſs is

patrie, et qui, s'il a du goût, aura combattu ſous vos ordres.

Agreez, madame, la ſincere eſtime, la reconnoiſſance, et le profond reſpect du

VIEILLARD DES ALPES.

[1] Thoſe now at Strawberry-hill. They are ſo elaborately carved, that an upholſterer in London aſked Mr. Walpole 11 guineas to execute one ſimilar in the ſame materials. E.

much

much altered, and has a bad ſhort cough. I pity Catherine of Arragon for living at Kimbolton: I never ſaw an uglier ſpot. The fronts are not ſo bad as I expected, by not being ſo French as I expected, but have no pretenſions to beauty, nor even to comely ancient uglineſs. The great apartment is truly noble, and almoſt all the portraits good, of what I ſaw; for many are not hung up, and half of thoſe that are, my lord duke does not know. The earl of Warwick is delightful; the lady Mandèville attiring herſelf in her wedding garb, delicious. The Prometheus is a glorious picture, the eagle as fine as my ſtatue. Is not it by Vandyck? The duke told me that Mr. Spence found out it was by Titian—but critics in poetry I ſee are none in painting. This was all I was ſhown, for I was not even carried into the chapel. The walls round the houſe are levelling, and I ſaw nothing without doors that tempted me to taſte. So I made my bow, hurried to my inn, ſnapped up my dinner, leſt I ſhould again be detected, and came hither, where I am writing by a great fire, and give up my friend the eaſt wind, which I have long been partial to for the ſouth-eaſt's ſake, and in contradiction to the weſt, for blowing perpetually and bending all one's plantations. To-morrow I ſee Hinchinbrook—and London. Memento, I promiſed the duke that you ſhould come and write on all his portraits. Do, as you honour the blood of Montagu! Who is the man in the picture with ſir Charles Goring, where a page is tying the latter's ſcarf? And who are the ladies in the double half-lengths?

Arlington-ſtreet, May 31.

Well! I ſaw Hinchinbrook this morning. Conſidering it is in Huntingdonſhire, the ſituation is not ſo ugly nor melancholy as I expected; but I do not conceive what provoked ſo many of your anceſtors to pitch their tents in that triſte country, unleſs the Capulets[1] loved fine proſpects. The houſe of Hinchinbrook is moſt comfortable, and juſt what I like; old, ſpacious, irregular, yet not vaſt or forlorn. I believe much has been done ſince you ſaw it—it now only wants an apartment, for in no part of it are there above two chambers together. The furniture has much ſimplicity, not to ſay too much; ſome portraits tolerable, none I think fine. When this lord gave Blackwood the head of the admiral[2] that I have now, he left

[1] As oppoſing in every thing the Montagus.

[2] Admiral Montagu, earl of Sandwich, by ſir P. Lely, now in the gallery at Strawberry-hill.

himſelf

himſelf not one ſo good. The head he kept is very bad: the whole length is fine, except the face of it. There is another of the duke of Cumberland by Reynolds, the colours of which are as much changed as the original is to the proprietor. The garden is wondrous ſmall, the park almoſt ſmaller, and no appearance of territory. The whole has a quiet decency that ſeems adapted to the admiral after his retirement, or to Cromwell before his exaltation. I returned time enough for the opera; obſerving all the way I came the proof of the duration of this eaſt wind, for on the weſt ſide the bloſſoms were ſo covered with duſt one could not diſtinguiſh them; on the eaſtern hand the hedges were white in all the pride of May. Good-night.

Wedneſday, June 1.

My letter is a perfect diary. There has been a ſad alarm in the kingdom of white ſatin and muſlin. The duke of Richmond was ſeized laſt night with a ſore throat and fever; and though he is much better to-day, the maſquerade[t] of to-morrow night is put off till Monday. Many a queen of Scots, from ſixty to ſixteen, has been ready to die of the fright. Adieu once more! I think I can have nothing more to ſay before the poſt goes out to-morrow.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[t] The maſked ball given by the duke of Richmond at his houſe in Privy-garden.

LETTER VI.

To MONSIEUR ELIE DE BEAUMONT.

[With the Caſtle of Otranto.]

Strawberry-hill, March 18, 1765.

SIR,

WHEN I had the honour of ſeeing you here, I believe I told you that I had written a novel, in which I was flattered to find that I had touched an effuſion of the heart in a manner ſimilar to a paſſage in the charming letters of the marquis de Roſelle[1]. I have ſince that time publiſhed my little ſtory, but was ſo diffident of its merit, that I gave it as a tranſlation from the Italian. Still I ſhould not have ventured to offer it to ſo great a miſtreſs of the paſſions as madame de Beaumont, if the approbation of London, that is, of a country to which ſhe and you, ſir, are ſo good as to be partial, had not encouraged me to ſend it to you. After I have talked of the paſſions, and the natural effuſions of the heart, how will you be ſurpriſed to find a narrative of the moſt improbable and abſurd adventures! How will you be amazed to hear that a country of whoſe good ſenſe you have an opinion ſhould have applauded ſo wild a tale! But you muſt remember, ſir, that whatever good ſenſe we have, we are not yet in any light chained down to precepts and inviolable laws. All that Ariſtotle or his ſuperior commentators, your authors, have taught us, has not yet ſubdued us to regularity: we ſtill prefer the extravagant beauties of Shakeſpeare and Milton to the cold and well-diſciplined merit of Addiſon, and even to the ſober and correct march of Pope. Nay, it was but t'other day that we were tranſported to hear Churchill rave in numbers leſs chaſtiſed than Dryden's, but ſtill in numbers like Dryden's. You will not, I hope, think I apply theſe mighty names to my own caſe with any vanity, when it is only their enormities that I quote, and that in defence, not of myſelf, but of my countrymen, who have had good-humour enough to approve the viſionary ſcenes and actors in the Caſtle of Otranto.

To tell you the truth, it was not ſo much my intention to recall the ex-

[1] A French novel written by madame de Beaumont, wife of this Elie de Beaumont.

ploded marvels of ancient romance, as to blend the wonderful of old ſtories with the natural of modern novels. The world is apt to wear out any plan whatever; and if the marquis de Roſelle had not appeared, I ſhould have been inclined to ſay, that that ſpecies *had* been exhauſted. Madame de Beaumont muſt forgive me if I add that Richardſon had, to me at leaſt, made that kind of writing inſupportable. I thought the *nodus* was become *dignus vindice*, and that a god, at leaſt a ghoſt, was abſolutely neceſſary to frighten us out of too much ſenſes. When I had ſo wicked a deſign, no wonder if the execution was anſwerable. If I make you laugh, for I cannot flatter myſelf that I ſhall make you cry, I ſhall be content; at leaſt I ſhall be ſatisfied, till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you, with putting you in mind of, ſir,

Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. The paſſage I alluded to in the beginning of my letter is where Matilda owns her paſſion to Hippolita.—I mention it, as I fear ſo unequal a ſimilitude would not ſtrike madame de Beaumont.

LETTER VII.

To THOMAS BRAND, Esq. of the HOO in HEREFORDSHIRE.

Paris, October 19, 1765.

DON'T think I have forgot your commiſſions: I mentioned them to old Mariette this evening, who ſays he has got one of them, but never could meet with the other, and that it will be impoſſible for me to find either at Paris. You know, I ſuppoſe, that he would as ſoon part with an eye as with any thing in his own collection.

You may, if you pleaſe, ſuppoſe me extremely diverted here. Oh! exceedingly. In the firſt place, I have ſeen nothing; in the ſecond, I have been confined this fortnight with a return of the gout in both feet; and in

the third, I have not laughed ſince my lady Hertford went away. I aſſure you, you may come hither very ſafely, and be in no danger from mirth. Laughing is as much out of faſhion as pantins or bilboquets. Good folks, they have not time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down firſt; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane, for having any belief left. But this is not my only crime: I have told them, and am undone by it, that they have taken from us to admire the two dulleſt things we had, whiſk and Richardſon—It is very true, and they want nothing but George Grenville to make their converſations, or rather diſſertations, the moſt tireſome upon earth. For lord L———, if he would come hither, and turn free-thinker once more, he would be reckoned the moſt agreeable man in France—next to Mr. Hume, who is the only thing in the world that they believe implicitly; which they muſt do, for I defy them to underſtand any language that he ſpeaks.

If I could diveſt myſelf of my wicked and *unphiloſophic* bent to laughing, I ſhould do very well. They are very civil and obliging to me, and ſeveral of the women are very agreeable, and ſome of the men. The duc de Nivernois has been beyond meaſure kind to me, and ſcarce miſſed a day without coming to ſee me during my confinement. The Guerchys are, as uſual, all friendſhip. I had given entirely into ſupping, as I do not love riſing early, and ſtill leſs meat breakfaſts. The misfortune is, that in ſeveral houſes they dine, and in others ſup.

You will think it odd that I ſhould want to laugh, when Wilkes, Sterne, and Foote are here; but the firſt does not make me laugh, the ſecond never could, and for the third, I chooſe to pay five ſhillings when I have a mind he ſhould divert me. Beſides, I certainly did not come in ſearch of Engliſh; and yet the man I have liked the beſt in Paris is an Engliſhman, lord Oſſory, who is one of the moſt ſenſible amiable young men I ever ſaw, with a great deal of lord Taviſtock in his manner.

The joys of Fontainebleau I miſs by my illneſs—Patienza! If the gout deprived me of nothing better than a court.

The papers ſay the duke of Dorſet is dead: what has he done for lord George?

George? You cannot be ſo unconſcionable as not to anſwer me. I don't aſk who is to have his ribband; nor how many buſhels of fruit the duke of Newcaſtle's deſſert for the hereditary prince contained, nor how often he kiſſed him for the ſake of the *dear houſe of Brunſwic*—No, keep your politics to yourſelves; I want to know none of them:—when I do, and authentically, I will write to my lady ——— or Charles Townſhend.

Mrs. Pitt's friend, madame de Rochefort, is one of my principal attachments, and very agreeable indeed. Madame de Mirepoix another. For my admiration, madame de Monaco—but I believe you don't doubt my lord ——'s taſte in ſenſualities. March's paſſion, the marechalle d'Eſtrées, is affected, croſs, and not at all handſome. The princes of the blood are pretty much retired, do not go to Portſmouth and Saliſbury once a week, nor furniſh every other paragraph to the newſpapers. Their campaigns are confined to killing boars and ſtags, two or three hundred in a year.

Adieu! Mr. Foley is my banker; or it is ſtill more ſure if you ſend your letter to Mr. Conway's office.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

To Dr. BERKENHOUT[1].

July 6, 1773.

SIR,

I AM ſo much engaged in private buſineſs at preſent, that I have not had time to thank you for the favour of your letter: nor can I now anſwer it to your ſatisfaction.

My life has been too inſignificant to afford materials intereſting to the

[1] In anſwer to a letter from doctor Berkenhout, announcing his being engaged in a work cal led "A Biographical Hiſtory of Britiſh Literature," and begging materials for a life of Mr. Walpole. E.

public. In general, the lives of mere authors are dry and unentertaining; nor, though I have been one occaſionally, are my writings of a claſs or merit to entitle me to any diſtinction. I can as little furniſh you, ſir, with a liſt of them or their dates, which would give me more trouble to make out than is worth while. If I have any merit with the public, it is for printing and preſerving ſome valuable works of others; and if ever you write the lives of printers, I may be enrolled in the number. My own works, I ſuppoſe, are dead and buried; but as I am not impatient to be interred with them, I hope you will leave that office to the parſon of the pariſh, and I ſhall be, as long as I live,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IX.

To LADY ——.

YOUR ladyſhip's illuſtrious exploits are the conſtant theme of my meditations. Your expeditions are ſo rapid, and to ſuch diſtant regions, that I cannot help thinking you are poſſeſſed of the giant's boots that ſtepped ſeven leagues at a ſtride, as we are aſſured by that accurate hiſtorian Mother Gooſe. You are, I know, madam, an excellent walker, yet methinks ſeven leagues at once are a prodigious ſtraddle for a fair lady. But whatever is your manner of travelling, few heroines ancient or modern can be compared to you for length of journeys. Thaleſtris queen of the Amazons, and M. M. or N. N. queen of Sheba, went each of them the Lord knows how far to meet Alexander the great, and Solomon the wiſe; the one to beg the favour of having a daughter (I ſuppoſe) and heireſs by him; and the other, ſays ſcandal, to grant a like favour to the Hebrew monarch. Your ladyſhip, who has more real Amazonian principles, never makes viſits but to empreſſes, queens, and princeſſes; and your country is enriched with the maxims of wiſdom and virtue which you collect in your travels. For ſuch great ends did Herodotus, Pythagoras, and other ſages, make voyages to Egypt

Egypt and every diſtant kingdom; and it is amazing how much their own countries were beneſited by what thoſe philoſophers learned in their peregrinations. Were it not that your ladyſhip is actuated by ſuch public ſpirit, I could put you in mind, madam, of an old ſtory that might ſave you a great deal of fatigue and danger—and now I think of it, as I have nothing better to fill my letter with, I will relate it to you.

Pyrrhus, the martial and *magnanimous* king of Epirus (as my lord Lyttelton would call him), being, as I have heard or ſeen Goodman Plutarch ſay, intent on his preparations for invading Italy; Cineas, one of the grooms of his bed-chamber, took the liberty of aſking his majeſty what benefit he expected to reap if he ſhould be ſucceſsful in conquering the Romans?—Jeſus! ſaid the king peeviſhly; why, the queſtion anſwers itſelf. When we have overcome the Romans, no province, no town, whether Greek or barbarian, will be able to reſiſt us: we ſhall at once be maſters of all Italy. Cineas, after a ſhort pauſe, replied, And having ſubdued Italy, what ſhall we do next?—Do next? anſwered Pyrrhus; why, ſeize Sicily.—Very likely, quoth Cineas; but will that put an end to the war?—The gods forbid! cried his majeſty: when Sicily is reduced, Libya and Carthage will be within our reach. And then, without giving Cineas time to put in a word, the heroic prince ran over Africa, Greece, Aſia, Perſia, and every other country he had ever heard of upon the face of God's earth; not one of which he intended ſhould eſcape his victorious ſword. At laſt, when he was at the end of his geography and a little out of breath, Cineas watched his opportunity, and ſaid quietly, Well, ſire, and when we have conquered all the world, what are we to do then?—Why, then, ſaid his majeſty, extremely ſatisfied with his own proweſs, we will live at our eaſe; we will ſpend whole days in banqueting and carouſing, and will think of nothing but our pleaſures.

Now, madam, for the application. Had I had the honour a few years ago of being your confidential abigail, when you meditated a viſit to princeſs Eſterhazi, I would have ventured to aſk your ladyſhip of what advantage her acquaintance would be to you? Probably you would have told me, that ſhe would introduce you to ſeveral electreſſes and margravines, whoſe courts you would viſit. That having conquered all their hearts, as I am perſuaded you would, your next jaunt ſhould be to Heſſe; from whence it would be but a trip to Aix, where madame de Rochouart lives. Soaring from thence,

you

you would repair to the Imperial court at Vienna, where reſides the moſt auguſt, moſt virtuous and moſt plump of empreſſes and queens—no, I miſtake—I ſhould only have ſaid, of empreſſes; for her majeſty of Denmark, God bleſs her! is reported to be full as virtuous, and three ſtone heavier. Shall not you call at Copenhagen, madam? If you do, you are next door to the Czarina, who is the quinteſſence of friendſhip, as the princeſs Daſkioff ſays, whom, next to the late Czar, her Muſcovite majeſty loves above all the world. Aſia, I ſuppoſe, would not enter into your ladyſhip's ſyſtem of conqueſt; for, though it contains a ſight of queens and ſultanas, the poor ladies are locked up in abominable places, into which I am ſure your ladyſhip's amity would never carry you—I think they call them ſeraglios.—Africa has nothing but empreſſes ſtark-naked; and of complexions directly the reverſe of your alabaſter. They do not reign in their own right; and what is worſe, the emperors of thoſe barbarous regions wear no more robes than the ſovereigns of their hearts—And what are princes and princeſſes without velvet and ermine? As I am not a jot a better geographer than king Pyrrhus, I can at preſent recollect but one lady more who reigns alone, and that is her majeſty of Otaheite, lately diſcovered by Mr. Bankes and Dr. Solander; and for whom your ladyſhip's compaſſionate breaſt muſt feel the tendereſt emotions, ſhe having been cruelly deprived of her faithful miniſter and lover Tobiu, ſince dead at Batavia.

Well, madam, after you ſhould have given me the plan of your intended expeditions, and not left a queen regent on the face of the globe unviſited, I would aſk what we were to do next?—Why then, dear Abigail, you would have ſaid, we will retire to ———, we will plant ſhrubs all the morning, read Anderſon's Royal Genealogies all the evening; and once or twice a week I will go to Gunnerſbury and drink a bottle with princeſs Amelia.—Alas, dear lady! and cannot you do all that without ſkuttling from one end of the world to the other?—This was the upſhot of all Cineas's inquiſitiveneſs: and this is the pith of this tedious letter from, madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt faithful Aulic counſellor

And humble admirer,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER X.

To DOCTOR GEM[1], AT PARIS.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 4, 1776.

IT is but fair, when one quits one's party, to give notice to thoſe one abandons—at leaſt, modern patriots, who often imbibe their principles of honour at Newmarket, uſe that civility. You and I, dear ſir, have often agreed in our political notions; and you, I fear, will die without changing your opinion. For my part, I muſt confeſs I am totally altered; and, inſtead of being a warm partiſan of liberty, now admire nothing but deſpotiſm. You will naturally aſk what place I have gotten, or what bribe I have taken? Thoſe are the criterions of political changes in England—but as my converſion is of foreign extraction, I ſhall not be the richer for it. In one word, it is the *relation du lit de juſtice*[2] that has operated the miracle. When two miniſters[3] are found ſo humane, ſo virtuous, ſo excellent, as to ſtudy nothing but the welfare and deliverance of the people; when a king liſtens to ſuch excellent men; and when a parliament, from the baſeſt, moſt intereſted motives, interpoſes to intercept the bleſſing, muſt I not change my opinions, and admire arbitrary power? or can I retain my ſentiments, without varying the object?

Yes, ſir, I am ſhocked at the conduct of the parliament—one would think it was an Engliſh one! I am ſcandaliſed at the ſpeeches of the *avocat general*[4], who ſets up the odious intereſts of the nobility and clergy againſt the cries and groans of the poor, and who employs his wicked eloquence to tempt the good young monarch, by perſonal views, to ſacrifice the maſs of his ſubjects to the privileges of the few—But why do I call it eloquence? The fumes of intereſt had ſo clouded his rhetoric, that he falls into a downright Iriciſm.—He tells the king, that the intended tax on the proprietors of land will affect the property not only of the rich, but of the poor.

[1] An Engliſh phyſician long ſettled at Paris, no leſs eſteemed for his profeſſional knowledge, than for his kind attention to the poor who applied to him for medical aſſiſtance.

He is ſtill living at Paris, in the 80th year of his age, having paſſed through the dangers of the revolution without ſuffering any material injury. E.

[2] The firſt lit de juſtice held by Louis XVI.

[3] Meſſrs. de Maleſherbes and Turgot.

[4] Monſieur de Seguier.

I ſhould be glad to know what is the property of the poor? Have the poor landed eſtates? Are thoſe who have landed eſtates the poor? Are the poor that will ſuffer by the tax, the wretched labourers who are dragged from their famiſhing families to work on the roads?—But *it is* wicked eloquence when it finds a reaſon, or gives a reaſon, for continuing the abuſe.—The advocate tells the king, thoſe abuſes are *preſque conſacrés par l'ancienneté.*—Indeed he ſays all that can be ſaid for nobility, it is *conſacrée par l'ancienneté* —and thus the length of the pedigree of abuſes renders them reſpectable!

His arguments are as contemptible when he tries to dazzle the king by the great names of Henry quatre and Sully, of Louis XIV. and Colbert, two couple whom nothing but a mercenary orator would have claſſed together. Nor, were all four equally venerable, would it prove any thing. Even good kings and good miniſters, if ſuch have been, may have erred; nay, may have done the beſt they could. They would not have been good, if they wiſhed their errors ſhould be preſerved, the longer they had laſted.

In ſhort, ſir, I think this reſiſtance of the parliament to the adorable reformation planned by Meſſrs. de Turgot and Maleſherbes, is more phlegmaticly ſcandalous than the wildeſt tyranny of deſpotiſm. I forget what the nation was that refuſed liberty when it was offered. This oppoſition to ſo noble a work is worſe. A whole people may refuſe its own happineſs; but theſe profligate magiſtrates reſiſt happineſs for others, for millions, for poſterity!—Nay, do they not half vindicate Maupeou, who cruſhed them?—And you, dear ſir, will you now chide my apoſtacy? Have I not cleared myſelf to your eyes? I do not ſee a ſhadow of ſound logic in all monſieur Seguier's ſpeeches, but in his propoſing that the ſoldiers ſhould work on the roads, and that paſſengers ſhould contribute to their fabric; though, as France is not ſo luxuriouſly mad as England, I do not believe paſſengers could ſupport the expence of the roads. That argument, therefore, is like another that the avocat propoſes to the king, and which, he modeſtly owns, he believes would be impracticable.

I beg your pardon, ſir, for giving you this long trouble; but I could not help venting myſelf, when ſhocked to find ſuch renegade conduct in a parliament that I was rejoiced had been reſtored. Poor human kind! is it always to breed ſerpents from its own bowels? In one country it chooſes its repreſentatives, and they ſell it and themſelves—in others it exalts deſpots—

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in another it reſiſts the deſpot when he conſults the good of his people !—— Can we wonder mankind is wretched, when men are ſuch beings ? Parliaments run wild with loyalty, when America is to be enſlaved or butchered. They rebel, when their country is to be ſet free !—I am not ſurpriſed at the idea of the devil being always at our elbows. They who invented him, no doubt could not conceive how men could be ſo atrocious to one another, without the intervention of a fiend. Don't you think, if he had never been heard of before, that he would have been invented on the late partition of Poland ? Adieu, dear ſir !

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

To the Rev. WILLIAM MASON.

THE purport of doctor Robertſon's viſit was to enquire where he could find materials for the reigns of king William and queen Anne, which he means to write as a ſupplement to David Hume. I had heard of his purpoſe, but did not own I knew it, that my diſcouragement might ſeem the more natural. I do not care a ſtraw what he writes about the church's wet-nurſe, goody Anne ; but no Scot [1] is worthy of being the hiſtorian of William, but doctor Watſon.

When he had told me his object, I ſaid, " Write the reign of king Wil-

[1] Lord Orford changed his opinion upon this ſubject, after reading the accurate, impartial and elegant Hiſtory of Doctor Somerville, which he always declared to be the moſt faultleſs account yet given of any intereſting period of our hiſtory ; and added, that its perfect impartiality would ever prevent its being popular.

The Hiſtory of the reign of Queen Anne by the ſame author, announced for publication in an advertiſement laſt winter, is impatiently expected, and is earneſtly deſired by all ſincere admirers of the conſtitution of their country as eſtabliſhed at the Revolution of 1688; and the preſent times ſeem peculiarly to require ſuch candid inveſtigation of great political principles already proved by a century's experience, in oppoſition to the hoſt of ephemerid pamphlets equally foreign from the inveſtigation of truth, whether they contain the wild and inconſiderate projects of the diſcontented, or the baſe and futile attempts of the intereſted to veil errors and misfortunes only recoverable by boldly meeting their magnitude. E.

liam, doctor Robertſon! That is a great taſk! I look on him as the greateſt man of modern times ſince his anceſtor William prince of Orange." I ſoon found the doctor had very little idea of him, or had taken upon truſt the pitiful partialities of Dalrymple and Macpherſon. I ſaid, "Sir, I do not doubt but king William came over with a view to the crown. Nor was he called upon by patriotiſm, for he was not an Engliſhman, to aſſert our liberties. No; his patriotiſm was of a higher rank. He aimed not at the crown of England from ambition, but to employ its forces and wealth againſt Louis the XIVth, for the common cauſe of the liberties of Europe. The whigs did not underſtand the extent of his views, and the tories betrayed him. He has been thought not to have underſtood us; but the truth was, he took either party as it was predominant, that he might ſway the parliament to ſupport his general plan." The doctor, ſuſpecting that I doubted his principles being enlarged enough to do juſtice to ſo great a character, told me he himſelf had been born and bred a whig, though he owned he was *now* a moderate one—I believe, a very moderate one. I ſaid Macpherſon had done great injuſtice to another hero, the duke of Marlborough, whom he accuſes of betraying the deſign on Breſt to Louis XIV. The truth was, as I heard often in my youth from my father, my uncle, and old perſons who had lived in thoſe times, that the duke truſted the ducheſs with the ſecret, and ſhe her ſiſter the popiſh ducheſs of Tyrconnel, who was as poor and as bigoted as a church mouſe. A corroboration of this was the wiſe and ſententious anſwer of king William to the duke, whom he taxed with having betrayed the ſecret. "Upon my honour, ſir," ſaid the duke, "I told it to nobody but my wife." "I did not tell it to mine," ſaid the king.

I added, that Macpherſon's and Dalrymple's invidious ſcandals really ſerve but to heighten the amazing greatneſs of the king's genius; for, if they ſay true, he maintained the crown on his head, though the nobility, the church-men, the country gentlemen, the people were againſt him; and though almoſt all his own miniſters betrayed him—"But," ſaid I, "nothing is ſo ſilly as to ſuppoſe that the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin ever meant ſeriouſly to reſtore king James. Both had offended him too much to expect forgiveneſs, eſpecially from ſo remorſeleſs a nature. Yet a re-revolution was ſo probable, that it is no wonder they kept up a correſpondence with him, at leaſt to break their fall if he returned. But as they never

never did effectuate the leaſt ſervice in his favour, when they had the fulleſt power, nothing can be inferred but king James's folly in continuing to lean on them. To imagine they meant to ſacrifice his weak daughter, whom they governed abſolutely, to a man who was ſure of being governed by others, one muſt have as little ſenſe as James himſelf had.

The preciſe truth I take to have been this. Marlborough and Godolphin both knew the meanneſs and credulity of James's character. They knew that he muſt be ever dealing for partiſans; and they might be ſure, that if he could hope for ſupport from the general and the lord treaſurer, he muſt be leſs ſolicitous for more impotent ſupporters. "Is it impoſſible," ſaid I to the doctor, "but they might correſpond with the king even by Anne's own conſent? Do not be ſurpriſed, ſir," ſaid I: "ſuch things have happened. My own father often received letters from the pretender, which he always carried to George II. and had them indorſed by his majeſty. I myſelf have ſeen them counterſigned by the king's own hand."

In ſhort, I endeavoured to impreſs him with proper ideas of his ſubject, and painted to him the difficulties, and the want of materials. But the bookſellers will out-argue me, and the doctor will forget his education—Panem et Circenſes, if you will allow me to uſe the latter for thoſe that are captivated by favour in the *circle*, will decide his writing and give the colour. I once wiſhed he ſhould write the Hiſtory of King William; but his Charles V. and his America have opened my eyes, and the times have ſhut his. Adieu!

LETTER XII.

To the Rev. WILLIAM MASON.

I HAVE been reading a new French tranſlation of the elder Pliny, of whom I never read but ſcraps before; becauſe, in the poetical manner in which we learn Latin at Eton, we never become acquainted with the names of the commoneſt things, too undignified to be admitted into verſe; and therefore I never had patience to ſearch in a dictionary for the meaning of every ſubſtantive. I find I ſhall not have a great deal leſs trouble with the tranſlation, as I am not more familiar with their common *drogues* than

than with the Latin. However, the beginning goes off very glibly, as I am not yet arrived below the planets. But do you know that this ſtudy, of which I have never thought ſince I learnt aſtronomy at Cambridge, has furniſhed me with ſome very entertaining ideas! I have long been weary of the common jargon of poetry. You bards have exhauſted all the nature we are acquainted with; you have treated us with the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the earth and the ocean, mountains and valleys, &c. &c. under every poſſible aſpect. In ſhort, I have longed for ſome American poetry, in which I might find new appearances of nature, and conſequently of art. But my preſent excurſion into the ſky has afforded me more entertaining proſpects, and newer phænomena. If I was as good a poet as you are, I would immediately compoſe an idyl, or an elegy, the ſcene of which ſhould be laid in Saturn or Jupiter; and then, inſtead of a niggardly ſoliloquy by the light of a ſingle moon, I would deſcribe a night illuminated by four or five moons at leaſt, and they ſhould be all in a perpendicular or horizontal line, according as Celia's eyes (who probably in that country has at leaſt two pair) are diſpoſed in longitude or latitude. You muſt allow that this ſyſtem would diverſify poetry amazingly—And then Saturn's belt! which the tranſlator ſays in his notes, is not round the planet's waſte, like the ſhingles, but is a globe of cryſtal that incloſes the whole orb, as you may have ſeen an enamelled watch in a caſe of glaſs. If you do not perceive what infinitely pretty things may be ſaid, either in poetry or romance, on a brittle heaven of cryſtal, and what furbelowed rainbows they muſt have in that country, you are neither the Ovid nor natural philoſopher I take you for. Pray ſend me an eclogue directly upon this plan—and I give you leave to adopt my idea of Saturnian Celias' having their every thing quadrupled—which would form a much more entertaining rhapſody than Swift's thought of magnifying or diminiſhing the ſpecies in his Gulliver. How much more execution a fine woman would do with two pair of *piercers!* or four! and how much longer the honey-moon would laſt, if both the ſexes have (as no doubt they have) four times the paſſions, and four times the means of gratifying them!—I have opened new worlds to you—You muſt be four times the poet you are, and then you will be above Milton, and equal to Shakeſpeare, the only two mortals I am acquainted with, who ventured beyond the viſible diurnal ſphere, and preſerved their intellects. Dryden himſelf would have talked nonſenſe, and, I fear, bawdy, on my plan; but you are too good a divine, I am ſure, to treat my quadruple

ple love but platonically. In Saturn, notwithſtanding their glaſs-caſe, they are ſuppoſed to be very cold; but platonic love of itſelf produces frigid conceits enough, and you need not augment the doſe—But I will not dictate. The ſubject is new; and you, who have ſo much imagination, will ſhoot far beyond me. Fontenelle would have made ſomething of the idea even in proſe; but Algarotti would diſhearten any body from attempting to meddle with the ſyſtem of the univerſe a ſecond time in genteel dialogue. Good-night! I am going to bed.—Mercy on me! if I ſhould dream of Celia with four times the uſual attractions!

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. PINKERTON[1].

March 17, 1785.

I AM much obliged to you, ſir, for the many civil and kind expreſſions in your letter, and for the friendly information you give me. Partiality, I fear, dictated the former; but the laſt I can only aſcribe to the goodneſs of your heart.

I have publiſhed nothing of any ſize but the pieces you mention, and one or two ſmall tracts, now out of print and forgotten. The reſt have been prefaces to ſome of my Strawberry editions, and to a few other publications, and ſome fugitive pieces, which I reprinted ſeveral years ago in a ſmall volume, and which ſhall be at your ſervice with the Catalogue of Noble Authors.

With regard to the bookſeller who has taken the trouble to collect my writings (amongſt which I do not doubt but he will generouſly beſtow on me many that I did not write, according to the laudable practice of ſuch compilers), and who alſo intends to write my life, to which, as I never did any thing worth the notice of the public, he muſt likewiſe be a volunteer contributor, it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent ſuch a deſign. Whoever has been ſo unadviſed as to throw himſelf on the public,

[1] Author of Letters on Literature, an Eſſay on Medals, and of the Hiſtory of Scotland, from the acceſſion of the houſe of Stuart to that of Mary. E.

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muſt pay ſuch a tax in a pamphlet or a magazine when he dies; but happily the inſects that prey on carrion, are ſtill more ſhort-lived than the carcaſes were from which they draw temporary nutriment. Thoſe momentary abortions live but a day, and are thruſt aſide by like embryos. Literary characters, when not illuſtrious, are known only to a few literary men, and, amidſt the world of books, few readers can come to my ſhare. Printing, that ſecures exiſtence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like thoſe caſes of Egyptian mummies which in catacombs preſerve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are ſcribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till nobody underſtands the language in which they were written.

I believe, therefore, it will be moſt wiſe to ſwim for a moment on the paſſing current, ſecure that it will ſoon hurry me into the ocean where all things are forgotten. To appoint a biographer is to beſpeak a panegyric; and I doubt whether they who collect their works for the public, and like me are conſcious of no intrinſic worth, do not beg mankind to accept of talents (whatever they were) in lieu of virtues. To anticipate ſpurious publications by a comprehenſive and authentic one is almoſt as great an evil. It is giving a body to ſcattered atoms—and ſuch an act in one's old age is declaring a fondneſs for the indiſcretions of youth, or for trifles of an age, which though more mature is only the leſs excuſable. It is moſt true, ſir, that ſo far from being prejudiced in favour of my own writings, I am perſuaded that, had I thought early as I think now, I ſhould never have appeared as an author. Age, frequent illneſs and pain have given me many hours of reflection in the intervals of the latter, which, beſides ſhowing me the inutility of all our little views, have ſuggeſted an obſervation that I love to encourage in myſelf from the rationality of it. I have learnt and have practiſed the mortifying taſk of comparing myſelf with great authors, and that compariſon has annihilated all the flattery that ſelf-love could ſuggeſt. I know how trifling my own writings are, and how far below the ſtandard that conſtitutes excellence —for the ſhades that diſtinguiſh the degrees of mediocrity, they are not worth diſcrimination; and he muſt be humble, or eaſily ſatisfied, who can be content to glimmer for a moment a little more than his brethren glow-worms. Mine therefore, you find, ſir, is not humility, but pride. When young, I wiſhed for fame; not examining whether I was capable of attaining it, nor conſidering in what light fame was deſirable. There are two ſorts

ſorts of honeſt fame—that attendant on the truly great, and that better kind which is due to the good. I fear I did not aim at the latter, nor diſcovered that I could never compaſs the former. Having neglected the beſt road, and having inſtead of the other ſtrolled into a narrow path that led to no goal worth ſeeking, I ſee the idleneſs of my journey, and hold it more graceful to abandon my wanderings to chance or oblivion, than to mark ſolicitude for trifles which I think ſo myſelf.

I beg your pardon for talking ſo much about myſelf; but an anſwer was due to the unmerited attention you have paid to my writings. I turn with more pleaſure to ſpeak on yours. Forgive me if I ſhall blame you, whether you either abandon your intention [1] or are too impatient to finiſh it. Your preface proves that you are capable of treating the ſubject ably—but allow me to repeat, that it is a kind of ſubject that ought not to be executed impetuouſly. A mere recapitulation of authenticated facts would be dry. A more enlarged plan would demand acquaintance with the characters of the actors, and with the *probable* ſources of meaſures. The age is accuſtomed to details and anecdotes; and the age immediately preceding his own is leſs known to any man than the hiſtory of any other period. You are young enough, ſir, to collect information on many particulars that will occur in your progreſs, from living actors, at leaſt from their cotemporaries; and great as your ardour may be, you will find yourſelf delayed by the want of materials and by further neceſſary enquiries. As you have variety of talents, why ſhould you not exerciſe them on works that will admit of more rapidity, and at the ſame time, at leiſure moments, commence, digeſt and enrich your plan by collecting new matter for it?

In one word, I have too much zeal for your credit not to diſſuade precipitation in a work of the kind you meditate. That I ſpeak ſincerely and without flattery, you are ſure, as accident, not deſign, made you acquainted with my admiration of your tract on medals. If I wiſh to delay your hiſtory, it muſt be that it may appear with more advantages; and I muſt ſpeak diſintereſtedly, as my age will not allow me to hope to ſee it, if not finiſhed ſoon. I ſhould not forgive myſelf if I turned you from proſecution of your work—but as I am ſure my writings can have given you no opinion of my hav-

[1] Of writing a Hiſtory of the reign of George the ſecond.

ing ſound and deep judgment, pray follow your own, and allow no merit but that of ſincerity and zeal to the ſentiments of

Your obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. PINKERTON, on his LETTERS ON LITERATURE, under the Name of HERON.

June 25, 1785.

I AM much obliged to your book, ſir, on many accounts, particularly for having recalled my mind to ſubjects of delight to which it was grown dulled by age and indolence. In conſequence of your reclaiming it, I aſked myſelf why you feel ſo much diſregard to certain authors whoſe fame is eſtabliſhed.—You have aſſigned good reaſons for withholding your approbation from ſome, from their being imitators—It was natural then to aſk myſelf again, whence they had obtained ſo much celebrity?—I think I have diſcovered a cauſe which I do not remember to have ſeen noted; and that cauſe I think was, that ſuch authors poſſeſſed grace. Do not ſuſpect me for a diſciple of lord Cheſterfield—nor imagine that I mean to erect grace into a capital ingredient in writing. But I do believe that it is a perfume that will preſerve from putrefaction, and is diſtinct even from ſtyle. It is from the charm of grace that I believe ſome authors not in your favour obtained part of their renown—Virgil in particular.—Though I am far from diſagreeing with you on him in general—I think there is ſuch a want of invention (and when he did invent it was ſo fooliſhly), ſo little good ſenſe, ſo little variety, and ſo little power over the paſſions, that I have often ſaid, from contempt for his matter, and from the charm of his harmony, I believe I ſhould like him better if I was to hear the Æneid repeated and did not underſtand Latin. —But he has more than harmony; whatever he utters is ſaid gracefully— A Roman farmer might not underſtand the Georgic, but a Roman courtier was made to underſtand farming—the farming of that age—and Virgil could captivate a lord of Auguſtus's bedchamber, and tempt him to liſten to themes of ruſticity. This I think is more than the power of ſtyle; it was ennobling

bling the ſubject: I confeſs I admire Mr. Addiſon's phraſe, that Virgil toſſed his dung about with an air of majeſty. A ſtyle may be excellent without grace—for inſtance, Swift's. Eloquence may beſtow a laſting ſtyle and one of more dignity; but eloquence may want that eaſe, that genteel air, that flows from or conſtitutes grace. Addiſon was maſter of that grace in his pieces of humour, and, perhaps from that ſecret, excells all men that ever lived, but Shakeſpeare, in humour, by never dropping into an approach to burleſque and buffoonery, even when his humour deſcended to characters that in any other hands would have been vulgarly low. Fielding had as much humour perhaps as Addiſon, but, having no idea of grace, is perpetually diſguſting.

The Grecians had grace in every thing—in oratory, in poetry, in ſtatuary, in architecture, and I dare ſay in painting and muſic.

The Romans, it is true, were their imitators, but, having grace too, imparted it to their copies, which gave them a merit that almoſt raiſes them to a level with the originals.

Horace's odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his ſtyle —a capital merit of both Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boaſt of more meaning than there is in Horace's odes.

Waller, whom you preſcribe, ſir, owed his fame to the graces of his manner, though he frequently ſtumbled and even fell flat—but a few of his ſmaller pieces are as graceful as poſſible.

Milton has merit ſo much ſuperior, that I will only ſay, that if his Raphael, his Satan and his Adam have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvidere, his Eve has all the delicacy of the Venus of Medici, and his deſcription of Eden has the colouring of Albano. His tenderneſs always imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas, and the Allegro, Penſeroſo and Comus might be denominated from the three Graces.

Milton's ſoul was full of poetry, ſenſe, and fire, and he had improved all thoſe qualities by ſtudying the beſt models.

Thus prepared, he gave a looſe to his genius, which was too impetuous and

ſublime to be curbed by the mechaniſm of rhyme, which would often have impeded his expreſſing all he felt, and oftener perhaps have obliged him to add frigidities to help out the return of the ſound. The language, therefore, of Milton's blank verſe was not ſtudied, but the natural application of his own tongue to deliver his own ideas. The imitators of Milton, on the contrary, ſtudy his phraſe to expreſs common ideas, their own ideas, void of his vigour. Thence the diction of Thomſon, Akenſide, &c. &c. is leſs eaſy than it would have been if they had written in rhyme. Their language is not poetic, but bombaſt proſe, or rather proſe dreſſed in poetic rags. The Paradiſe Loſt is like M. Angelo's Moſes—The Seaſons, and the Pleaſures of the Imagination, like the king of hearts and diamonds, with robes made of patches of gaudy colours, that do not unite, and differ from the knaves but by the length of their trains.

Cowley, I think, would have had grace, for his mind was graceful, if he had had any ear, or if his taſte had not been vitiated by the purſuit of wit; for falſe wit always deviates into tinſel or pertneſs. Pertneſs is miſtaken affectation of grace, as pedantry is erroneous dignity—The familiarity of the one, and the clumſineſs of the other, prevent or deſtroy grace.

Nature, that produces ſamples of all qualities, and in the ſcale of gradation exhibits all poſſible ſhades, affords us types that are more appoſite than words. The eagle is ſublime, the lion majeſtic, the ſwan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculouſly awkward. I mention theſe as more expreſſive than I could make definitions of my meaning: but I will only apply the ſwan, under whoſe wings I will ſhelter an apology for Racine, whoſe pieces give me the idea of that bird. The colouring of the ſwan is pure, his attitudes are graceful, he never diſpleaſes you when ſailing on his proper element. His feet are ugly, his walk not natural—he can ſoar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impreſſion a ſwan leaves is that of grace. So does Racine.

Boileau may be compared to the dog, whoſe ſagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its maſter, and its ſnarling at thoſe he diſlikes. If Boileau was too ſtern to admit the pliancy of grace, he compenſates by good ſenſe and propriety. He is like (for I will drop animals) an upright magiſtrate, whom you reſpect, but whoſe public juſtice and ſeverity leave an awe

awe that diſcourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too ſervile—but if a good tranſlator deſerves praiſe, Boileau deſerves more—he certainly does not fall below his originals, and, conſidering when he wrote, has a greater merit ſtill. By his imitations he held out to his countrymen models of taſte, and baniſhed totally the bad taſte of his predeceſſors. For his Lutrin, replete with excellent poetry, wit, humour, and ſatire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Except Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humour! Ariſtophanes and Lucian, compared with moderns, were, the one a blackguard, the other a buffoon. To my eyes, the Lutrin, the Diſpenſary, and the Rape of the Lock, are ſtandards of elegance and grace not to be paralleled by antiquity, and are eternal and mortifying reproaches to Voltaire, whoſe indelicacy in the Pucelle degraded him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his Henriade leaves Virgil and even Lucan, whom he more reſembles, by far his ſuperiors. The Dunciad is diſhonoured by the offenſive images of the games, but the poetry appears to me admirable; and though the fourth book has obſcurities, I prefer it to the three others. It has deſcriptions not ſurpaſſed by any poet that ever exiſted, and which ſurely a writer merely ingenious will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents, have all that grace for which I contend, as an ingredient diſtinct from the general beauties allotted to poetry—and the Rape of the Lock (beſides the originality of the invention) is a ſtandard of graceful writing.

In general, I believe that what I call grace is denominated elegance—but I think grace is ſomething higher. I will explain myſelf by inſtances rather than by words. Apollo is graceful, Mercury elegant.

Petrarch, perhaps, owed his whole merit to the harmony of his numbers, and the graces of his ſtyle. They conceal his want of meaning, and want of variety: and his complaints may have added an intereſt, which, had his paſſion been ſucceſsful, and had expreſſed itſelf with equal ſameneſs, would have made the number of his ſonnets inſupportable. Melancholy in a poet, I am inclined to think, contributes to grace, when it is not diſgraced by pitiful lamentations, like Ovid's and Cicero's in their baniſhment. We reſpect melancholy. A gay writer who ſhould only expreſs ſatisfaction without variety, would ſoon be nauſeous.

Madame

Madame de Sevigné is an inſtance of both.—There is too much of grief for her daughter's abſence—yet it is always expreſſed by new turns and new images. When ſhe forgets her concern, and returns to her natural diſpoſition, gaiety, every paragraph has novelty:—her alluſions, her applications are the happieſt poſſible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance; and even with the ſpots ſhe inhabited. Her language is correct, though unſtudied; and when her mind is full of any great event, ſhe intereſts you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an hiſtorian.—Pray read her account of the death of marſhal Turenne, and of the arrival of king James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their perſons as if you had lived at the time. For my part, if you will allow me a word of digreſſion, I hate the cold impartiality recommended to hiſtorians.—Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt primum ipſi tibi.—But that I may not wander again, nor tire you, nor contradict you any more, I will finiſh—only interceding for grace, as an apology for ſeveral writers to whom I think you a little too ſevere.

LETTER XV.

To the Right Hon. ELIZABETH LADY CRAVEN[1].

Berkeley-ſquare, November 27, 1786.

TO my extreme ſurpriſe, madam, when I knew not in what quarter of the known or unknown world you was reſident or exiſtent, my maid in Berkeley-ſquare ſent me to Strawberry-hill a note from your ladyſhip, offering to call on me for a moment—for a whirlwind, I ſuppoſe, was waiting at your door to carry you to Japan; and, as balloons have not yet ſettled any poſt-offices in the air, you could not, at leaſt did not, give me any direction where to addreſs you—though you did kindly reproach me with my ſilence. I muſt enter into a little juſtification before I proceed. I heard from you from Venice, then from Poland, and then, having whiſked through Tartary, from Peterſburgh—but ſtill with no directions. I ſaid to myſelf, "I will write to Grand Cairo, which, probably, will be her next ſtage." Nor was I totally in the wrong—for there came a letter from Con-

[1] Now margravine of Anſpach.

ſtantinople,

ſtantinople, with a deſign mentioned of going to the Greek iſlands, and orders to write to you at Vienna, but with no banker or other addreſs ſpecified.

For a great while I had even ſtronger reaſons than theſe for ſilence. For ſeveral months I was diſabled by the gout from holding a pen; and you muſt know, madam, that one can't write when one cannot write. Then, how write to *la Financée du Roi de Garbe?* You had been in the tent of the cham of Tartary, and in the haram of the captain pacha, and, during your navigation of the Ægean, were poſſibly fallen into the terrible power of a corſair. How could I ſuppoſe that ſo many deſpotic infidels would part with your charms? I never expected you again on chriſtian ground. I did not doubt your having a taliſman to make people in love with you; but anti-taliſmans are quite a new ſpecific.

Well, while I was in this quandary, I received a delightful drawing of the caſtle of Otranto—but ſtill provokingly without any addreſs. However, my gratitude for ſo very agreeable and obliging a preſent could not reſt till I found you out. I wrote to the ducheſs of Richmond, to beg ſhe would aſk your brother captain Berkeley for a direction to you; and he has this very day been ſo good as to ſend me one, and I do not loſe a moment in making uſe of it.

I give your ladyſhip a million of thanks for the drawing, which was really a very valuable gift to me. I did not even know that there was a caſtle of Otranto. When the ſtory was finiſhed I looked into the map of the kingdom of Naples for a well-ſounding name, and that of Otranto was very ſonorous. Nay, but the drawing is ſo ſatisfactory, that there are two ſmall windows, one over another, and looking into the country, that ſuit exactly to the ſmall chambers from one of which Matilda heard the young peaſant ſinging beneath her. Judge how welcome this muſt be to the author; and thence judge, madam, how much you muſt have obliged him!

When you take another flight towards the bounds of the weſtern ocean, remember to leave a direction. One cannot always ſhoot flying. Lord Cheſterfield directed a letter to the late lord Pembroke, who was always ſwimming, "To the earl of Pembroke in the Thames, over againſt Whitehall." That was ſure of finding him within a certain number of fathom; but

but your ladyſhip's longitude varies ſo rapidly, that one muſt be a good bowler indeed, to take one's ground ſo judiciouſly that by caſting wide of the mark one may come in near to the jack.

I have the honour to be, with gratitude and reſpect,

Your ladyſhip's moſt obliged humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVI.

To LADY CRAVEN.

Berkeley-ſquare, January 2, 1787.

YOUR ladyſhip tells me that you have kept a journal of your travels—you know not when your friends at Paris will give you time to put it *au net*—that is, I conclude and hope, prepare it for the preſs. I do not wonder that thoſe friends, whether taliſmanic or others, are ſo aſſiduous, if you indulge them; but unleſs they are of the former deſcription, they are unpardonable, if they know what they interrupt—and deſerve much more that you ſhould wiſh they had fallen into a ditch, than the poor gentlemen who ſigh more to ſee you in ſheets of holland than of paper. To me the miſchief is enormous. How proud I ſhould be to regiſter a noble authoreſs of my own country, who has travelled over more regions and farther than any female in print! Your ladyſhip has viſited thoſe iſlands and ſhores, whence formerly iſſued thoſe travelling ſages and legiſlators who ſought and imported wiſdom, laws and religion into Greece; and though we are ſo perfect as to want none of thoſe commodities, the fame of thoſe philoſophers is certainly diminiſhed when a fair lady has gone as far in queſt of knowledge. You have gone in an age when travels are brought to a juſter ſtandard, by narrations being limited to truth.

Formerly the performers of the longeſt voyages deſtroyed half the merit of their expeditions, by relating not what they had, but had *not* ſeen; a ſort of

of communication that they might have imparted without ſtirring a foot from home. Such exaggerations drew diſcredit on travels, till people would not believe that there exiſted in other countries any thing very different from what they ſaw in their own: and becauſe no Patagonians, or gentry ſeven or eight feet high, were really diſcovered, they would not believe that there were Laplanders or pigmies of three and four. Incredulity went ſo far, that at laſt it was doubted whether China ſo much as exiſted; and our countryman ſir John Mandeville got an ill name, becauſe, though he gave an account of it, he had not brought back its right name—at leaſt, if I do not miſtake, this was the caſe—But it is long ſince I redde any thing about the matter; and I am willing to begin my travels again under your ladyſhip's auſpices. I am ſorry to hear, madam, that by your account lady Mary Wortley was not ſo accurate and faithful as modern travellers. The invaluable art of inoculation, which ſhe brought from Conſtantinople, ſo dear to all admirers of beauty, and to which we owe perhaps the preſervation of yours, ſtamps her an univerſal benefactreſs; and as you rival her in poetic talents, I had rather you would employ them to celebrate her for her noſtrum, than detect her for romancing. However, genuine accounts of the interior of ſeraglios would be precious; and I was in hopes would become the greater rarities, as I flattered myſelf that your friends the empreſs of Ruſſia and the emperor were determined to level Ottoman tyranny. His Imperial majeſty, who has demoliſhed the priſon bars of ſo many nunneries, would perform a ſtill more chriſtian act in ſetting free ſo many uſeleſs ſultanas; and her Czariſh majeſty, I truſt, would be as great a benefactreſs to our ſex, by aboliſhing the barbarous practice that reduces us to be of none. Your ladyſhip's indefatigable peregrinations ſhould have ſuch great objects in view, when you have the ear of ſovereigns.

Peter the hermit conjured up the firſt cruſadoes againſt the infidels by running about from monarch to monarch. Lady Craven ſhould be as zealous and as renowned; and every fair Circaſſian would acknowledge that one Engliſh lady had repaid their country for the ſecret which another had given to Europe from their practice.

I have the honour to be, madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVII.

To LADY CRAVEN.

Berkeley-ſquare, December 11, 1788.

IT is agreeable to your ladyſhip's uſual goodneſs to honour me with another letter—and I may ſay to your equity too, after I had proved to monſieur Mercier, by the liſt of dates of my letters, that it was not mine but the poſt's fault, that you did not receive one that I had the honour of writing to you above a year ago——Not, madam, that I could wonder, if you had the prudence to drop a correſpondence with an old ſuperannuated man, who, conſcious of his decay, has had the decency of not troubling with his dotages perſons of not near your ladyſhip's youth and vivacity. I have long been of opinion that few perſons know *when* to die—I am not ſo Engliſh as to mean when to diſpatch themſelves—no, but when to go out of the world. I have uſually applied this opinion to thoſe who have made a conſiderable figure, and conſequently it was not adapted to myſelf. Yet even we cyphers ought not to fatigue the public ſcene when we are become lumber. Thus, being quite out of the queſtion, I will explain my maxim, which is the more wholeſome, the higher it is addreſſed. My opinion then is, that when any perſonage has ſhown as much as is poſſible in his or her beſt walk (and not to repeat both genders every minute, I will uſe the male as the common of the two), he ſhould take up his Strulbrugiſm, and be heard of no more. Inſtances will be ſtill more explanatory. Voltaire ought to have pretended to die after Alzire, Mahomet and Semiramis, and not have produced his wretched laſt pieces. Lord Chatham ſhould have cloſed his political career with his immortal war—And how weak was Garrick, when he had quitted the ſtage, to limp after the tatters of fame by writing and reading pitiful poems, and even by *ſitting* to read plays which he had acted with ſuch fire and energy! We have another example in Mr. A———; who, if he had a friend upon earth, would have been obliged to him for being knocked on the head the moment he had publiſhed the *firſt* edition of the Bath Guide; for even in the ſecond he had exhauſted his whole ſtock of inſpiration, and has never written any thing tolerable ſince. When ſuch unequal authors print their works together, one may apply in a new light the old hacked ſimile of Mezentius, who tied together the living and the dead.

We

We have juſt received the works of an author from whom I find I am to receive much leſs entertainment than I expected, becauſe I ſhall have much leſs to read than I intended. His Memoirs, I am told, are almoſt wholly military, which, therefore, I ſhall not read—and his poetry, I am ſure, I ſhall not look at, becauſe I ſhould underſtand it.—What I ſaw of it formerly convinced me that he would not have been a poet, even if he had written in his own language; and though I do not underſtand German, I am told it is a fine language; and I can eaſily believe that any tongue (not excepting our old barbarous Saxon, which, a bit of an antiquary as I am, I abhor) is more harmonious than French. It was curious abſurdity, therefore, to pitch on the moſt unpoetic language in Europe, the moſt barren and the moſt clogged with difficulties. I have heard Ruſſian and Poliſh ſung, and both ſounded muſical—but to abandon one's own tongue, and not adopt Italian, that is even ſweeter and ſofter and more copious than the Latin, was a want of taſte that I ſhould think could not be applauded even by a Frenchman born in Provence. But what a language is the French, which meaſures verſes by feet that never are to be pronounced, which is the caſe wherever the mute *e* is found! What poverty of various ſounds for rhyme, when, leſt ſimilar cadences ſhould too often occur, their mechanic bards are obliged to marry maſculine and feminine terminations as alternately as the black and white ſquares of a cheſs-board! Nay, will you believe me, madam? Yes, you will; for you may convince your own eyes, that a ſcene of Zaire begins with three of the moſt naſal adverbs that ever ſnorted together in a breath. *Enfin*, *donc*, *deſormais* are the culprits in queſtion. *Enfin donc*, need I tell your ladyſhip, that the author I alluded to at the beginning of this long tirade is the late king of Pruſſia?

I am conſcious that I have taken a little liberty when I excommunicate a tongue in which your ladyſhip has condeſcended to write—but I only condemn it for verſe and pieces of eloquence, of which I thought it alike incapable, till I redde Rouſſeau of Geneva. It is a moſt ſociable language, and charming for narrative and epiſtles. Yet, write as well as you will in it, you muſt be liable to expreſs yourſelf better in the ſpeech natural to you; and your own country has a right to underſtand all your works, and is jealous of their not being as perfect as you could make them. Is it not more creditable to be tranſlated into a foreign language than into your own? and will it not vex you to hear the tranſlation taken for the original, and to

find vulgarisms that you could not have committed yourself? But I have done, and will release you, madam; only observing, that you flatter me with a vain hope when you tell me you shall return to England sometime or other. Where will that time be for me?—and when it arrives, shall not I be somewhere else?

I do not pretend to send your ladyship English news, nor to tell you of English literature. You must before this time have heard of the dismal state into which our chief personage is fallen! That consideration absorbs all others. The two houses are going to settle some intermediate succedaneum, and *the obvious one*, no doubt, will be fixed on.

This letter, I hope, will be more fortunate than my last. I should be very unhappy to seem again ungrateful, when I have the honour of being with the greatest respect,

Madam, your ladyship's most obliged and most humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVIII.

To THOMAS BARRETT, Esq. of LEE in KENT.

Berkeley-square, June 5, 1758.

I WISH I could charge myself with any merit, which I always wish to have, towards you, dear sir, in letting Mr. Matthew see Strawberry; but in truth he has so much merit and modesty and taste himself, that I gave him the ticket with pleasure—which it seldom happens to me to do; for most of those who go thither, go because it is the fashion, and because *a party* is a prevailing custom too; and my tranquillity is disturbed, because nobody likes to stay at home. If Mr. Matthew was really entertained, I am glad—but Mr. Wyatt has made him too correct a Goth not to have seen all the imperfections and bad execution of my attempts; for neither Mr. Bentley nor my workmen had *studied* the science, and I was always too desultory and impatient to consider that I should please myself more by allowing time, than by hurrying my plans into execution before they were ripe. My house

therefore

therefore is but a ſketch by beginners; yours is finiſhed by a great maſter—and if Mr. Matthew liked mine, it was *en virtuoſe*, who loves the dawnings of an art, or the glimmerings of its reſtoration.

I finiſhed Mr. Gibbon a full fortnight ago, and was extremely pleaſed. It is a moſt wonderful maſs of information, not only on hiſtory, but almoſt on all the ingredients of hiſtory, as war, government, commerce, coin, and what not. If it has a fault, it is in embracing too much, and conſequently in not detailing enough, and in ſtriding backwards and forwards from one ſet of princes to another, and from one ſubject to another; ſo that, without much hiſtoric knowledge, and without much memory, and much method in one's memory, it is almoſt impoſſible not to be ſometimes bewildered: nay, his own impatience to tell what he knows, makes the author, though commonly ſo explicit, not perfectly clear in his expreſſions. The laſt chapter of the fourth volume, I own, made me recoil, and I could ſcarcely puſh through it. So far from being catholic or heretic, I wiſhed Mr. Gibbon had never heard of Monophyſites, Neſtorians, or any ſuch fools!—But the ſixth volume made ample amends; Mahomet and the popes were gentlemen and good company.—I abominate fractions of theology and reformation.

Mr. Sheridan, I hear, did not quite ſatisfy the paſſionate expectation that had been raiſed[1]——But it was impoſſible he could, when people had worked themſelves up into an enthuſiaſm of offering fifty—aye, *fifty* guineas for a ticket to hear him. Well! we are ſunk and deplorable in many points—yet not abſolutely gone, when hiſtory and eloquence throw out ſuch ſhoots! I thought I had outlived my country; I am glad not to leave it deſperate! Adieu, dear ſir!

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Of his ſpeech in Weſtminſter-hall, upon bringing forward one of the charges againſt Mr. Haſtings.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To THOMAS BARRETT, Esq.

Berkeley-ſquare, May 14, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH my poor fingers do not yet write eaſily, I cannot help enquiring if Mabeuſe [1] is arrived ſafely at Lee, and fits his deſtined ſtall in the library.

My amendment is far ſlower, *comme de raiſon* than ever, and my weakneſs much greater. Another fit, I doubt, will confine me to my chair, if it does not do more—it is not worth haggling about that.

Dr. Darwin has appeared, ſuperior in ſome reſpects to the former part. The Triumph of Flora, beginning at the 59th line, is moſt beautifully and enchantingly imagined; and the twelve verſes that by miracle deſcribe and comprehend the creation of the univerſe out of chaos, are in my opinion the moſt ſublime paſſage in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted. There are a thouſand other verſes moſt charming, or indeed all are ſo, crowded with moſt poetic imagery, gorgeous epithets and ſtyle—and yet theſe four cantos do not pleaſe me equally with the Loves of the Plants.—This ſeems to me almoſt as much a rhapſody of unconnected parts; and is ſo deep, that I cannot read ſix lines together and know what they are about, till I have ſtudied them in the long notes, and then perhaps do not comprehend them——But all this is my fault, not Dr. Darwin's—Is he to blame, that I am no natural philoſopher, no chymiſt, no metaphyſician?

One misfortune will attend this glorious work—it will be little redde but by thoſe who have no taſte for poetry, and who will be weighing and criticizing his poſitions, without feeling the imagination, harmony and expreſſion of the verſification.

Is not it extraordinary, dear ſir, that two of our very beſt poets, Garth and Darwin, ſhould have been phyſicians?—I believe they have left all the lawyers wrangling at the turnpike of Parnaſſus. Adieu, dear ſir!

Yours moſt cordially,

ORFORD.

[1] A capital picture by that maſter, then lately purchaſed by Mr. Barrett.

LETTER XX.

To the Reverend Mr. BELOE.

Strawberry-hill, December 2, 1794.

I DO beg and beſeech you, good ſir, to forgive me, if I cannot poſſibly conſent to receive the dedication [1] you are ſo kind and partial as to propoſe to me. I have in the moſt poſitive, and almoſt uncivil manner, refuſed a dedication or two lately. Compliments on virtues, which the perſons addreſſed, like me, ſeldom poſſeſſed, are happily exploded and laughed out of uſe. Next to being aſhamed of having good qualities beſtowed on me to which I ſhould have no title, it would hurt to be praiſed on my erudition, which is moſt ſuperficial; and on my trifling writings, all of which turn on moſt trifling ſubjects. They amuſed me while writing them; may have amuſed a few perſons; but have nothing ſolid enough to preſerve them from being forgotten with other things of as light a nature. I would not have your judgment called in queſtion hereafter, if ſomebody reading your Aulus Gellius ſhould aſk, "What were thoſe writings of lord O. which Mr. Beloe ſo much commends? Was lord O. more than one of the *mob of gentlemen who wrote with eaſe?* Into that claſs I muſt ſink—and I had rather do ſo imperceptibly, than be plunged down to it by the interpoſition of the hand of a friend, who could not gainſay the ſentence.

For your own ſake, my good ſir, as well as in pity to my feelings, who am ſore at your offering what I cannot accept, reſtrain the addreſs to a mere inſcription. You are allowed to be an excellent tranſlator of claſſic authors—how unclaſſic would a dedication in the old-faſhion manner appear! If you had publiſhed a new edition of Herodotus or Aulus Gellius, would you have ventured to prefix a Greek or Latin dedication to ſome modern lord with a Gothic title?

Still leſs, had thoſe addreſſes been in vogue at Rome, would any Roman author have inſcribed his work to Marcus, the incompetent ſon of Cicero, and told the unfortunate offſpring of ſo great a man, *of his high birth and declenſion of ambition?* which would have excited a laugh on poor Marcus,

[1] Of a tranſlation of Aulus Gellius, by Mr. Beloe.

who,

who, whatever may have been ſaid of him, had more ſenſe than to leave proofs to the public of his extreme inferiority to his father.

I am, ſir, &c. &c.

ORFORD.

LETTER XXI.

To WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq.

Berkeley-ſquare, April 4, 1795.

TO judge of my ſatisfaction and gratitude on receiving the very acceptable preſent of your book [1], ſir, you ſhould have known my extreme impatience for it from the inſtant Mr. Edwards had kindly favoured me with the firſt chapters. You may conſequently conceive the mortification I felt at not being able to thank you immediately both for the volume and the obliging letter that accompanied it, by my right arm and hand being ſwelled and rendered quite immoveable and uſeleſs, of which you will perceive the remains if you can read theſe lines which I am forcing myſelf to write, not without pain, the firſt moment I have power to hold a pen; and it will coſt me ſome time, I believe, before I can finiſh my whole letter, earneſt as I am, ſir, to give a looſe to my gratitude.

If you ever had the pleaſure of reading ſuch a delightful book as your own, imagine, ſir, what a comfort it muſt be to receive ſuch an anodyne in the midſt of a fit of the gout that has already laſted above nine weeks, and which at firſt I thought might carry me to Lorenzo de Medici before he ſhould come to me!

The complete volume has more than anſwered the expectations which the ſample had raiſed. The Grecian ſimplicity of the ſtyle is preſerved throughout; the ſame judicious candour reigns in every page; and without allowing yourſelf that liberty of indulging your own bias towards good or againſt criminal characters, which over-rigid critics prohibit, your artful candour compels your readers to think with you, without ſeeming to take a

[1] The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.

part

part yourſelf. You have ſhown from his own virtues, abilities, and heroic ſpirit, why Lorenzo deſerved to have Mr. Roſcoe for his biographer.—— And ſince you have been ſo, ſir (for he was not completely known before, at leaſt not out of Italy), I ſhall be extremely miſtaken if he is not henceforth allowed to be, in various lights, one of the moſt excellent and greateſt men with whom we are well acquainted, eſpecially if we reflect on the ſhortneſs of his life and the narrow ſphere in which he had to act. Perhaps I ought to blame my own ignorance, that I did not know Lorenzo as a beautiful poet: I confeſs I did not. Now I do, I own I admire ſome of his ſonnets more than ſeveral——yes, even of Petrarch; for Lorenzo's are frequently more clear, leſs *alembiqués*, and not inharmonious as Petrarch's often are from being too crowded with words, for which room is made by numerous eliſions, which prevent the ſoftening alternacy of vowels and conſonants. That thicket of words was occaſioned by the embarraſſing nature of the ſonnet—a form of compoſition I do not love, and which is almoſt intolerable in any language but Italian, which furniſhes ſuch a profuſion of rhymes. To our tongue the ſonnet is mortal, and the parent of inſipidity. The imitation in ſome degree of it was extremely noxious to a true poet, our Spenſer; and he was the more injudicious by lengthening his ſtanza in a language ſo barren of rhymes as ours, and in which ſeveral words, whoſe terminations are of ſimilar ſounds, are ſo rugged, uncouth, and unmuſical. The conſequence was, that many lines which he forced into the ſervice to complete the quota of his ſtanza are unmeaning, or ſilly, or tending to weaken the thought he would expreſs.

Well, ſir—but if you have led me to admire the compoſitions of Lorenzo, you have made me intimate with another poet of whom I had never heard, nor had the leaſt ſuſpicion, and who, though writing in a leſs harmonious language than Italian, outſhines an able maſter of that country, as may be eſtimated by the faireſt of all compariſons, which is when one of each nation verſifies the ſame ideas and thoughts.

That novel poet I boldly pronounce is Mr. Roſcoe. Several of his tranſlations of Lorenzo are ſuperior to the originals, and the verſes more poetic—nor am I bribed to give this opinion by the preſent of your book, nor by any partiality, nor by the ſurpriſe of finding ſo pure a writer of

hiſtory as able a poet. Some good judges to whom I have ſhewn your tranſlations entirely agree with me.

I will name one moſt competent judge, Mr. Hoole, ſo admirable a poet himſelf, and ſuch a critic in Italian, as he has proved by a tranſlation of Arioſto.

That I am not flattering you, ſir, I will demonſtrate; for I am not ſatisfied with one eſſential line in your verſion of the moſt beautiful, I think, of all Lorenzo's ſtanzas—It is his deſcription of jealouſy, in page 268, equal in my humble opinion to Dryden's delineations of the paſſions, and the laſt line of which is

Mai dorme, ed oſtinata a ſe ſol credè.

The thought to me is quite new, and your tranſlation I own does not come up to it.—Mr. Hoole and I hammered at it, but could not content ourſelves. —Perhaps by altering your laſt couplèt you may encloſe the whole ſenſe, and make it equal to the preceding ſix.

I will not aſk your pardon, ſir, for taking ſo much liberty with you. You have diſplayed ſo much candour and ſo much modeſty, and are ſo free from pretenſions, that I am confident you will allow that truth is the ſolè ingredient that ought to compoſe deſerved incenſe; and if ever commendation was ſincere, no praiſe ever flowed with purer veracity than all I have ſaid in this letter does from the heart of, ſir,

Your infinitely obliged humblè ſervant,

ORFORD.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the COUNTESS of ———.

January 13, 1797.

MY DEAR MADAM,

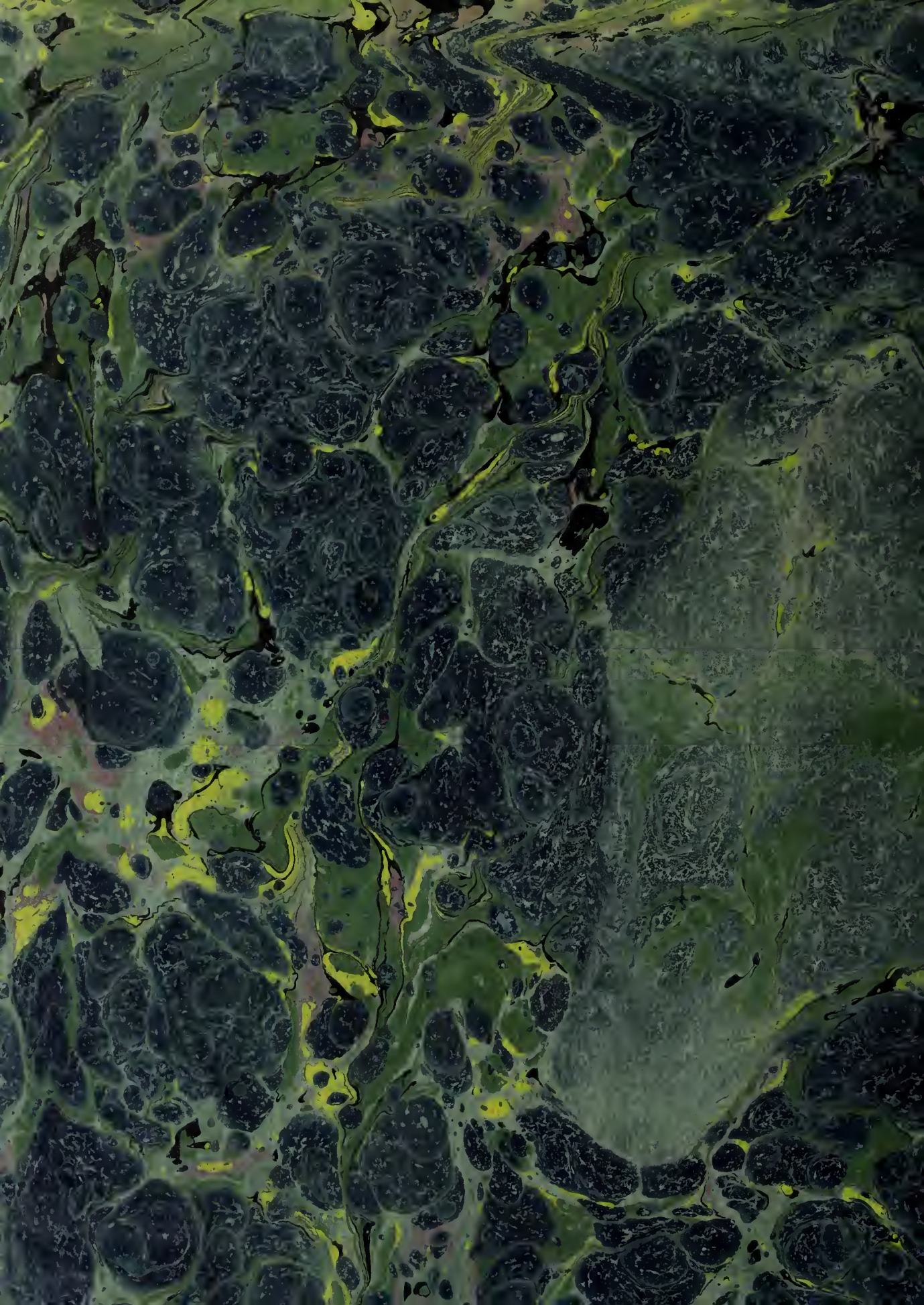
YOU diſtreſs me infinitely by ſhowing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuſe any body. My old-faſhioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honour me with writing; but in truth very unwillingly, for I ſeldom can have any thing particular to ſay; I ſcarce go out of my own houſe, and then only to two or three very private places, where I ſee nobody that really knows any thing—and what I learn comes from newſpapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houſes—conſequently, what I neither believe nor report. At home I ſee only a few charitable elders, except about fourſcore nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me once a year, to ſtare at me as the Methuſalem of the family; and they can only ſpeak of their own cotemporaries, which intereſt me no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats and balls. Muſt not the reſult of all this, madam, make me a very entertaining correſpondent?—and can ſuch letters be worth ſhowing?—or can I have any ſpirit when ſo old and reduced to dictate? Oh! my good madam, diſpenſe with me from ſuch a taſk, and think how it muſt add to it to apprehend ſuch letters being ſhown. Pray ſend me no more ſuch laurels, which I deſire no more than their leaves when decked with a ſcrap of tinſel, and ſtuck on twelfth-cakes that lie on the ſhop-boards of paſtry-cooks at Chriſtmas. I ſhall be quite content with a ſprig of roſemary thrown after me, when the parſon of the pariſh commits my duſt to duſt[1]. Till then, pray, madam, accept the reſignation of

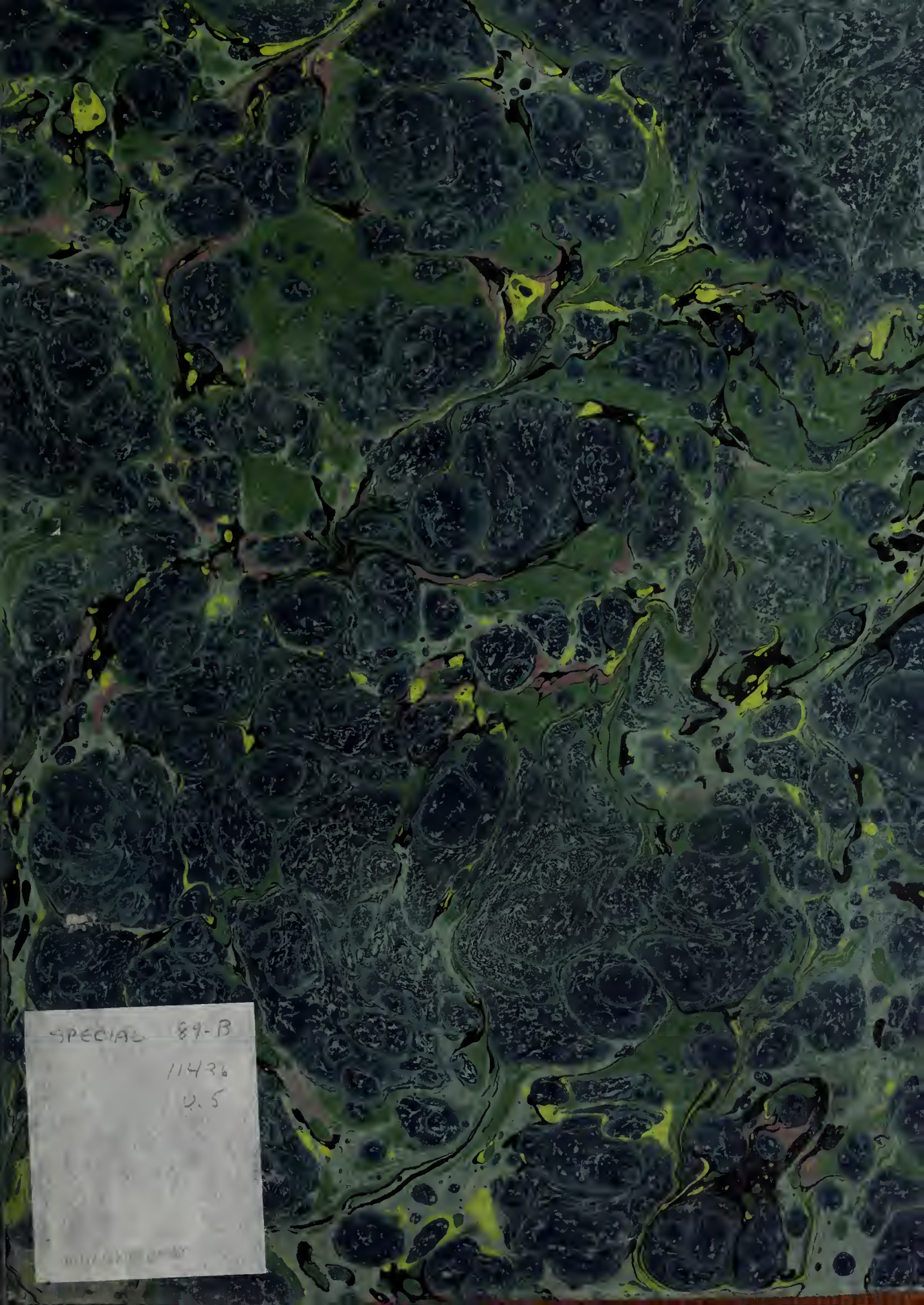
Your ancient ſervant,

ORFORD.

[1] Lord Orford died in little more than ſix weeks after the date of this letter.

THE END.

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